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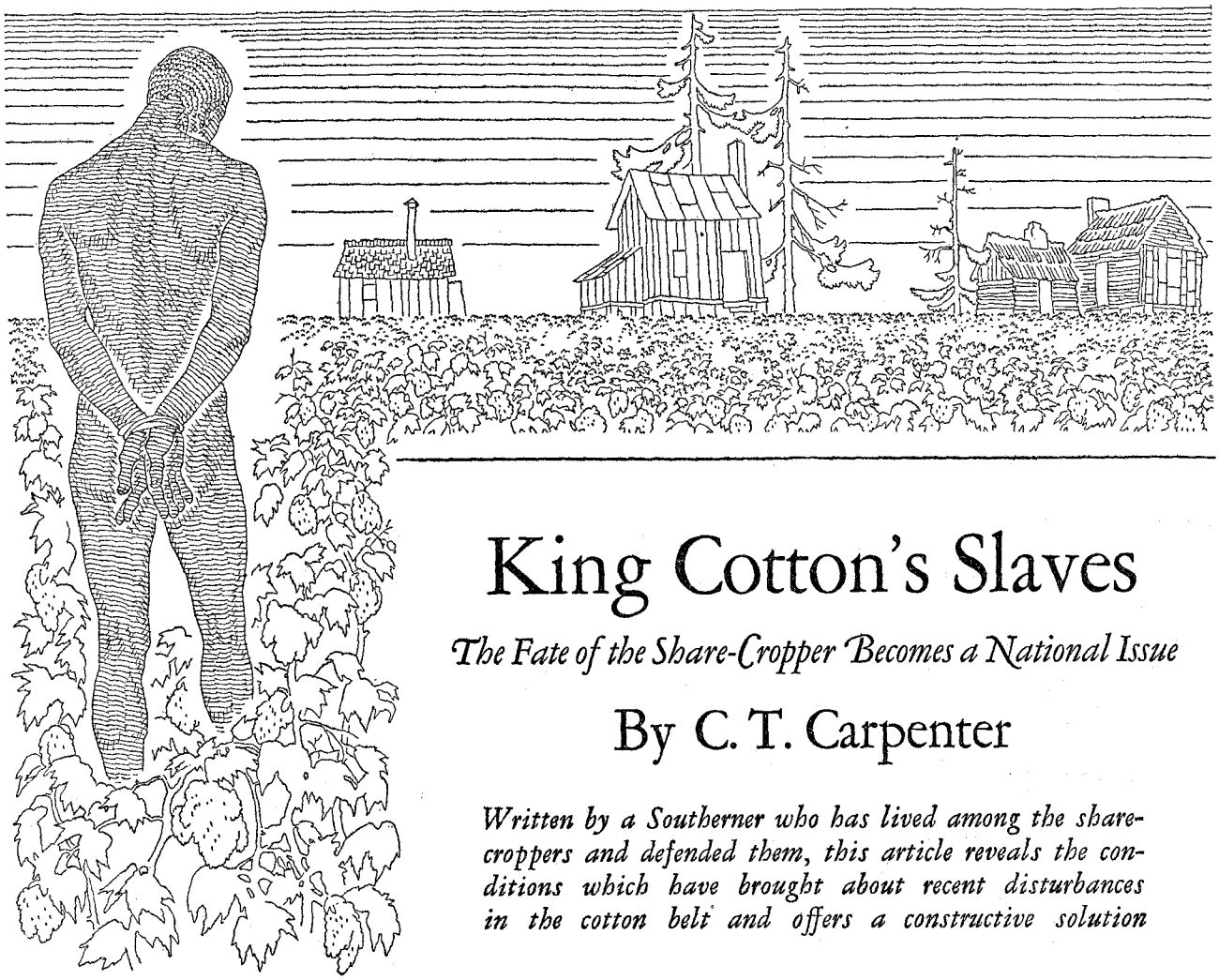

King Cotton's Slaves

The Fate of the Share-Cropper Becomes a National Issue

By C. T. Carpenter

Written by a Southerner who has lived among the share-croppers and defended them, this article reveals the conditions which have brought about recent disturbances in the cotton belt and offers a constructive solution

THE share-cropper has become a national issue. The troubles between landlord and tenant in eastern Arkansas have so compelled the attention of the country that in the past few months controversy has raged and hundreds of columns of type have been printed on the questions raised by the present situation and precipitated by the government policy toward the cotton planter.

Many false issues have been raised, some of them by well-meaning friends of the share-cropper and some by reckless and radical adventurers who have come in from the outside to preach their particular brand of political salvation and to capitalize for propaganda purposes the woes of the tenant farmer.

The purpose of this article is to give as clear and accurate a picture of the real issue as is possible and to suggest a constructive solution in accordance with our national tradition. In order to do so it is necessary to present, first, the fundamental facts, simple as they may seem to those already familiar with the system.

The cause of the trouble is the landlord and tenant system under which cotton is cultivated in most parts of the cotton belt. It is known as the share-crop system and the tenants are called share-croppers.

Cotton, for the most part, is produced on large plantations, often embracing thousands of acres. It requires close culture and when matured must be promptly picked to prevent serious loss. Ten to twelve acres is as much as the average cropper, assisted by his wife and children, can cultivate and pick. So a large plantation requires a veritable army of workers. These must be housed, fed, clothed, and provided with teams and tools.

The landlord furnishes the house, land, team, tools, and seed. The cropper furnishes the labor and receives as compensation half the proceeds of the crop. The landlord however does the accounting and his tenant is always in debt to him. Therefore the share-cropper must be furnished necessities by his landlord while making a crop—the ruling being that the "furnish" begins when work on the crop starts, and ends when cultivation stops. The first work on the new crop, that of plowing and preparing the land for planting, begins the first of March, and cultivation ends about the first of July.

During these four months the cropper is permitted to draw the customary "furnish" of about seventy-five cents

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an acre per month. If he has a ten-acre crop, which is now the average, he will draw, during this period, seven dollars and fifty cents per month. This allowance, however, is not usually paid in cash, but in provisions from the landlord's commissary at prices greatly in excess of those prevailing in the same locality.

When cultivation stops, about July 1, the "furnish" stops. Cotton picking begins about the first of September and lasts till the first of January. Then the cropper is usually permitted to draw on his account the customary price for picking, ranging from thirty-five cents to a dollar per hundred. His wife and children also pick. When the crop is picked the cropper has his settlement with the landlord.

All manual labor is done by the cropper, who plows, plants, cultivates, picks, and carries the cotton to the gin: all control and management is in the hands of the landlord, who directs and oversees the work, keeps the account, sells the cotton, and renders the final statement.

From this outline one might reasonably draw the conclusion that it creates a partnership in which landlord and tenant share equally, thereby offering an incentive for thrift and industry, and a bond of mutual interest and good will, so necessary to the welfare of both. Such a relationship, under the system, is possible, but the irony of the situation is that its operation has produced exactly the opposite results. It has stifled industry and thrift and crushed initiative; destroyed confidence and engendered strife; brutalized and debased landlord and tenant; compromised the church; corrupted political and social life; and made permanent progress impossible.

It is high time that this system be thoroughly examined, its evils known and ended. The tremendous importance of the situation may be gauged by the following facts: There are now 1,790,000 tenant families in the cotton belt. Estimating five to the family, they constitute a population of 8,950,000 people; and the number is rapidly increasing. They occupy a territory which is at once the most productive and promising agricultural section of the United States. To permit this population to drift into a state of permanent peonage would be a national crime of major proportions. To permit this territory to bear permanently the stamp and curse of such a system would be little less than the sin of self-destruction.

Before the Civil War cotton was produced by chattel slaves. With the end of statutory slavery a different system had to be found and it is significant that within a few years thereafter the share-crop system had been generally adopted. The system is the offspring of slavery, born during the evil days of reconstruction. It seems to have inherited the evils of both its parent system and its natal period. The spirit of slavery and exploitation dominates the system.

It is tragic to trace the corrupting influence of this system. It runs like a deadly thread throughout the warp and woof of life of the whole region. This attitude asserts itself in every transaction between landlord and tenant and governs every relationship.

Its first attack is upon the individual cropper. Its effect upon him may be written in the one word "submission." He must obey, not only the landlord, but also his riding boss. These bosses are an integral part of the system. They usually go armed, and assume the airs of guards of a chain gang who must be obeyed without question or delay. The croppers must meekly submit and obey their orders. They must plow, plant, cultivate, pick, and gin when, where, and as directed, but permit the landlord to sell the crop when and where he pleases, or take what he offers. In none of these things are the croppers permitted to act on their own judgment or initiative. When the cotton is sold, they must submit to his accounting. Perhaps they are charged exorbitant prices for what they got; perhaps they are charged for articles they did not get; perhaps charged with fines for something they did or failed to do; but again they must submit. As a result, the will of the cropper is broken and his independence destroyed. We hear on all sides that the share-cropper is shiftless and worthless, but how could he be otherwise? By the conditions under which he lives his character is daily attacked and destroyed. The greatest indictment against the tenant and share-cropper system is, that it not only destroys what character there is, but makes the development of character impossible.

Any system which impairs the character of its workers, in so doing strikes a body blow at their homes. The share-cropper system does not stop at this but makes other deadly assaults on the home of its workers.

For living quarters, the share-cropper's family is furnished an unsightly shack, with two or three rooms. These shacks are usually unpainted, box-houses, built of boards, nailed vertically to the frame, with strips covering the joints. They are neither plastered nor sealed. The outhouses are primitive and dilapidated. Privacy and decency are almost impossible. About them, as a rule, are no shade trees or shrubbery, no flowers, and no touch of beauty to relieve the dreary barrenness. Their only purpose is to furnish necessary quarters for croppers to eat and sleep —the whole concern being for the crop, none for the croppers. To relieve this situation, the cropper is powerless. He is unable to make permanent improvements and cannot be expected to do more than to make his temporary conditions bearable.

But were his living quarters more attractive, they would still lack the essential elements of home. The cropper's wife and children must enter the cotton fields as soon as the plant is large enough to hoe and they are regular field hands until the cotton is picked. Mothers often carry their young children to the fields and lay them in the shade while they hoe and pick. Through the long hours of the day their houses are closed and silent, while parents and children labor in the fields. When the toil of the day is done, there is time only to eat and sleep.

These houses, wretched as they are, afford shelter. But the cropper has no assurance that his shelter will not be taken from him. His contract is for the cotton season only, which ends December 31. If the cropper has been a satisfactory tenant for years, he acquires no rights thereby. His landlord, at his will or whim, may remove him. The tenant has no remedy, no redress. He must go. Statistics show that the tenant population of the cotton belt is always in a state of flux.

Under such conditions, there is no home or home life for the cotton-cropper's family. Home, with its sacred traditions, with its manifold influences for good, is a lost word to thousands of

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these homeless people. Their houses are merely temporary eating and sleeping quarters—nothing more.

A startling fact about this situation is that the croppers have reached a state of mental servitude that they are willing to submit meekly to such conditions and to having their children grow up in a state of physical and mental slavery.

For the last fifteen years the economic condition of the cotton tenant has been gradually growing worse. In 1934 a survey of the condition of the share-cropper was made by a committee, headed by Doctor W. R. Amberson of the University of Tennessee, who is a careful and able scholar and scientist. This committee found the average annual income of the share-cropper of eastern Arkansas to be $212 per year. Doctor Rupert B. Vance of the University of North Carolina, the leading authority on this subject, states that in 1932 to 1933 the average annual gross income per farm family engaged in cotton growing had fallen to $216.

It will be noticed that Doctor Vance's statement includes every farm family engaged in growing cotton, whether owner or tenant. The average income of the share-cropper, the cotton tenant on the lowest round, is doubtless much less than $216. So we are faced with the fact that we have in the cotton belt 1,790,000 tenant farmers with an annual gross income of $216, or less.

This fact becomes all the more impressive when you bear in mind that cotton is the one crop of the share-cropper and small tenant. Before the cotton-reduction program of the Roosevelt Administration, cotton was practically the only crop grown in the cotton belt. Share-croppers were not permitted to have other crops. On many plantations they were not permitted to have a garden, cow, hogs, or chickens. As a result, they had to exist entirely on $216 or less, per year. This meager income was their whole stock and store with which to feed and clothe their families, pay doctor bills, send the children to school and bury their dead.

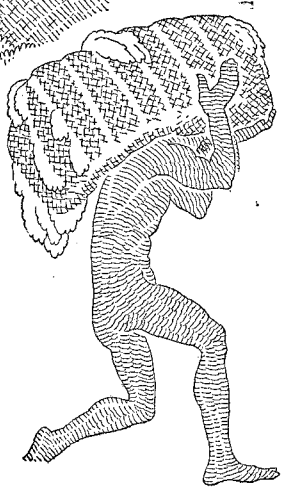
But the cropper is not permitted to make the most even of this. In his dependence he takes his "furnish" from the landlord's commissary and pays the landlord's profit of 25 to 50 per cent more than customary price. To this is sometimes added 10 per cent carrying charges or an interest rate of from 25 to 50 per cent per annum. Their settlement usually brings the cropper out in debt. And so he has to get a new "furnish" as soon as possible. By this process the croppers are kept in abject dependence and submission.

The workers in mines, mills, and factories usually collect their wages in cash and buy their supplies where they can get them cheapest. They often have savings accounts, and are an asset to the business life of the community. The cotton-croppers receive no weekly or monthly wage; can exercise no choice about where or when to buy or what to pay; but must take their rations from the commissary without questioning the price.

Under the circumstances, they mean little to the independent business life of the community. They are really plantation peons. They make the landlord's crop and live out of his commissary. They have no business standing. Their landlord counts for everything, they for nothing.

Federal aid to agriculture has not helped, but has hurt the share-cropper. It has not strengthened, but has weakened his position.

The Agricultural Adjustment Act was approved May 12, 1933. The first step taken under it was the plow-up program of 1933. Before this step was decided on, the crop had been planted and its cultivation far advanced. Under a fair interpretation of the plow-up contract, landlord and share-cropper should have fared equally in the money paid by the government. But no sooner was the program adopted than the planters began to scheme to get it all, and in most cases they got it all.



Next came the acreage-reduction program of 1934 and 1935, by which the government leased 40 per cent of the land formerly planted in cotton. It entered into a cotton-reduction contract with each cotton producer to pay him for his land thus leased a rental based on its average production of five previous years, called the base period. When this program was adopted, the acreage of many share-croppers, who had already entered into contracts with the landlords, was affected. They thought they should share in the money paid under the contract to the extent their acreage had been reduced. This belief was strongly entertained by small renters who furnished their own seed, teams, and tools.

By a ruling of the Department of Agriculture the share-cropper is denied any share in this money. The renter who furnishes himself is not permitted to share in it unless he can qualify as a "managing share-tenant." To defeat him, the landlord only has to assert his management of the crop, whether he ever enters the field or not. And so we have the spectacle of a Democratic government giving huge sums of money to landlords, many of whom are non-resi-

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dent, some of whom are aliens, while refusing even a share to tenants and share-croppers who have nothing. The sense of injustice deepens as we realize that much of this money paid to landlords is derived from indirect taxes on the poor, and that a part, at least, is paid by share-croppers and tenants who are denied any portion thereof.

But the injustice against these people did not end here. After the reduction program was launched, many tenants, who thought they were entitled to a part of the money paid by the government, sought to ascertain and enforce their rights. Some acting individually appealed to the county committee and county agent; some wrote directly to the Department of Agriculture at Washington; and some formed organizations and sought by collective action to protect their interests.

All must agree that they had the right to investigate and enforce whatever interest they had. Yet, in every instance that has fallen under the writer's observation, where the tenant, whether share-cropper or managing share-tenant, asserted this right, he was required to move.

But where could he move? The cotton acreage had been cut 40 per cent. Other landlords had more tenants than they needed. As a result thousands of tenant families were set adrift without crop or house or substance.

This situation became very acute during the winter of 1934–1935. To secure their rights under the reduction contract, nineteen share-croppers, on a farm near Tyronza in Poinsett County, Arkansas, on July 11, 1934, organized the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. This was the beginning of the organization about which so much has been written during the last few months.

The new organization at once became the champion of the rights of the tenant and share-cropper. It breathed their life, spoke their language, voiced their wrongs, and proclaimed their rights. Under its banner were soon gathered thousands of share-croppers and small tenants who looked to it for leadership and protection.

In the fall of 1934, the dispute between landlord and tenant over the reduction money became acute. A little later came the threat of wholesale evictions. The Union threw itself heart and soul into the fight, contending that the tenants were entitled to a share of the money and were also protected against eviction.

It filed suit in the state court to enjoin the landlords from evicting their tenants, invoking Section 7 of the cotton-reduction contract, which says in part: "The producer shall permit all tenants to continue in the occupancy of their houses on his farm, rent free, for the years 1934 and 1935 respectively (unless any such tenant shall so conduct himself as to become a nuisance or a menace to the welfare of the producer)." It also sent a delegation to Washington to lay the facts before the Department of Agriculture.

The Arkansas Supreme Court decided the case against the plaintiffs, holding that only the Secretary of Agriculture could maintain suit against landlords for the enforcement of the contract. The delegation sent to Washington had made a good impression. A trained investigator, in the person of Mrs. Mary Conner Meyers, was sent to Poinsett County to investigate complaints. She had many interviews with landlords and tenants; and is said to have reported wholesale violations of the reduction contract by landlords, and to have recommended prompt and stern administrative measures for the relief of tenants.

However, her report was suppressed, the newspapers reporting that it was "too hot to publish" and so far as we know has never been released. A few days later there was a "cleaning up" in the Department of Agriculture. The liberals who favored the cause of the small tenants were removed. The Department of Agriculture now interpreted Section 7 of the reduction contract to permit the landlord to remove tenants at will provided he maintained the same number.

So the cropper found himself in a desperate situation. The Arkansas Supreme Court, holding that he had no right under the contract to sue for his own protection, passed him on to the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Secretary on his part, holding that he had no rights whatsoever under the contract to enforce, passed him on to an uncertain fate. Some found temporary shelter in deserted homes, garages, barns, and tents and some drifted into near-by towns and cities to become wards of transient bureaus, charity, and relief organizations. Thus were dashed the hopes of nine million croppers for protection or help in their struggle against poverty and peonage.

The Union now had battles to fight to protect its members against false arrests and malicious prosecutions. When the delegation, which had been sent to Washington, returned about the 20th of January, a mass meeting was called at Marked Tree for January 26, to hear its report. Looking for an excuse to arrest Union leaders, the sheriff, his deputies, and the deputy prosecuting attorney had taken their places in the crowd. A stenographer had been directed to take down the speeches.

The chairman of this meeting was Ward H. Rodgers, a young Methodist minister, a university graduate, and at the time an FERA teacher. He had worked among these share-croppers, eaten at their tables, and slept in their beds. He knew their needs and sympathized with them in their struggles. In addressing the meeting he said: "I could lead a mob to lynch every landowner in the County if these people are not fed, but we do not want to resort to violence; we have carried our grievance to the courts." For these remarks he was arrested. Four charges were preferred against him. He was tried on the charge of anarchy, convicted, fined $500, and sentenced to six months in jail.

The case was given wide publicity, accounts of it published in the metropolitan papers of the nation. In a short time, people interested in social and industrial struggles, from far and near, poured into Marked Tree. They attended the meetings of the Union and made speeches. Some knew nothing of the real background and nature of the trouble. Most of them knew nothing of southern traditions and character, and, in their words and acts, ignored southern opinions and customs, and as a result false issues were raised which soon obscured the true.

This was true as to the race question. The race question was never a real issue in this struggle. It is a common thing in this section to see whites and negroes working side by side in lumber yards, in mills, fields, and factories. But it is an old trick to play negro tenants against whites and whites against

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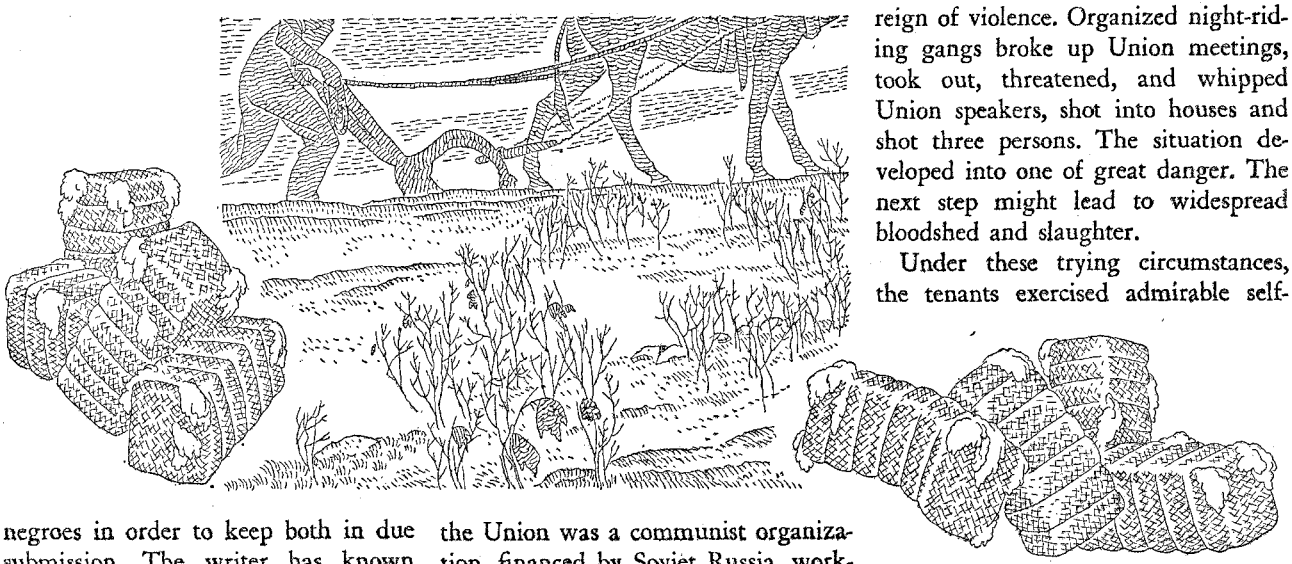

negroes in order to keep both in due submission. The writer has known scores of good and efficient white tenants removed, when they became "too independent," and their places filled by the more submissive negroes. Thus landlords continually raise a real race question.

The Union was composed of both white and negro tenants and its meetings were attended by both. Many speakers from distant parts wholly disregarded southern customs in addressing and treating the members of the races alike. This exposed the Union to attack. Its enemies seized the opportunity to accuse the Union of advocating race equality. The "nigger false face" was now dragged across the stage, and thus southern prejudice was arrayed against the movement.

The false issue of communism was also raised. The southern people are no longer afraid of socialism or especially antagonistic to it. They like and respect Norman Thomas, both for his high character and purpose. But they feel altogether different towards communism and its leaders.

It happened that the high officials of the Union were socialists. Most of the visitors from a distance were socialists. A few may have been communists. Some came with an unselfish and sincere desire to help; others, seeking adventure and notoriety, were willing to exploit the desperate situation of the croppers for their own profit. The latter, with nothing constructive to offer, often made rash statements and suggested reckless measures. In so doing they exposed the Union to attack at a most vulnerable point. Its enemies seized the opportunity to charge that the Union was a communist organization, financed by Soviet Russia, working for bloody revolution and the overthrow of the American government. They resolved to suppress its activities.

At first the forms and forces of law were used. Union speakers and organizers were arrested and thrown in jail on charges of disturbing labor, disturbing the peace, obtaining money under false pretense, obstructing streets and alleys, profanity, barratry, night-riding, and anarchy. In each case, landlords, officers of the law, justices of the peace, or mayors acted together. Juries were hand picked to convict and in every case tried in the lower courts the accused was convicted without regard for law or fact, and usually the extreme penalty was imposed.

In one town a Union speaker started to speak on a vacant lot forty or fifty feet from the street. He no sooner arose and addressed the crowd than he was arrested and charged with "obstructing streets and alleys." Under the Town Ordinance the extreme penalty was a $50 fine. When tried, the mayor imposed the extreme fine, and for good measure added a jail sentence of six months. The city attorney had to call the mayor's attention to the fact that the fine was the limit.

Each case was appealed, bond made, and the prisoner released. It is significant that in every case tried on appeal there has been an acquittal, the court finding, as a matter of law, that no offense had been committed.

When it became apparent that the Union would be able to protect its members against false arrests and prosecutions, its enemies took the law in their own hands and instituted a reign of violence. Organized night-riding gangs broke up Union meetings, took out, threatened, and whipped Union speakers, shot into houses and shot three persons. The situation developed into one of great danger. The next step might lead to widespread bloodshed and slaughter.

Under these trying circumstances, the tenants exercised admirable self-control and restraint. Not one unlawful act did they commit, but set an example of obedience to law and good citizenship which deserves the highest praise. The planters, on their part, took further advantage of the occasion to evict all tenants who had demanded a part of reduction contract money or were members of the Union.

The state and county officers played their part to the entire satisfaction of the landlords. With a great show of zeal for peace and property, they arrested and imprisoned citizens for organizing their unions, exercising the right of free speech, and expressing sympathy for the tenants' cause; but for felonies such as night-riding, shooting into houses at midnight and shooting share-croppers, the same officers have never yet made one arrest. Of course, they must protect the lives and property of the landlords, but as to share-croppers, they are nothing and have nothing, so why worry about them? True, some of them may vote in the next election but their landlords will pay their poll taxes and deliver the vote en bloc; so why court the favor of the share-croppers? It is the landlord that counts.

The church and clergy played an uncertain part. The tenants were suffering terribly. They were being driven by the score, from their homes, without food or shelter. To these they clung desperately because they had no other place to go. Here was a great opportunity for the church; but why concern itself about people commonly referred to as "poor white trash"? Landlords have souls to save, but what difference does it make about share-croppers? Such has

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long been the attitude towards the South's forgotten and deserted children of toil.

This callous indifference now had its local case in point. A preacher of a leading local church published an article in which he tried to make it appear that they were just moving as usual of their own free will, saying with supreme unconcern: "There would be some who are moving 'because the old 'oman had some words with the neighbors' over on the farm where they had made a crop last year. There would be some who 'didn't like the school teacher over in our community.' There would be another who was moving because his 'gal was about to marry a fellow over there that we didn't like.'" This same minister is reported by *The New York Times* to have said: "I don't know, tho, but what it would have been better to have a few no-account, shiftless people like that killed at the start than to have had all this fuss raised up."

From this struggle certain bold facts emerge which may be briefly summarized:

(1) Cotton share-croppers and tenants, while legally free, are nevertheless slaves under a plantation system from which they are unable to free themselves without the help of others.

(2) However faithful or loyal, they have no security of home or habitation and may be dispossessed whenever the landlord elects, Section 7 of the Cotton Reduction Contract notwithstanding.

(3) They have no economic standing and can have none under the system.

(4) They have no political rights and can have none under the system.

(5) They have no civil rights which landlords or officers may not violate with impunity.

(6) They are religious outcasts in a land famous for its religious zeal, passed by as not worth salvaging.

(7) The system is an anachronism, is thoroughly antagonistic to the form and spirit of our government.

From these facts may be learned certain lessons of particular value in dealing with this situation:

(1) Under present conditions any struggle between landlords and tenants is an unequal contest, with the odds all favoring the landlords. The landlords have the lands, houses, food, feed, and money. These are powerful weapons against those who have nothing. They also have the officers. When economic pressure fails, the forces of the law may be called in, and when direct action fails, the officers may be depended on to shield armed gangs as they spread terror and violence among the defenseless. Faced with these odds, these tenants, unassisted, can no more free themselves of the present system than the negroes could have freed themselves of slavery. They must have help.

(2) But whence is help to come? If from those who do not know southern customs and traditions, new misunderstandings and hatreds will result. If from radicals with either rash or impracticable methods or remedies, false issues will be raised which will arrest, if not defeat, the forces of progress. So leadership from without is likely to be dangerous.

But they have not developed capable leadership within their ranks—probably cannot. If they possessed intelligence and force—two vital elements of leadership—they would not be share-croppers. Although a long chain of circumstances has also contributed to their condition, there is probably a greater percentage of illiterates among them than any class of workers in the United States. So they must look outside their ranks for leadership and help.

The situation is not without hope. For the first time, many fine business and professional men in the South see this situation as it is, and feel that it should not and cannot be tolerated. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Edward J. Meeman, the gifted editor of *The Press Scimitar*, a great southern daily published at Memphis, in the heart of the cotton belt, and there is evidence that the southern press is becoming more friendly to the tenants' cause.

The share-croppers are no longer without friends among the churches and clergy. The most inspiring session of the Southern Baptist Convention, with its 10,000 delegates, which met in Memphis in May, was devoted to this subject. We quote two sentences from *The Press Scimitar*, describing it:

"The convention was electrified when Doctor Poteat charged that Baptist families of men, women, and children were exiled in Memphis, their lives having been threatened because they sought to organize into a share-croppers' union in eastern Arkansas.

"A wave of applause swept over the convention as the fiery progressive minister used the share-croppers' plight to point out the need of the convention taking the leadership in a social reconstruction program of far-reaching proportions."

In a southern Methodist church paper I find this statement: "Here lies the greatest opportunity for doing a real service." Our attention has recently been called to like expressions by church leaders who are beginning to realize that in this long-neglected field is their greatest opportunity for service.

The plight of the cotton tenant has at last attracted the attention of our statesmen. There is evidence in the fact that Senator Bankhead of Alabama has introduced and passed through the Senate his bill providing $1,000,000,000 to enable tenants and share-croppers to buy their own farms. In advocating his cause, Senator Bankhead does not stand alone in the Senate, but has powerful support.

So we see that southern leaders of the press, the church, and state are beginning to give to the subject the serious attention it deserves. From these ranks can be developed capable leadership familiar with the people and able to solve the problem.

In this struggle of southern laborers we believe that southern leadership has the best chance of success; but we do not agree with those who demand that outsiders stay out. The tenants will not profit by the incursions of trouble-makers and adventurers, but they do need the aid and assistance of wise and sincere friends throughout the nation. Without them a correct solution of the problem may prove impossible.

The solution is a matter of great national concern. The cotton-tenant system prevails today over the entire cotton belt. In 1919 it produced crops of the value of $3,800,000,000, one-fourth of the total farm income of the United States. The region contains about 295,000,000 acres, nearly one-fifth of the land within the United States. Within it are 2,100,000 farms, a third of the farms within the United States. On these farms are 1,790,000 tenant families with a population of about 9,000,000 people, two-thirds of whom are white.

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The tenant problem is thus a national one. The states have not, will not, and probably cannot adequately deal with it. It now is, and until solved will continue to be, the most important domestic question before the American people. The welfare of a great number of people, the wealth and stability of the nation are involved in its correct solution.

To permit the present tenant system to continue will mean continued semi-slavery and peonage for millions of people, two-thirds of whom are white. It will mean the continued impoverishment of the most promising agricultural section of our country, and the continued stifling of the economic, social, and political life of the region.

It is a problem which challenges the statesmanship of the nation, and its proper solution would be the greatest domestic achievement of the time. It is sometimes approached as a purely business proposition. This is wrong. It is often thought of in the terms of charity. This is worse. It is at once a human and an economic problem. A solution should be sought which will make of these tenants good and prosperous citizens and create healthy and prosperous rural life.

A successful solution must proceed along lines of our historic and national traditions. We need not look elsewhere. The central thought and purpose must be the establishment of these people on small farms of their own—their homes where they can be independent and have an opportunity to develop thrift and character; where they can establish again wholesome country life; and where they will be free from the constant dictation and meddling of others.

It can be done. It is now possible for the government to purchase the necessary land and sell it in small tracts, on easy terms, to these homeless people. It will probably be said by opponents of the plan that in a few years the lands will be back in the hands of a few planters. This could happen, if permitted, and it would be worth little for the government to invest money in a policy which would yield again to the same evils we now face.

There is one solution, however, which will endure—a new homestead system. All lands bought and sold under a rehabilitation plan shall bear the permanent stamp of homesteads. Only those will be permitted to acquire these lands who enter upon and cultivate them. The farms must be large enough to permit their owners to live in comfort and rear their children according to American standards, but no larger. The homestead purposes must be safeguarded by providing that these farms shall never be subject to mortgage or speculation nor ever transferred to or occupied by other than homesteaders.

Such a homestead law should at once be enacted. Its purpose, plan, and details can be definitely stated and little left to manipulation and favoritism. In this respect the new Bankhead Bill (S. 2367) needs amendment.

It will be necessary to help the homesteaders get in their new homes and make their first crops. The expense could be added to the initial cost and in time repaid. It will be necessary for them to plant under definite planning and be properly directed and advised. For this the machinery is already at hand in the state and federal departments of agriculture and agricultural agents.

They should be required to raise sufficient food and feed-crops for their own use; the rest of their land to be planted in cotton or other crops for market. Thus the reduction of cotton acreage would take care of itself and another hard economic and political problem would be eliminated.

It is hard to imagine or exaggerate the permanent benefits which will follow upon the establishment of such a system. First, it would solve the tenant problem for all time. It would recall from transient bureaus, and charity and relief organizations of towns and cities, former tenants and share-croppers who had been evicted and set adrift.

It would soon transform the cotton belt. Shacks would be replaced by homes. The country school and church would again appear; and healthy, hopeful, and free country life would abound in a land now stifled with repression and fear.

The political effect becomes profound. It would free millions of Americans of political thraldom and make of them independent electors. It would end political manipulations by a few landlords, and aid the people to banish corrupt political machines. It opens the way for a new birth of democracy and patriotism in our midst.

EVENING STAR

By Louise Bogan

Light from the planet Venus, soon to set,
Be with us.

Light, pure and round, without heat or shadow,
Accompany what we do.

Be with us;
Know our partial strength;
Serve us in your own way,
Brief planet, shining without burning.

Light, lacking words that might praise you,—
Wanting and breeding sighs only.

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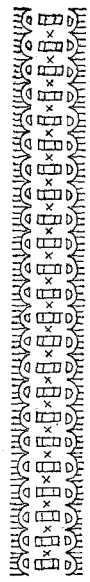
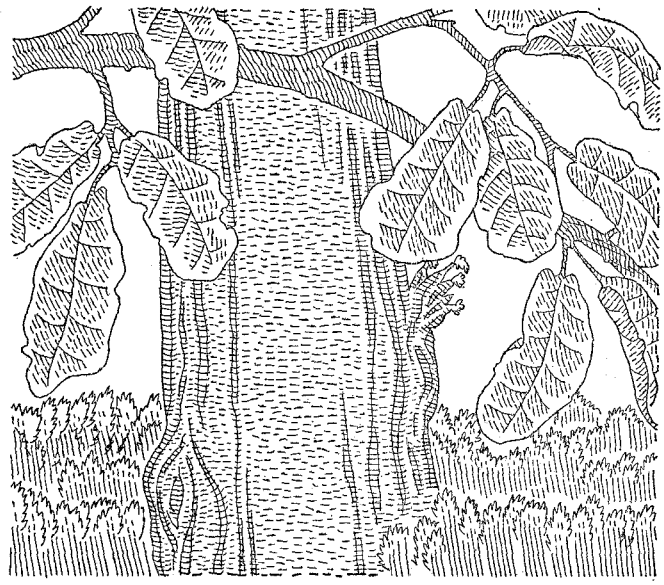




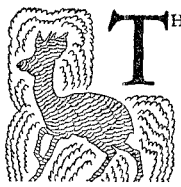
GREEN HILLS

By Ernest

PART VI

CHAPTER XII

THE NEW COUNTRY



THE road was only a track and the plain was very discouraging to see. As we went on we saw a few thin Grant's gazelles showing white against the burnt yellow of the grass and the gray trees. My exhilaration died with the stretching out of this plain, the typical poor game country, and it all began to seem very impossible and romantic and quite untrue. The Wanderobo had a very strong odor and I looked at the way the lobes of his ears were stretched and then neatly wrapped on themselves and at his strange un-negroid, thin-lipped face. When he saw me studying his face he smiled pleasantly and scratched his chest. I looked around at the back of the car. M'Cola was asleep. Garrick was sitting straight up, dramatizing his awakeness, and the old man was trying to see the road.

By now there was no more road, only a cattle track, but we were coming to the edge of the plain. Then the plain was behind us and ahead there were big trees and we were entering a country the loveliest that I had seen in Africa. The grass was green and smooth, short as a meadow that has been mown and is newly grown, and the trees were big, high-trunked, and old with no undergrowth but only the smooth green of the turf like a deer park and we drove on through shade and patches of sunlight following a faint trail the Wanderobo pointed out. I could not believe we had suddenly come to any such wonderful country. It was a country to wake from, happy to have had the dream and, seeing if it would clown away, I reached up and touched the Wanderobo's ear. He jumped and Kamau snickered. M'Cola nudged me from the back seat and pointed and there, standing in an open space between the trees, his head up, staring at us, the bristles on his back erect, long, thick, white tusks upcurving, his eyes showing bright, was a very large wart-hog boar watching us from less than twenty yards. I motioned to Kamau to stop and we sat looking at him and he at us. I put the rifle up and sighted on his chest. He watched and did not move. Then I motioned to Kamau to throw in the clutch and we went on and made a curve to the right and left the wart-hog, who had never moved, nor showed any fright at seeing us.

I could see that Kamau was excited and, looking back, M'Cola nodded his head up and down in agreement. None of us had ever seen a wart-hog that would not bolt off, fast-trotting, tail in air. This was a virgin country, an unhunted pocket in the million miles of bloody Africa. I was ready to stop and make camp anywhere.

This was the finest country I had seen but we went on, winding along through the big trees over the softly rolling grass. Then ahead and to the right we saw the high stockade of a Masai village. It was a very large village and out of it came running long-legged, brown, smooth-moving men who all seemed to be of the same age and who wore their hair in a heavy club-like queue that swung against their shoulders as they ran. They came up to the car and surrounded it, all laughing and smiling and talking. They all were tall, their teeth were white and good, and their hair was stained a red brown and arranged in a looped fringe on their foreheads. They carried spears and they were very handsome and extremely jolly, not sullen, nor contemptuous like the northern Masai, and they wanted to know what we were going to do. The Wanderobo evidently said we were hunting kudu and were in a hurry. They had the car surrounded so we could not move. One said something and three or four others joined in and Kamau explained to me that they had seen two kudu bulls go along the trail in the afternoon.

"It can't be true," I said to myself. "It can't be."

I told Kamau to start and slowly we pushed through them, they all laughing and trying to stop the car, making it all but run over them. They were the tallest, best-built, handsomest people I had ever seen and the first truly light-hearted happy people I had seen in Africa. Finally, when we were moving, they

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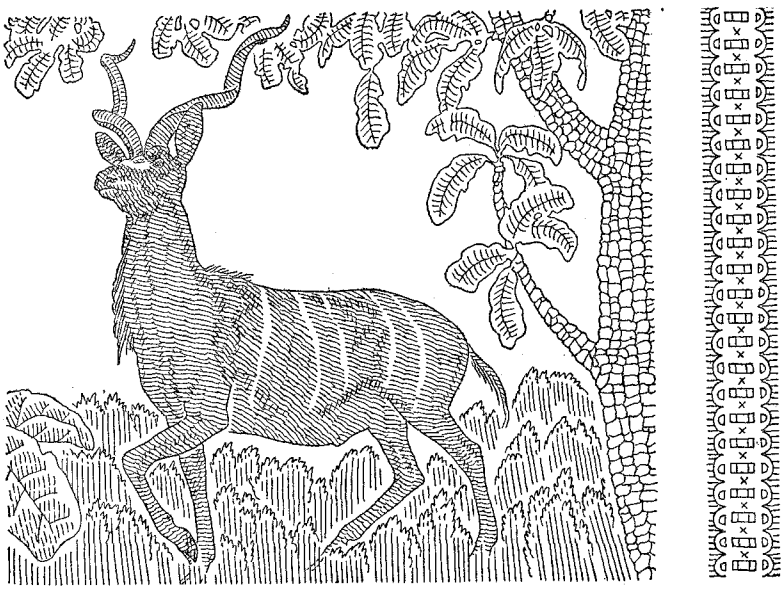
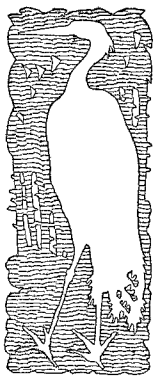


OF AFRICA

Hemingway

Pursuit as Happiness



started to run beside the car smiling and laughing and showing how easily they could run and then, as the going was better, up the smooth valley of a stream, it became a contest and one after another dropped out of the running, waving and smiling as they left until there were only two still running with us, the finest runners of the lot, who kept pace easily with the car as they moved long-legged, smoothly, loosely, and with pride. They were running too, at the pace of a fast miler, and carrying their spears as well. Then we had to turn to the right and climb out of the putting-green smoothness of the valley into a rolling meadow and, as we slowed, climbing in first gear, the whole pack came up again, laughing and trying not to seem winded. We went through a little knot of brush and a small rabbit started out, zig-zagging wildly and all the Masai behind now in a mad sprint. They caught the rabbit and the tallest runner came up with him to the car and handed him to me. I held him and could feel the thumping of his heart through the soft, warm, furry body, and as I stroked him the Masai patted my arm. Holding him by the ears I handed him back. No, no, he was mine. He was a present. I handed him to M'Cola. 'Cola did not take him seriously and handed him to one of the Masai. We were moving and they were running again now. The Masai stooped and put the rabbit on the ground and as he ran free they all laughed. M'Cola shook his head. We were all very impressed by these Masai.

"Good Masai," M'Cola said, very moved. "Masai many cattle. Masai no kill to eat. Masai kill man."

The Wanderobo patted himself on the chest.

"Wanderobo—Masai," he said, very proudly, claiming kin. His ears were curled in the same way theirs were. Seeing them running and so damned handsome and so happy made us all happy. I had never seen such quick disinterested friendliness, nor such fine looking people.

"*Good* Masai," M'Cola repeated, nodding his head emphatically. "*Good, good* Masai." Only Garrick seemed impressed in a different way. For all his khaki clothes and his letter from B'wana Simba, I believe these Masai frightened him in a very old place. They were our friends, not his. They certainly were our friends though. They had that attitude that makes brothers, that unexpressed but instant and complete acceptance that you must be Masai wherever it is you come from. That attitude you only get from the best of the English, the best of the Hungarians and the very best Spaniards; the thing that used to be the most clear distinction of nobility when there was nobility. It is an ignorant attitude and the people who have it do not survive, but very few pleasanter things ever happen to you than the encountering of it.

So now there were only the two of them left again, running, and it was hard going and the machine was beating them. They were still running well and still loose and long but the machine was a cruel pacemaker. So I told Kamau to speed it up and get it over with because a sudden burst of speed was not the humiliation of a steady using. They sprinted, were beaten, laughed, and then we were leaning out, waving, and they stood leaning on their spears and waved. We were still great friends but now we were alone again and there was no track, only the general direction to follow around clumps of trees and along the run of this green valley.

After a little the trees grew closer and we left the idyllic country behind and now were picking our way along a faint trail through thick second-growth. Sometimes we came to a dead halt and had to get out and pull a log out of the way or cut a tree that blocked the body of the car. Sometimes we had to back out of bush and look for a way to circle around and come upon the trail again, chopping our way through with the long brush knives that are called pangas. The Wanderobo was a pitiful chopper and Garrick was little better. M'Cola did everything well in which a knife was used and he swung a panga with a fast yet heavy and vindictive stroke. I used it badly. There was too much wrist in it to learn it quickly; your wrist tired and the blade seemed to have a weight it did not have. I wished that I had a Michigan double-bitted ax, honed razor-

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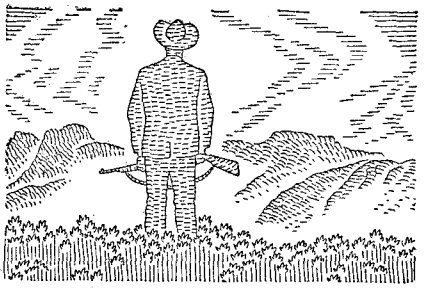
sharp, to chop with instead of this sabering of trees.

Chopping through when we were stopped, avoiding all we could, Kamau driving with intelligence and a sound feeling for the country, we came through the difficult going and out into another open-meadow stretch and could see a range of hills off to our right. But here there had been a recent heavy rain and we had to be very careful about the low parts of the meadow where the tires cut in through the turf to mud and spun in the slick greasiness. We cut brush and shovelled out twice and then, having learned not to trust any low part, we skirted the high edge of the meadow and then were in timber again. As we came out, after several long circles in the woods to find places where we could get the car through, we were on the bank of a stream, where there was a sort of brushy bridging across the bed built like a beaver dam and evidently designed to hold back the water. On the other side was a thorn-brush-fenced cornfield, a steep, stump-scattered bank with corn planted all over it, and some abandoned looking corrals or thorn-bush-fenced enclosures with mud and stick buildings and to the right there were cone-shaped grass huts projecting above a heavy thorn fence. We all got out, for this stream was a problem and, on the other side, the only place we could get up the bank led through the stump-filled maize field.

The old man said the rain had come that day. There had been no water going over the brushy dam when they had passed that morning. I was feeling fairly depressed. Here we had come through a beautiful country of virgin timber where kudu had been seen walking along the trail to end up stuck on the bank of a little creek in some one's cornfield. I had not expected any cornfield and I resented it. I thought we would have to get permission to drive through the maize, provided we could make it across the stream and up the bank and I took off my shoes and waded across the stream to test it underfoot. The brush and saplings on the bottom were packed hard and firm and I was sure we could cross if we took it fairly fast. M'Cola and Kamau agreed and we walked up the bank to see how it would be. The mud of the bank was soft but there was dry earth underneath and I figured we



could shovel our way up if we could get through the stumps. But we would need to unload before we tried it.

Coming toward us, from the direction of the huts, were two men and a boy. I said, "Jambo," as they came up. They answered, "Jambo," and then the old man and the Wanderobo talked with them. M'Cola shook his head at me. He did not understand a word. I thought we were asking permission to go through the corn. When the old man finished talking the two men came closer and we shook hands.

They looked like no negroes I had ever seen. Their faces were a gray brown, the oldest looked to be about fifty, had thin lips, an almost Grecian nose, rather high cheekbones, and large, intelligent eyes. He had great poise and dignity and seemed to be very intelligent. The younger man had the same cast of features and I took him for a younger brother. He looked about thirty-five. The boy was as pretty as a girl and looked rather shy and stupid. I had thought he was a girl from his face for an instant when he first came up, as they all wore a sort of Roman toga of unbleached muslin gathered at the shoulder that revealed no line of their bodies.

They were talking with the old man, who, now that I looked at him standing with them, seemed to bear a sort of wrinkled and degenerate resemblance to the classic-featured owner of the shamba; just as the Wanderobo-Masai was a shrivelled caricature of the handsome Masai we had met in the forest.

Then we all went down to the stream and Kamau and I rigged ropes around the tires to act as chains while the Roman elder and the rest unloaded the car and carried the heaviest things up the steep bank. Then we crossed in a wild, water-throwing smash and, all pushing heavily, made it halfway up the bank before we stuck. We chopped and dug out and finally made it to the top of the bank but ahead was that maize field and I could not figure where we were to go from there.

"Where do we go?" I asked the Roman elder.

They did not understand Garrick's interpreting and the old man made the question clear.

The Roman pointed toward the heavy thorn-bush fence to the left at the edge of the woods.

"We can't get through there in the car."

"Campi," said M'Cola, meaning we were going to camp there.

"Hell of a place," I said.

"Campi," M'Cola said firmly and they all nodded.

"Campi! Campi!" said the old man.

"There we camp," Garrick announced pompously.

"You go to hell," I told him cheerfully.

I walked toward the camp site with the Roman who was talking steadily in a language I could not understand a word of. M'Cola was with me and the others were loading and following with the car. I was remembering that I had read you must never camp in abandoned native quarters because of ticks and other hazards and I was preparing to hold out against this camp. We entered a break in the thorn-bush fence and inside was a building of logs and saplings stuck in the ground and crossed with branches. It looked like a big chicken coop. The Roman made us free of this and of the enclosure with a wave of his hand and kept on talking.

"Bugs," I said to M'Cola in Swahili, speaking with strong disapproval.

"No," he said, dismissing the idea. "No bugs."

"Bad bugs. Many bugs. Sickness."

"No bugs," he said firmly.

The no-bugs had it and with the Roman talking steadily, I hoped on some congenial topic, the car came up, stopped under a huge tree about fifty yards from the thorn-bush fence and they all commenced carrying the necessities in for the making of camp. My ground-sheet tent was slung between a tree and one side of the chicken coop and I sat down on a petrol case to discuss the shooting situation with the Roman, the old man, and Garrick while Kamau and M'Cola fixed up a camp and the Wanderobo-

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Masai stood on one leg and let his mouth hang open.

"Where were kudu?"

"Back there," waving his arm.

"Big ones?"

Arms spread to show hugeness of horns and a torrent from the Roman.

Me, dictionary-ing heavily, "Where was the one they were watching?"

No results on this but a long speech from the Roman which I took to mean they were watching them all.

It was late afternoon now and the sky was heavy with clouds. I was wet to the waist and my socks were mud-soaked. Also I was sweating from pushing on the car and from chopping.

"When do we start?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," Garrick answered without bothering to question the Roman.

"No," I said. "Tonight."

"Tomorrow," Garrick said. "Late now. One hour light." He showed me one hour on my watch.

I dictionaried. "Hunt tonight. Last hour best hour."

Garrick implied that the kudu were too far away. That it was impossible to hunt and return, all this with gestures, "Hunt tomorrow."

"You bastard," I said in English. All this time the Roman and the old man had been standing saying nothing. I shivered. It was cold with the sun under the clouds in spite of the heaviness of the air after rain.

"Old man," I said.

"Yes, Master," said the old man. Dictionary-ing carefully, I said, "Hunt kudu tonight. Last hour best hour. Kudu close?"

"Maybe."

"Hunt now?"

They talked together.

"Hunt tomorrow," Garrick put in.

"Shut up, you actor," I said. "Old man. Little hunt now?"

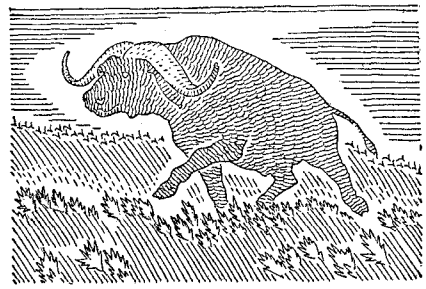
"Yes," said old man and Roman nodded. "Little while."

"Good," I said and went to find a shirt and undershirt and a pair of socks.

"Hunt now," I told M'Cola.

"Good," he said. "M'uzuri."

With the clean feeling of dry shirt, fresh socks and a change of boots I sat on the petrol case and drank a whiskey and water while I waited for the Roman to come back. I felt certain I was going to have a shot at kudu and I wanted to take the edge off so I would



not be nervous. Also I wanted not to catch a cold. Also I wanted the whiskey for itself, because I loved the taste of it and because, being as happy as I could be, it made me feel even better.

I saw the Roman coming and I pulled the zippers up on my boots, checked the cartridges in the magazine of the Springfield, took off the foresight protector and blew through the rear aperture. Then I drank what was left in the tin cup that was on the ground by the box and stood up, checking that I had a pair of handkerchiefs in my shirt pockets.

M'Cola came carrying his knife and Pop's big glasses.

"You stay here," I said to Garrick. He did not mind. He thought we were silly to go out so late and he was glad to prove us wrong. The Wanderobo wanted to go.

"That's plenty," I said and waved the old man back and we started out of the corral with the Roman ahead, carrying a spear, then me, then M'Cola with glasses and the Mannlicher, full of solids, and last the Wanderobo-Masai with another spear.

It was after five when we struck off across the maize field and down to the stream, crossing where it narrowed in high grass a hundred yards above the dam and then, walking slowly and carefully, went up the grassy bank on the far side getting soaked to the waist as we stooped going through the wet grass and bracken. We had not been gone ten minutes and were moving carefully up the stream bank, when, without warning, the Roman grabbed my arm and pulled me bodily down to the ground as he crouched; me pulling back the bolt to cock the rifle as I dropped. Holding his breath he pointed, and across the stream on the far bank at the edge of the trees was a large, gray animal, white stripes showing on his flanks and huge horns curling back from his head as he stood, broadside to us, head up, seeming to be listening. I raised the rifle but there was a bush in the way of the shot. I could not shoot over the bush without standing.

"Piga," whispered M'Cola. I shook my finger and commenced to crawl forward to be clear of the bush, sick afraid the bull would jump while I was trying to make the shot certain, but remembering Pop's "Take your time." When I saw I was clear I got on one knee, saw the bull through the aperture, marvelling at how big he looked and then, remembering not to have it matter, that it was the same as any other shot, I saw the bead centered exactly where it should be just below the top of the shoulder and squeezed off. At the roar he jumped and was going into the brush, but I knew I had hit him. I shot at a show of gray between the trees as he went in and M'Cola was shouting, "Piga! Piga!" meaning, "He's hit! He's hit!" and the Roman was slapping me on the shoulder, then he had his toga up around his neck and was running naked, and the four of us were running now, full speed, like hounds, splashing across the stream, tearing up the bank, the Roman ahead, crashing naked through the brush, then stooping and holding up a leaf with bright blood, slamming me on the back, M'Cola saying, "Damu! Damu!" blood, blood, then the deep cut tracks off to the right, me reloading, we all trailing in a dead run, it almost dark in the timber, the Roman, confused a moment by the trail, making a cast off to the right, then picking up blood once more, then pulling me down again with a jerk on my arm and none of us breathing as we saw him standing in a clearing a hundred yards ahead, looking to me hard-hit and looking back, wide ears spread, big, gray, white-striped, his horns a marvel, as he looked straight toward us over his shoulder. I thought I must make absolutely sure this time, now, with the dark coming and I held my breath and shot him a touch behind the fore-shoulder. We heard the bullet smack and saw him buck heavily with the shot. M'Cola shouted, "Piga! Piga! Piga!," as he went out of sight and as we ran again, like hounds, we almost fell over something. It was a huge, beautiful kudu bull, stone-dead, on his side, his horns in great dark spirals, widespread and unbelievable, as he lay

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dead five yards from where we stood when I had just that instant shot. I looked at him, big, long-legged, a smooth gray with the white stripes and the great, curling, sweeping horns, brown as walnut meats, and ivory pointed, at the big ears and the great heavy-maned neck, the white chevron between his eyes and the white of his muzzle and I stooped over and touched him to try to believe it. He was lying on the side where the bullet had gone in and there was not a mark on him and he smelled sweet and lovely like the breath of cattle and the odor of thyme after rain.

Then the Roman had his arms around my neck and M'Cola was shouting in a strange high sing-song voice and Wanderobo-Masai kept slapping me on the shoulder and jumping up and down and then one after the other they all shook hands in a strange way that I had never known in which they took your thumb in their fist and held it and shook it and pulled it and held it again, while they looked you in the eyes, fiercely.

We all looked at him and M'Cola knelt and traced the curve of his horns with his finger and measured the spread with his arms and kept crooning, "Oo-oo-eee-eee," making small high noises of ecstasy and stroking the kudu's muzzle and his mane.

I slapped the Roman on the back and we went through the thumb-pulling again; me pulling his thumb too. I embraced the Wanderobo-Masai and he, after a thumb-pulling of great intensity and feeling, slapped his chest and said very proudly, "Wanderobo-Masai wonderful guide."

"Wanderobo-Masai wonderful Masai," I said.

M'Cola kept shaking his head, looking at the kudu and making the strange small noises. Then he said, "Doumi, Doumi, Doumi! B'wana Kabor Kidogo, Kidogo." Meaning this was a bull of bulls. That Karl's had been a little one, a nothing.

We all knew we had killed the other kudu that I had mistaken for this one, while this first one was lying dead from the first shot, and it seemed of no importance beside the miracle of this kudu. But I wanted to see the other.

"Come on, kudu," I said.

"He's dead," said M'Cola, "Kufa!"

"Come on."

"This one best."

"Come on."

"Measure," M'Cola pleaded. I ran the steel tape around the curve of one horn, M'Cola holding it down. It was well over fifty inches. M'Cola looked at me anxiously.

"Big! Big!" I said. "Twice as big as B'wana Kabor."

"Eee-eee," he crooned.

"Come on," I said. The Roman was off already.

We cut for where we saw the bull when I shot and there were the tracks with blood breast high on the leaves in the brush from the start. In a hundred yards we came on him absolutely dead. He was not quite as big as the first bull. The horns were as long, but narrower, but he was as beautiful, and he lay on his side, bending down the brush where he fell.

We all shook hands again, using the thumb which evidently denoted extreme emotion.

"This askari," M'Cola explained. This bull was the policeman or bodyguard for the bigger one. He had evidently been in the timber when we had seen the first bull, had run with him, and had looked back to see why the big bull did not follow.

I wanted pictures and told M'Cola to go back to camp with the Roman and bring the two cameras, the Graflex and the cinema camera and my flashlight. I knew we were on the same side of the stream and above the camp and I hoped the Roman could make a short cut and get back before the sun set.

They went off and now, at the end of the day, the sun came out brightly below the clouds and the Wanderobo-Masai and I looked at this kudu, measured his horns, smelled the fine smell of him, sweeter than an eland, even, stroked his nose, his neck, and his shoulders, marvelling at the great ears, and the smoothness and cleanness of his hide, looked at his hooves, that were built long, narrow, and springy so he seemed to walk on tip-toe, felt under his shoulder for the bullet-hole and then shook hands again while the Wanderobo-Masai told what a man he was and I told him he was my pal and gave him my best four-bladed pocket knife.

"Let's go look at the first one, Wanderobo-Masai," I said in English.

The Wanderobo-Masai nodded, understanding perfectly, and we trailed back to where the big one lay in the edge of the little clearing. We circled him, looking at him and then the Wanderobo-Masai, reaching underneath while I held the shoulder up, found the bullet-hole and put his finger in. Then he touched his forehead with the bloody finger and made the speech about "Wanderobo-Masai wonderful guide!"

"Wanderobo-Masai king of guides," I said. "Wanderobo-Masai my pal."

I was wet through with sweat and I put on my raincoat that M'Cola had been carrying and left behind and turned the collar up around my neck. I was watching the sun now and worrying about it being gone before they got up with the cameras. In a little while we could hear them coming in the brush and I shouted to let them know where we were. M'Cola answered and we shouted back and forth and I could hear them talking and crashing in the brush while I would shout and watch the sun which was almost down. Finally I saw them and I shouted to M'Cola, "Run, run," and pointed to the sun, but there was no run left in them. They had made a fast trip uphill, through heavy brush, and when I got the camera, opened the lens wide and focused on the bull the sun was only lighting the tops of the trees. I took a half a dozen exposures and used the cinema while they all dragged the kudu to where there seemed to be a little more light, then the sun was down and, obligation to try to get a picture over, I put the camera into its case and settled, happily, with the darkness into the unresponsibility of victory; only emerging to direct M'Cola in where to cut to make a full enough cape when skinning out the head-skin. M'Cola used a knife beautifully and I liked to watch him skin-out, but tonight, after I had shown him where to make the first cut, well down on the legs, around the lower chest where it joined the belly and well back over the withers I did not watch him because I wanted to remember the bull as I had first seen him, so I went, in the dusk, to the second kudu and waited there until they came, with the flashlight and then, remembering that I had skinned-out or seen skinned-out every animal that I had ever shot, yet remembered

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every one exactly as he was at every moment, that one memory does not destroy another, and that the not-watching idea was only laziness and a form of putting the dishes in the sink until morning, I held the flashlight for M'Cola while he worked on the second bull and, although tired, enjoyed as always his fast, clean, delicate scalpeling with the knife, until, the cape all clear and spread back, he knocked through the connection of the skull and the spine and then, twisting with the horns, swung the head loose and lifted it, cape and all, free from the neck, the cape hanging heavy and wet in the light of the electric torch that shone on his red hands and on the dirty khaki of his tunic. We left the Wanderobo-Masai, Garrick, the Roman, and his brother with a lantern to skin-out and pack in the meat and M'Cola with a head, the old man with a head, and me with the flashlight and the two guns, we started in the dark back to camp.

In the dark the old man fell flat and M'Cola laughed; then the cape unrolled and came down over his face and he almost choked and we both laughed. The old man laughed too. Then M'Cola fell in the dark and the old man and I laughed. A little farther on I went through the covering on some sort of game pit and went flat on my face and got up to hear M'Cola chuckling and choking and the old man giggling.

"What the hell is this? A Chaplin comedy?" I asked them in English. They were both laughing under the heads. We got to the thorn-bush fence, finally, after a nightmare march through the brush and saw the fire at the camp and M'Cola seemed to be delighted when the old man fell going through the thorns and got up cursing and seeming barely able to lift the head as I shone the flash ahead of him to show him the opening.

We came up to the fire and I could see the old man's face bleeding as he put the head down against the stick and mud cabin. M'Cola put his head down, pointed at the old man's face and laughed and shook his head. I looked at the old man. He was completely done-in, his face was badly scratched, covered with mud and bleeding, and he was chuckling happily.

"B'wana fell down," M'Cola said and imitated me pitching forward. They both chuckled.

I made as though to take a swing at him and said, "Shenzi!"

He imitated me falling down again and then there was Kamau shaking hands very gently and respectfully and saying, "Good, B'wana! Very good, B'wana!" and then going over to the heads, his eyes shining and kneeling, stroking the horns and feeling the ears and crooning the same, sighing, "Ooo-ooo! Eee-eee!" noises M'Cola had made.

I went into the dark of the tent, we had left the lantern with the meat bringers, and washed, took off my wet clothes and feeling in the dark in my ruck-sack found a pair of pyjamas and a bath-robe. I came out to the fire wearing these and mosquito boots. I brought my wet things and my boots to the fire and Kamau spread them on sticks and put the boots, each one, leg-down, on a stick and back far enough from the blaze where the fire would not scorch them.

In the firelight I sat on a petrol box with my back against a tree and Kamau brought the whiskey flask and poured some in a cup and I added water from the canteen and sat drinking and looking in the fire, not thinking, in complete happiness, feeling the whiskey warm me and smooth me as you straighten the wrinkled sheet in a bed, while Kamau brought tins from the provisions to see what I would eat for supper. There were three tins of Christmas special mince meat, three tins of salmon, and three of mixed fruit, there were also a number of cakes of chocolate and a tin of Special Christmas Plum Pudding. I sent these back wondering what Kati had imagined the mince-meat to be. We had been looking for that plum pudding for two months.

"Meat?" I asked.

Kamau brought a thick, long chunk of roast Grant gazelle tenderloin from one of the Grant Pop had shot on the plain while we had been hunting the twenty-five-mile salt lick, and some bread.

"Beer?"

He brought one of the big German liter bottles and opened it.

It seemed too complicated sitting on the petrol case and I spread my raincoat on the ground in front of the fire where the ground had been dried by the heat and stretched my legs out, leaning my back against the wooden case. The old man was roasting meat on a stick. It was a choice piece he had brought with him wrapped in his toga. In a little while they all began to come in carrying meat and the hides and then I was stretched out drinking beer and watching the fire and all around they were talking and roasting meat on sticks. It was getting cold and the night was clear and there was the smell of roasting meat, the smell of the smoke of the fire, the smell of my boots steaming, and, where he squatted close, the smell of the good old Wanderobo-Masai. But I could remember the odor of the kudu as he lay in the woods.

Each man had his own meat or collection of pieces of meat on sticks stuck around the fire, they turned them and tended them, and there was much talking. Two others that I had not seen had come over from the huts and the boy we had seen in the afternoon was with them. I was eating a piece of hot broiled liver I had lifted from one of the sticks of the Wanderobo-Masai and wondering where the kidneys were. The liver was delicious. I was wondering whether it was worth while getting up to get the dictionary to ask about the kidneys when M'Cola said, "Beer?"

"All right."

He brought the bottle, opened it, and I lifted it and drank half of it off to chase down that liver.

"It's a hell of a life," I told him in English.

He grinned and said, "More beer?" in Swahili.

My talking English to him was an acceptable joke.

"Watch," I said, and tipped the bottle up and let it all go down. It was an old trick we learned in Spain drinking out of wine skins without swallowing. This impressed the Roman greatly. He came over, squatted down by the raincoat and started to talk. He talked for a long time.

"Absolutely," I told him in English. "And furthermore he can take the sleigh."

"More beer?" M'Cola asked.

"You want to see the old man tight I suppose?"

"N'Dio," he said, "Yes," pretending to understand the English.

"Watch it, Roman," I started to let the beer go down, saw the Roman following the motion with his own throat,

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started to choke, barely recovered and lowered the bottle.

"That's all. Can't do it more than twice in an evening. Makes you liverish."

The Roman went on talking in his language. I heard him say Simba twice.

"Simba here?"

"No," he said. "Over there," waving at the dark, and I could not make out the story. But it sounded very good.

"Me plenty Simba," I said. "Hell of a man with Simba. Ask M'Cola." I could feel that I was getting the evening braggies but Pop and P. O. M. weren't here to listen. It was not nearly so satisfactory to brag when you could not be understood, still it was better than nothing. I definitely had the braggies, on beer, too.

"Amazing," I told the Roman. He went on with his own story. There was a little beer in the bottom of the bottle.

"Old Man," I said, "Mzee."

"Yes, B'wana," said the old man.

"Here's some beer for you. You're old enough so it can't hurt you."

I had seen the old man's eyes while he watched me drink and I knew he was another of the same. He took the bottle, drained it to the last bit of froth and crouched by his meat sticks holding the bottle lovingly.

"More beer?" asked M'Cola.

"Yes," I said. "And my cartridges."

The Roman had gone on steadily talking. He could tell a longer story even than Carlos in Cuba.

"That's mighty interesting," I told him. "You're a hell of a fellow, too. We're both good. Listen." M'Cola had brought the beer and my khaki coat with the cartridges in the pocket. I drank a little beer, noted the old man watching and spread out six cartridges. "I've got the braggies," I said. "You have to stand for this, look!" I touched each of the cartridges in turn, "Simba, Simba, Faro, Nyati, Tendalla, Tendalla. What do you think of that? You don't have to believe it. Look M'Cola!" and I named the six cartridges again. "Lion, lion, rhino, buffalo, kudu, kudu."

"Ayee!" said the Roman excitedly.

"N'Dio," said M'Cola solemnly. "Yes, it is true."

"Ayee!" said the Roman and grabbed me by the thumb.

"God's truth," I said. "Highly improbable, isn't it?"

"N'Dio," said M'Cola, counting them over himself. "Simba, Simba, Faro, Nyati, Tendalla, Tendalla!"

"You can tell the others," I said in English. "That's a hell of a big piece of bragging. That'll hold me for tonight."

The Roman went on talking to me again and I listened carefully and ate another piece of the broiled liver. M'Cola was working on the heads now, skinning out one skull and showing Kamau how to skin out the easy part of the other. It was a big job to do for the two of them, working carefully around the eyes and the muzzle and the cartilage of the ears, and afterwards flesh all of the head skins so they would not spoil, and they were working at it very delicately and carefully in the firelight. I do not remember going to bed, nor if we went to bed.

I remember getting the dictionary and asking M'Cola to ask the boy if he had a sister and M'Cola saying, "No. No," to me very firmly and solemnly.

"Nothing tendacious, you understand. Curiosity."

M'Cola was firm. "No," he said and shook his head. "Hapana," in the same tone he used when we followed the lion into the sanseviera that time.

That disposed of the opportunities for social life and I looked up kidneys and the Roman's brother produced some from his lot and I put a piece between two pieces of liver on a stick and started it broiling.

"Make an admirable breakfast," I said out loud. "Much better than mince-meat."

Then we had a long talk about sable. The Roman did not call them Tarahalla and that name meant nothing to him. There was some confusion about buffalo because the Roman kept saying, "Nyati," but he meant they were black like the buff. Then we drew pictures in the dust of ashes from the fire and what he meant were sable all right. The horns curved back like scimitars, way back over their withers.

"Bulls?" I said.

"Bulls and cows."

With the old man and Garrick interpreting, I believed I made out that there were two herds.

"Tomorrow."

"Yes," the Roman said. "Tomorrow."

"'Cola," I said. "Today, kudu. Tomorrow, sable, buffalo, Simba."

"Hapana, buffalo!" he said and shook his head. "Hapana, Simba!"

"Me and the Wanderobo-Masai buffalo," I said.

"Yes," said the Wanderobo-Masai excitedly. "Yes."

"There are very big elephants near here," Garrick said.

"Tomorrow elephants," I said, teasing M'Cola.

"Hapana elephants!" he knew it was teasing but he did not even want to hear it said.

"Elephants," I said. "Buffalo, Simba, leopard."

The Wanderobo-Masai was nodding excitedly. "Rhino," he put in.

"Hapana!" M'Cola said shaking his head. He was beginning to suffer.

"In those hills many buffalo," the old man interpreted for the now very excited Roman who was standing and pointing beyond where the huts were.

"Hapana! Hapana! Hapana!" M'Cola said definitely and finally. "More beer?" putting down his knife.

"All right," I said. "I'm just kidding you."

M'Cola was crouched close talking, making an explanation. I heard Pop's title and I thought it was that Pop would not like it. That Pop would not want it.

"I was just kidding you," I said in English. Then in Swahili, "Tomorrow sable?"

"Yes," he said feelingly. "Yes."

After that the Roman and I had a long talk in which I spoke Spanish and he spoke whatever it was he spoke and I believe we planned the entire campaign for the next day.

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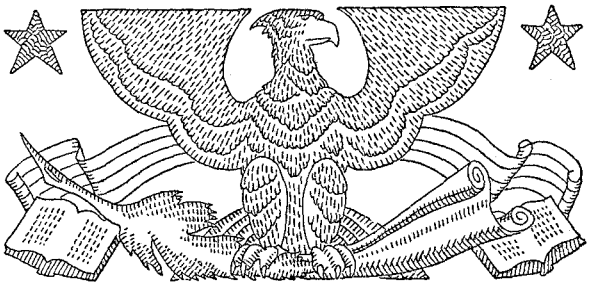
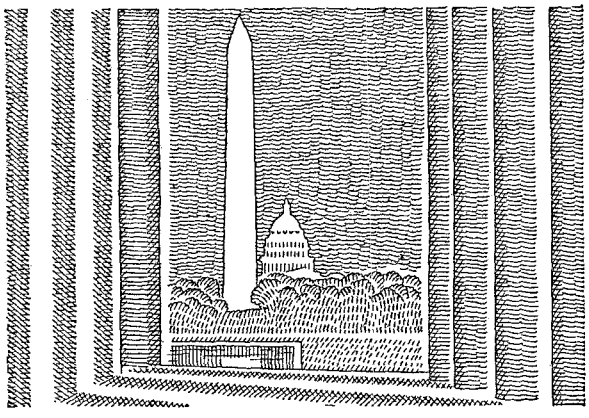
What's Wrong With American Culture?

By Robert Briffault



Author of the striking new novel, "Europa," in which he portrays the pre-war decay of aristocratic Europe, Robert Briffault here comments on American culture and its great opportunity



Of all people, not excepting the Bolshevists, Americans are the most inured to hearing themselves abused. Scarcely any European visitor who has been entertained and hospitably fussed over by Americans but hastens to pour forth the most offensive views concerning them. The burden of that abuse is usually that Americans are not fully civilized, are culturally deficient, provincial, half-baked.

Those charges are, it may easily be retorted, preposterous. When Americans first set foot in England, their impression is one of stepping back into the Middle Ages. The grubby, squalid little houses and streets, the shabby and old-fashioned arrangements, seem to belong to some obsolete world when compared to the monumental vistas and the opulent luxury of New York or Chicago. The primitive character of the sanitary and plumbing arrangements excites the laughter of the transatlantic visitor. The general stuffiness and apathy of the people amaze him. And those are the people who have the effrontery to regard Americans as provincial and uncivilized!

On the Continent, again, the American has to exercise the tolerance which is called for in intercourse with peoples who are, shall we say, somewhat backward. Americans generally like Europe; but, of course, they have to make allowances for the amusing peculiarities of frogs and wops.

American civilization, which some critics have the assurance to deny, actually leads the world. Foremost in industrial achievement, foremost in wealth and power, notwithstanding even the present crisis, it dominates the world situation and holds the fate of Europe in its hands. Its influence is everywhere felt, and what is called the Americanization of Europe, but might equally well be called its modernization, is perceptible in every quarter.

The constant criticism of which they are the object, Americans may plausibly persuade themselves, is largely in expression of the envy and jealous resentment which their very power and progress excite.

Nevertheless they are keenly sensitive to that criticism. Among the many charges that are levelled against them is the remark that they are singularly thin-skinned.

The reason for that sensitiveness is that, despite all that may be said in rebuff of criticism, Americans are conscious that there is something in it. Indeed, many Americans express general judgments concerning the culture and civilization of their own country which are identical in terms with the most drastic condemnations uttered by European critics. There is a whole class of expatriates who utterly repudiate their native American cultural surroundings. Scarcely any English or European criticism exceeds in violence and scorn that which could be abundantly cited from American writers.

American efforts and endeavors are moreover consciously and deliberately directed toward remedying that very kind of deficiency which is most commonly charged against them. Nowhere in the world have such lavish and elaborate provisions been instituted on behalf of education and culture. In addition to a system of educational institutions which has no parallel in another country, America has anxiously fostered, by all possible means and at fabulous expense, every form of cultural influence. Museums, art galleries and exhibitions, musical societies and concerts, the opera, surpass, in America, anything attempted in Europe.

Nor can it be said that the American people as a whole are remiss in availing themselves of those advantages. On the contrary. Their eagerness to obtain the higher educational acquirements and to make the most of every opportunity for culture is so conspicuous that it becomes at times pathetic. The universities are overflowing. In every part of America the people crowd the lecture rooms and hang on the words of English and other European lecturers. Culture-yearning is such a passion with a large section of Americans as to have become a theme for pleasantries.

Yet, as many Americans have been the first to avow and proclaim, all those

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efforts have not essentially availed to remove the sting of the sneers levelled against the rawness and provincialism of American culture.

What is the cause?

No doubt there are several, but, as in most large social and cultural phenomena, there are certain primary and prepotent conditions to which all others are incidental.

The primary reason why American culture lags, as a whole, behind the standards of European culture is its material isolation. American culture is a continuation, howbeit divergent, of European, and in particular of English, culture. Yet it is not, in the physical and social conditions of its tradition, continuous with it. It is essentially European culture; but it has in many respects ceased to be European. Inheriting the whole of its cultural data and impulse from European tradition, it has, of necessity, had to develop in its own fashion and under conditions which are in many respects different from those of the Old World.

It is because of that independent and relatively recent development, on its own, that American culture is young, that is to say, immature, or as critics may put it more unflatteringly, moronic. To speak of a people as young or old is a mere figure of speech. As far as the race is concerned, the expression has no scientific meaning. It is not the race, but the cultural tradition of a race, which is old or young, mature or immature, youthful or senile. The English often say that Americans are half-grown. The French remark that they are big children. Those expressions, meaningless as far as race is concerned, denote a certain characteristic of American culture. It is as old as Europan cultures, since it has them all at its back, but, having severed its navel cord, and started on a development of its own, it is in a sense still characterized by cultural infantilism.

Geographical isolation is, notwithstanding the abolition of distances, the swiftness of communications, transatlantic telephones, the radio, the internationalism of literature, a very real fact. The young American may learn at school and college all that there is to know of European tradition and historical continuity. He may, and often does, know a great deal more about it than his English cousin. But that historical and traditional continuity has not, for the American, the same reality. It is not, as for the young European, part of the cultural environment in which he has grown. When he goes to England or to Europe, the young American makes his first acquaintance with a world which has hitherto been to him more or less remote and legendary, a world about which he has learned from books, which has never been quite real as part of his life, and which turns out to be not quite as he had imagined. His own world is one which has grown up rapidly out of colonial, pioneer, and frontier days, a world in which everything is brand new, has no associations with the traditional perspective, or, in so far as it has any, harks back to very simple, rustic, culturally isolated pioneer traditions which were certainly narrow and "provincial."

Yet the foundations, the data, of American cultural development, are European. The culture which he is trying to acquire is the outgrowth of European culture. He visits England and Europe chiefly for the very purpose of verifying and inspecting that cultural world upon whose tradition he himself has been brought up. He is culturally a European, but a transplanted European, dissociated in many respects from the traditions which go to make the foundations of European culture.

Can it, then, be wondered that, notwithstanding all cultural efforts and attainments in a New World, the American is regarded by the European as a little provincial, a little raw, a little immature? He is so in fact because his culture has perforce been borrowed, has been acquired at second hand, in a medium that no longer vitally corresponds with it. Thus handicapped, the American, do what he will, is bound to appear inadequate when judged by the standards of a cultural tradition which is not his own, yet is the pattern upon which his own culture is moulded.

Most intelligent Americans realize clearly enough the peculiar conditions of a European culture transplanted to a soil traditionally segregated from Europe. The dilemma raised by those conditions is attacked by Americans from two different, and opposite, directions. On the one hand there are those who would meet the difficulty by strenuous efforts to approximate more closely to English tradition, which is the initial American tradition. That is the ideal of New England. Harvard and a number of institutions direct their cultural endeavors toward laying stress upon the English heritage. By making their culture as thoroughly English as possible, they would bridge the traditional gap between pioneer America and the continuous development of feudal-bred England.

There are, on the other hand, those who protest against that aping, second-hand, pseudo-English culture. "Let American culture," they say, "be genuinely American, let it be even a hundred per cent American." Americans, who have shown abundant power of independent achievement, have no need to be culturally tied to the apron-strings of the Old World. Their culture should not be a slavish repetition of European traditions, but of the soil, in harmony with American conditions, not with conditions which have no existence in America. Literature, the advocates of Americanism urge, should confine itself to the American scene, to American interests and situations. Thought, language, art, far from repudiating what the foreign critic deprecates as provincially American, should, on the contrary, cultivate what is of native growth, and detach themselves from the standards, the traditions of a world which is growing more and more alien to American development.

Of those two opposite aims of American culture there can be little doubt which is the more dignified and, in principle, the saner. As long as the American ideal remains an imitation of English culture it condemns itself to an unequal comparison. American culture can compare on an equal footing with European cultures only by being different.

Yet the determination to be purely American does not cut the Gordian knot. In practice it is found to make matters worse. Deliberately to confine aims and interests to the American scene, topographically, socially, politically, culturally, is to accentuate that very provincialism, that segregation, those very deficiencies which are charged against American culture. To do so with arrogant defiance is to add to the handicaps of segregation the blatancy of a vulgar complacency. It is questionable even whether by doing so American culture is made more American.

The attitude is American only in so

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far as it is continuous with pioneer Puritan tradition. But that tradition was definitely anti-cultural, overtly hostile to those amenities of aristocratic English epicureanism and Hellenism which represented all that against which the Puritan burgher, fiercely reliant on private judgment and resentful of superiority, rebelled. And that old, dour Puritan attitude was not peculiarly American. It was English. It was bourgeois Puritan as much in England as in the transplanted Puritan's home. It is indeed the essential and persistent foundation of American culture throughout every phase of its development. From under the fedora hat of the American business man of today may be seen louring the face of the Puritan that once scowled from under the broad-brimmed felt of the seventeenth-century Roundhead. The "melting-pot" has not the importance which has been attached to it in the light of the old misconception that race determines culture. The inpouring of the most diversified racial elements—not much more diversified, in fact, than those which once went to the making of such well-defined national types as the English or the French—has been absorbed, not racially but culturally, by the prepotent American tradition. Whatever transformations it has undergone in direction, that Puritan tradition has remained unchanged in character. Its more than rugged individualism may have been transferred from the field of theology to that of predatory business; its jealous complacency combined with a gnawing inferiority complex, from sectarianism to morbidly defiant nationalism, to self-opinionated pedantry, to the hundred-per-center's thankfulness that he is not as others are, to the strange combination of didactic idealism eager to preach to the world with a certain moral callousness that is difficult to rouse to indignation. When reference is made to a purely American tradition, it is to that tenacious Puritan tradition, and no other, that the reference applies.

That anti-cultural and fiercely individualistic tradition of English Puritanism has, in England, undergone the mellowing effect of several centuries of compromise and conciliatory development. It has made terms with the distinctively English feudal tradition. It has lost much of its asperity, its anti-cultural crudeness, its stubborn Hebraic fanaticism. In America, the intervening centuries of divergent development, instead of mellowing and softening, have sharpened the Puritan characteristics. The scramble for economic success has largely supplanted the religious character of Puritan individualism, but has intensified, rather than worn down, its jagged asperities.

Yet that Puritan tradition, which is the American tradition, is no less English than the feudal tradition.

What the hundred-per-center terms American is a relic of America's Puritan bourgeois heritage, and stresses its less amiable and desirable features. It is, in origin, no less English than is the feudal tradition. It is not new. It is in fact a tradition which has to a large extent died out in England while it has survived in segregated America. The cultural or anti-cultural attitude of bourgeois Puritanism is quite as effete, as out of date, as inconsistent with the modern world, as is the tradition of feudalism. By setting up that tradition as the ideal of Americanism, the hundred-per-center is being as reactionary, as retrograde, as effete, as the New Englander who preconizes the tradition of English medieval feudalism.

American culture has looked, in its efforts at individual development, to those two English traditions of a dead and dying past. Both are equally out of date, equally reactionary. Neither is specifically of the New World.

The dilemma may appear an insoluble one. Nevertheless no country, with the exception of Soviet Russia, has the opportunity which America possesses of developing a truly native and independent culture. The taunts that American culture is half-grown, infantile, moronic, in reality contain the earnest of the highest promise. Across the centuries may be heard the echo of a similar taunt. Nearly three thousand years ago a Greek tourist was chatting with an old priest in an Egyptian temple. "You Greeks," said the priest, "are mere children." The new world of Greece was young compared to the doddering culture of mummified Egypt because it looked at life with new eyes, with eyes that were not blinkered by the theological traditions of the dying oriental world. Because it looked with enquiring and unprejudiced spirit toward all novelties, all living movements of thought; because it never segregated itself in a tradition of its own, in contemptuous isolation, youthful Greece grew and transformed the human world.

It is a far cry from the spirit of rising Hellenism to the heritage of Puritanism. Nevertheless the possibilities presented by a culture which has not yet hardened under the influence of age-long and irrevocable tradition belong to half-grown America in a sense that no longer applies to any culture of the Old World. England, France, may look down from the maturity of sophisticated over-civilization upon the raw provincialism of America. But nothing is more certain than that England's feudal-born culture is a thing effete, aromatic only with the scent of cere-cloth. It belongs to a past world, a world which is doomed. French culture, more liberal, more civilized, is yet one of disillusion, too weary to set out on new roads, toward new horizons. To neither are the possibilities open which offer themselves to America.

Will America use its opportunities? That is a question that can only be answered by the future. What is certain is that America can only reap the harvest of its unique opportunities by looking toward the future, not toward the past. It cannot do so by setting up and clinging to the ideals of effete traditions, whether feudal or Puritan. Both are equally relics of another world. If America is to be indeed a New World, it must break with the anticultural crudeness of seventeenth-century Puritanism no less than with the medieval effeteness of English feudalism. Neither is modern, neither is in any specific sense American. America can only grow to independent cultural maturity by severing its ideals more completely than it has done from those of a doomed and dying world. The foundations of any cultural growth that can arise anew in the living world of this age are not to be sought in any of the traditions of a past age, but in the bold courage and honesty of thought which do not fear to cast aside the dead hands that weigh upon it and to strike new and forbidden paths. By such heretical and revolutionary courage alone has any new cultural growth ever taken place on this earth. By such courage and such honesty alone can heretical and revolutionary America make good its claim to a living American culture.

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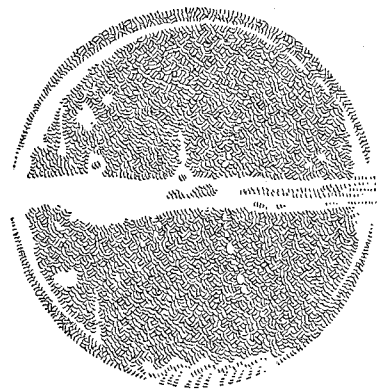
New Frontiers of Science

By Rogers D. Rusk

The discovery of heavy water, artificial radioactivity, and transmutation adds to the wonders of scientific advance and portends new methods of treating disease



In spite of frequent suggestions that science slow down and allow man's more backward activities to catch up, there never has been a time in which the progress of science was so rapid and the results so unexpected and surprising as in the past two or three years. The most momentous discoveries of science are usually made with the least noise, and especially some of the most important developments of recent years have come without blare of trumpets or benefit of drums. Such periods of quiet but rapid development as the present one often mark the beginnings of epochs which are too frequently not well recognized until long after they have passed.

As we now look back thirty-five or forty years we see only too clearly that such an epoch was begun in the last decade of the nineteenth century. The sudden spurt of scientific discovery at that time marked the beginning of the modern age of physical science in which we now live. Of course the foundation for the telephone and telegraph, the dynamo-electric power plant and a host of other of the commonplaces of today had long been laid during the course of the century. And yet in the nineties a new world suddenly burst forth, with things to come that were to outdo the prophetic visions and even the fairy tales of the past. In that decade came the epochal discoveries of the electron, radioactivity, X-rays, and the beginnings of wireless communication. The first of these was followed by the development of the electrical theory of matter with its attendant revolution in our view of the whole physical universe while the last three brought developments too well known to need special emphasis.

There came also, five years after the close of the century, the first public announcement of the theory of relativity. In the three or four decades that have followed, these new fields have opened up fanlike in a multitude of directions, expanding and overlapping in so magical and astonishing a manner as to almost completely bewilder the non-initiate. Indeed the world has become so saturated with surprise at the oft-mentioned marvels of science that the emotion of surprise has almost ceased to function at anything short of murder or catastrophe and not always then. It is for this reason especially that the scientific events of the last two or three years may readily fail in the public mind to achieve the instant importance and emphasis which they actually deserve. For not only has the promise of the immediate future been suddenly expanded, but so also has it taken new and unexpected directions the complete measure of which may not yet be taken but the implications of which are the concern and interest of us all.

First among the epochal scientific milestones of today must be mentioned the discovery and isolation of *heavy water* with its promise of a brand new chemistry. Then there is the new and surprising *artificial radioactivity* which may be produced in a variety of familiar substances. Two new building blocks of the universe have been discovered in the *positive electron,* backward twin brother of the well-known negative electron, and the *neutron,* so-called because of its lack of either positive or negative electrical charge. In addition to these, *transmutation* has become an accepted fact and other discoveries more revolutionary still in their implications are as yet less fully confirmed.

The chemistry of the past has largely been what might be called water-chemistry. Water, the great and universal solvent from daily bath and necessary component of food to the most exacting uses of the chemistry laboratory, is as necessary as the air we breathe. We live on land surrounded by water with a cloud layer of water vapor above us and layer of ground water in the earth not far beneath our feet. The human body itself is something like 90 per cent water and many of the common solids we eat such as sugar contain a large percentage of water of crystallization. Now comes *heavy water*—a new kind of water that looks like the old but has many entirely different properties. At first thought, it might seem to be a device to enable non-athletic millionaires to swim more readily, but upon second thought, at a recent quotation of four dollars a drop, the cost of enough for a swimming pool would approximate the national debt. Furthermore swimming in heavy water might have serious consequences and ordinary salt water which is certainly invigorating is almost as heavy.

During all the past centuries people have been drinking water without ever suspecting that there was anything in it more than ordinary water. Now it

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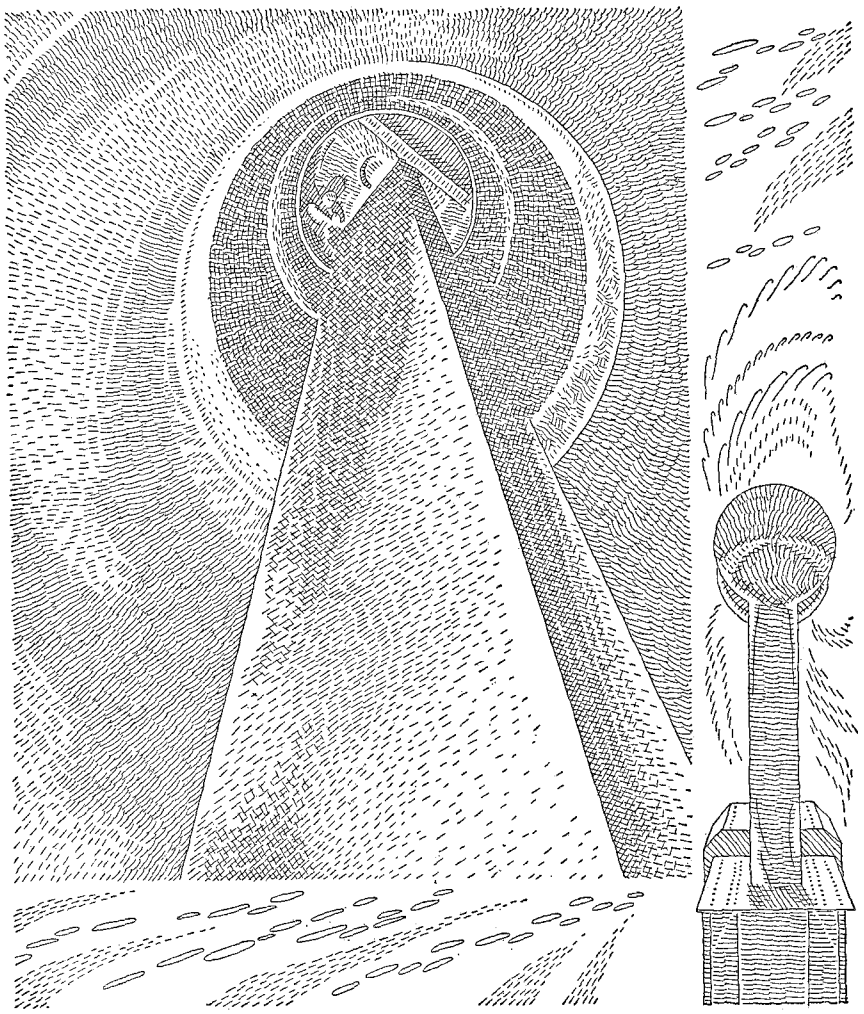

appears that about one in every five thousand molecules of ordinary rain-water is not water (that is to say about one thimble-full in five gallons though some estimates are much less) but deuterium oxide, more commonly known as *heavy water,* and that when this new substance is isolated in sufficient concentration it is found to have strange and unexpected properties.

At Princeton University it has been found that certain micro-organisms are killed by heavy water while others are not. Tadpoles and some small fish died in from one to forty-eight hours when immersed in 92 per cent heavy water. At the University of California tobacco seeds were found to fail to germinate and a quite respectable white mouse became so badly intoxicated that his condition is best described as "plain drunk." An unfortunate feature of the latter experiment was the fact that the mouse became so thirsty and imbibed so lavishly of the costly liquid that the experiment had to be discontinued in the interest of economy.

One is led to speculate whether heavy water might possibly be the beverage prophesied by Professor Haldane as an intoxicant to take the place of alcohol which would leave no after effects and be non-injurious, but the evidence though limited points otherwise. So far no one has had a tumbler full of 100 per cent heavy water to drink, and any statement that a person would be aged fifty years by drinking a few drops is merely journalistic extravagance. Indeed some scientists have already imbibed small amounts with no immediate ill results and Professor Hevesy has found that at the end of nine days half the amount drunk still remained in the body, but the effect of larger amounts is problematical. In spite of such rumors and the real possibilities of ill effects, offers have been received from those who are willing to drink a sizable potion and who may perhaps secretly hope to be rejuvenated instead of aged.

While the nations of the world are exhibiting political discord to a marked degree the story of the scientific discoveries of the past two years strikingly shows that never before in history have the nations of the world cooperated more energetically and efficiently in scientific affairs. Against one problem of universal interest, the problem of cancer, they have presented a solidly united front and although cancer is a fundamentally biological rather than physical problem, nevertheless physics and chemistry have contributed much and may indeed contribute the ultimate solution. Just now experiments are being performed to find the effect of the new heavy water on cancer tissue and these will be watched with keen interest. Likewise artificial radioactivity, to be mentioned later, holds promise of future benefit.

Why is heavy water heavier than ordinary water? The question is not so complicated and difficult to answer, in fact it is relatively simple and from its promise of importance may be worth a moment of thought by even the most unscientific. The discovery of heavy water is one of the greatest romances of modern science. Ordinary water is composed of two common gases, oxygen and hydrogen. In each molecule of water are two hydrogen atoms associated with an oxygen atom sixteen times heavier than each hydrogen atom. It was the discovery of the hitherto unknown double-weight hydrogen atom, and the fact that this double-weight hydrogen atom might be substituted for the single-weight hydrogen atom in various compounds including water that led to the discovery of heavy water. Every high-school boy recognizes H_2O, the symbols of the chemist which stand for water, but every high-school boy must now learn a new symbol, D_2O, which stands for deuterium oxide or heavy water. (Indeed the possibility of still other and even rarer forms of heavy water involving a heavier oxygen atom or a triple-weight hydrogen atom must not be overlooked.)

The story of the discovery of the heavy hydrogen or deuterium atom is the story of a small decimal fraction. Some discoveries seem to burst forth from a clear sky while others result from a long chain of painstaking exact measurements. It was a common remark in the early nineties that the major discoveries of science had all been made and that there remained only the

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problem of refining past measurements and extending them to a further and further decimal. The rocket-like burst of discovery that followed that period threatened to go to the other extreme and almost obscure the decimal fraction and its potent values. One recalls, however, that it was a very small numerical discrepancy in the orbit of the planet Uranus which led to the prediction by Adams and Leverrier of the planet Neptune and its subsequent discovery. Likewise it was a small decimal fraction representing an extremely small variation in the density of air that led to the discovery of the rare gas argon by the late Lord Rayleigh and subsequently the gas neon which no one at that time could have possibly foreseen would lend itself so thoroughly to the neon sign and the unæsthetic glare of our city streets.

Doctor Harold Clayton Urey of Columbia University, born in Indiana and a product of the University of Montana (with his co-workers Doctors Brickwedde and Murphy) announced the discovery and isolation of heavy hydrogen and heavy water in 1932, and was forthwith awarded the Nobel prize in Chemistry at the close of 1934. A series of important events led up to these discoveries in which again a small decimal fraction was involved.

Aston in England had shown some years ago by a series of brilliant experiments that not all atoms possessing the same name are exactly alike, that the families of chlorine and mercury for instance like the families of Smith and Jones may vary within themselves. To use Aston's own words he found that "some of the most respectable atoms with which he had long been familiar had been leading double (and sometimes triple or more) lives," that there were often several groups of the atoms bearing a single name that all behaved pretty much alike but whose weights differed. This was somewhat upsetting to the chemists who had long been talking with great authority of atomic weight. It now appeared that an atomic weight did not represent the weight of an atom but merely an average of all those atoms possessing the same name.

This apparent upset, however, was simply the beginning of newer and better things. At first hydrogen itself, the lightest of all atoms, was not suspected of this duplicity until a very precise measurement by Aston showed a constant and inexplicable discrepancy when compared with the measurements of the chemists. It was suggested that the discrepancy of only one part in five thousand might possibly be due to an unknown and double-weight atom of hydrogen. From the vantage point of an after-view we can now see clearly that again it was the case of a small decimal fraction which may remake the world.

As yet there was no proof but merely an assumption that a double-weight hydrogen atom might exist and might exactly make up the discrepancy. In this country, Doctor Urey of Columbia lost no time in setting forth on the quest of this new and unknown particle. As Einstein has said in another connection, "it was very much like shooting birds in the dark in a strange country where there were very few birds." However, in an amazingly short time Doctor Urey with the assistance of Doctors Brickwedde and Murphy triumphed. Heavy hydrogen was produced and combined with oxygen to form heavy water.

Never in the history of science has a discovery been so seized upon and its extension and development so hastened by laboratories co-operating everywhere the world over and by scientists who at once saw the far-reaching possibilities of the new discovery. Fortunately at the same time a simple method of producing heavy water was also discovered. Wherever electricity has been flowing through water solutions for a long period of time, *there* is heavy water in paying quantities. In every old storage battery in the country (and the older the better) ordinary water has been driven off in the fumes and an increased per cent of heavy water remains. All over the country electrolytic plants based on this principle have sprung up like mushrooms and are rapidly getting under way. In spite of the relatively small amount of heavy water in ordinary water the enormous volume of water on the earth makes the supply of heavy water well nigh inexhaustible, and already the price has fallen from a prohibitory priceless-ness to a not unreasonable sum for small amounts. This is only the beginning.

It has not been so very long ago since chemistry was a youthful and immature science, and the chemical nature of only a few substances was known. Indeed some of the simplest chemical compounds were believed to be unique elements not further divisible. It was only in 1783 that Lavoisier showed that water was not a fundamental element itself, but was made up of two other substances, hydrogen and oxygen. Today there are something like three hundred and fifty thousand chemical compounds whose nature and composition are well known. Of these approximately 90 per cent contain either hydrogen or water or both. If heavy hydrogen or water is substituted for the ordinary hydrogen or water in these compounds many variations in their properties may be expected. It is not impossible that substances now poisonous may become foods or medicine, or vice versa, that substances now stiff may become flexible or that some now transparent may become opaque. Predictions are hazardous and the changes produced may be of degree only. What is less remote and of even greater interest is the possibility of directly tracing food and drugs in their effects on the body. Substituting heavy hydrogen for ordinary hydrogen in a compound is like tying a red tag to it. Wherever it goes it will display its tag to the watchful scientist, and the secrets of many a vital process may be revealed.

The possibilities of industrial use of heavy water seem more hazy at the present moment than the biological applications but it may take a generation or more to survey the major possibilities. Certainly the whole field of chemistry must now be gone over using heavy water instead of ordinary water, with results which at present can scarcely be guessed. Some of the wildest promises will most probably not come true while others unthought of may suddenly appear.

Following closely upon the metaphorical heels of heavy water has come the discovery of *artificial radioactivity* closely linked up with the discovery of the neutron and that dream of the alchemists of old—the transmutation of matter. The word artificial, however, is most unfortunate as there are many people who will immediately conclude that it is not the real thing,

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whereas it most certainly is the real thing. What is actually meant is that the radioactivity is artificially induced in substances which are not ordinarily radioactive. Up until the discovery of radioactivity by Becquerel and the Curies in the nineties, if the world was convinced of anything at all it was convinced of the utter impossibility of any such thing as radioactivity. Then, very suddenly, the impossible was discovered. Now, quite miraculously to relate, the artificial process has been discovered a generation later by the very daughter (and her husband) of Mme. Curie herself.

Before radioactivity was discovered it had been customary to speak of atoms with great deference as the ultimate particles of matter. Atoms were changeless and unchanging, the only permanencies in a world of life and death, growth and decay. The atoms of a candle might be dissipated in its smoke but after it was burned there were just as many atoms as before. Some were scattered about the room, some were breathed into the lungs, some were deposited on the wall paper, others were mingled with those of the air, nevertheless, they were all there. True it was that the grouping of atoms to form molecules might change or break down altogether, but the atoms remained unchanged. They could not even be cut in two. They were ultimate. It is related of the famous Lord Kelvin that in conversation with a student one day the student inadvertently ventured the profane speculation that atoms might be divisible, whereupon the great Kelvin rebuked him with the query, "Don't you know that the very word comes from the Greek, meaning indivisible?" "That," came the quick reply of the student, "is the disadvantage of knowing Greek."

Today the old permanencies of the Victorian world have one by one vanished and with them has vanished the solid, material, shatter-proof atom. Some of the most striking experiments of the past two years have had to do with the shattering of atoms. In fact shooting atoms to bits has become the sport of all scientists who are so fortunate as to possess the means of producing the appropriate kind of projectiles for such target practice, and new results from such activities are coming in from day to day. It all harks back to the original discovery of radioactivity and the fact that what the alchemists of old had searched for fruitlessly had been going on all the time under their noses. The atoms of a number of different substances, all *heavier* than lead, had been spontaneously giving off penetrating rays for ages and at the same time the residue had formed itself into new and lighter atoms. Sooner or later all such atoms turned into lead and apparently there the transmutation stopped.

No human being was able to start the process, or to stop it until it stopped of its own accord. It had been going on ever since the beginning of things, and the residue left in certain minerals provides one of the most important means of estimating the age of the earth—something more than a thousand million years. No alchemist of old ever desired to create lead out of something else, but here it was going on all the time unbeknown. Kings had already used too much lead to debase their coinage whenever the exchequer ran low. What the alchemist wanted was to turn lead into gold. Gold, however, is lighter than lead and the process of disintegration stops too soon.

Within recent months, however, entirely new discoveries have been made; first, that many common substances, *lighter* than lead, are feebly radioactive; and second, it has been found possible to artificially instil more violent radioactivity into substances otherwise thought of as quiet, sober, and sedate. The discovery had scarcely been made by the Curie-Joliots when new and more intense methods of doing the same thing were developed in this country and abroad. For example a bit of silver or even a silver dollar may be made temporarily radioactive and might thus be used in the treatment of disease. Ordinary sodium, well known component of table salt, may likewise be made radioactive and the medical profession has at once seen the possibility of more direct internal application.

The immediate value of this discovery would amount to millions of dollars except for one fly in the ointment. The induced radioactivity wears itself out in a comparatively short time. Were it not so, a single radioactive source could induce the effect in an unlimited amount of common material and this could at once be distributed over the country for the ready and cheap treatment of disease. At the moment the scientists are divided. Some think it is merely a matter of time until a cheap source is available. Others point out the possibility that the total amount of induced radioactivity may never be more than that of the source. This pessimism is in turn partially dispelled by the medics who see new methods of treatment available. It may be possible to inject the artificially radioactive substance directly into the region to be treated and left there, thus getting direct effect on cancer or other tissue without so much affecting healthy tissue and without worrying about overdosage or loss of valuable radioactive material. This has been done with difficulty in the past and every once in a while some luckless patient has swallowed a tube of radioactive material and has had to be pumped out in order to recover the valuable treasure.

How is artificial radioactivity produced? Apparently it is the result of giving the nucleus or "heart" of an atom a tremendous shock. Up until very recently it has not been possible to do this. It has been a case of "nigger dodge the ball" or else the ball dodged the nigger, or else the blow was quite ineffective. It has been necessary to bring up the heavy siege guns just as the German Army did before Liége. These atomic heavy siege guns had to be invented and they are of different kinds. At Massachusetts Institute of Technology a giant voltage generator has been developed powerful enough to shoot a projectile (a positive particle) with a "kick" of several million volts. A huge metal sphere with an observer sitting securely inside of it has electricity piled upon it from an endless belt until a crashing lightning flash bursts from the sphere. Such huge voltages are difficult to control.

At the University of California a positive particle is whirled in a more modest electric field, being speeded up at each whirl until it likewise represents an energy of some millions of volts. The first of these might be called the artificial thunderbolt method, to distinguish it from the attempt of some German scientists to harness real thunderbolts in which one of the party lost his life. The second of these might

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be called the electrical sling-shot method, and last of all comes the atomic explosion method. At Columbia University and elsewhere the natural energy of the alpha particle from a radioactive source is utilized. The alpha particle is a projectile of tremendous energy. It travels with a speed thirty thousand times that of an army rifle bullet. When these particles strike beryllium (a rare metal) it has been found within recent months that an entirely new particle is dislodged.

Scientists had just about run out of names for new particles, but this new particle is neutral electrically. It carries neither a positive nor negative charge, and so it was unanimously agreed to conveniently call it the *neutron*. Perhaps less is known about the newly discovered neutron than about any other known particle. It may be possible to dislodge it from any kind of atom, but beryllium is a particularly rich source. Most of our methods of investigation of minute particles beyond the power of the microscope are electrical methods, but the neutron does not respond to any of these. It presents a new puzzle, a new mystery in the world of matter. It appears to be smaller than any known particle and yet its weight is thought to be close to that of a hydrogen atom. It is smaller with respect to a speck of dust than a speck of dust is smaller than the earth. A stream of neutrons can be fired through a five-inch sheet of lead, and only a very few will be lost. Indeed it would be impossible to capture and keep them. Even though locked in the stoutest steel vault hermetically sealed, they would rapidly escape. Because of their lack of electrical charge they could be packed so closely together that a cubic inch would weigh more than a million tons. No similar particle has ever been discovered and the presence of these may help to explain why some of the dense stars have been found to weigh thousands of times more, volume for volume, than our own earth.

The neutron, since its discovery, has in turn been put to use. The Italian scientist Fermi announced the discovery of artificial radioactivity produced by neutron bombardment in March, 1934. The neutron has the property of rendering hard hits on the nucleus of an atom because the neutron carries no apparent electrical field and can get closer to the central nucleus than any known particle. The atoms of some common substances are thus shocked into radioactivity and for some time after being bombarded with Fermi's "siege gun," which produces neutrons as projectiles, the atoms of the substance spontaneously fly to pieces and form other atoms in the process.

Not only does this process represent *artificial radioactivity* but it likewise represents the *transmutation* of the elements as a reality. New atoms are formed from the old, and experiments so far indicate that sometimes *lighter* atoms are formed and sometimes *heavier* atoms are formed. It has even been possible to roughly identify the atoms formed though everybody knows the process is a very inefficient one and gold for the great American dole will scarcely be formed in the laboratory for a long time to come, if ever. In fact by far the most expensive method of getting gold or any other substance at the present moment would be to create it by transmutation. That does not lessen the scientific interest in transmutation. Neither does that minimize the fact that what the alchemists dreamed of and what the nineteenth century scientists laughed at as foolishly impossible has now been actually accomplished with a number of the lighter elements.

Not only have transmutations been accomplished by bombarding with neutrons, but also by bombardment with an array of atomic projectiles. Speeding up the new double-weight hydrogen atom, stripped of its electron, has proved to be a most effective projectile, and last but not least the *cosmic ray* is being utilized to induce artificial transformations.

The name *cosmic ray* has made so fancied an appeal to the learned and unlearned alike that such general interest in a scientific problem has seldom been equalled. Actually the name is a misnomer because nobody knows anything about the cosmic nature of these rays other than they originate outside of the earth, whether this be in the spiral nebulæ, in the Milky Way, or from exploding stars. Indeed the original speculations that such rays may announce the birth of new atoms have no foundation at all in actual measurement. What is more to the point is that these rays *do exist,* shooting through us time after time, although we are wholly unaware; and that the energy possessed by them is greater than that of any other known ray. Though first thought to be rays of light, they are now admitted to be mostly charged particles, at least those we detect are charged particles, and no one knows what the charged particles are due to.

Millikan has sent his cosmic ray instruments to mountain tops, has sunk them deep in lakes and has sent them high up in balloons and airplanes. Automatic instruments have been set on steamships travelling far and wide. Parties organized by Compton went to the far corners of the earth from the Himalayas to Spitzbergen. The enormous mass of data obtained has given no clue as yet to their origin. What we know is that they can penetrate our atmosphere and have enough energy left over to disintegrate atoms.

Of all the sources of atomic projectiles the cosmic ray has far surpassed all others in its apparent power but such high-powered cosmic rays are too infrequent to provide a plentiful source. Until recently the dream of several million volt electrical currents was unrealized and has only been achieved by the recent types of high-voltage generators. The latest estimates of the maximum energies of cosmic rays, however, far exceed this recently realized dream. They exceed, in fact, anything conceivably possible in the laboratory. Millikan has estimated the maximum to be as high as ten billion volts or higher and Compton has set forty billion as the possible upper limit.

There is no known source of such energy in the universe aside perhaps from a flaming, variable star in which matter may perhaps be annihilated and turned directly into energy in a fashion quite unapproachable in the laboratory. It is not to be wondered at that such cosmic rays when striking an ordinary atom may produce atomic bursts in which the fragments of an atom are scattered in all directions, and these have been recently observed. When one starts to say that the atom is "blown to atoms" one is reminded that language has not developed rapidly enough to properly encompass such things.

Aside from the mystery of the origin of cosmic rays and aside from the startling but harmless fact that each and every human being is now and

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then shot through and through by these million and even billion volt particles—aside from all this, and the many other scientific problems revealed, is the remaining fact that by means of cosmic rays still another elemental particle of matter has been discovered very recently, and for this another American scientist gets first credit. This new particle is the *positive electron* and it might be called the mirror image or twin brother of the now well known negative electron discovered a generation ago by J. J. Thompson in England. The discovery of the negative electron began the modern revolution of physical science, and merged the age-long puzzles of what is matter, and what is electricity, into a single problem.

From that time on it became more evident that all matter was electrical and in the nearly forty years since that discovery scientists have been pursuing the new idea throughout all the realms of science. Indeed it came as a shock to many people that everything in the universe is composed of electricity and that the food they eat, their own bodies and perhaps even the mechanism of their brains was electrical. But all this time it remained a mystery why the smallest positive particles (protons) always weighed so much more than the smallest negative particles (electrons). For forty years scientists tried to separate the weight and the electrical charge in the nucleus of the atom where the positive particles were massed but the latter always went along with the former. It became such a commonplace idea that most people forgot to think that there might be a positive electron similar in size but opposite in charge to the negative electron.

However, in August, 1932, came the announcement from Pasadena and the school of Robert Andrews Millikan that the positive electron had been discovered. Millikan had long ago won the Nobel prize for making the most exact measurement of the negative electron. Now it was his assistant and co-worker Anderson, who was to announce the discovery of the positive electron or positron and it all came out of the study of cosmic rays which had long been pursued by Millikan and his assistants.

No more clever piece of scientific apparatus has ever been devised than that of C. T. R. Wilson by which the tracks of these high-speed atomic particles can be made as plain to the naked eye as the tracks of lions and tigers are to the big-game hunter. In fact the smaller the particle the bigger game it is to the physicist. A miniature cloud is suddenly condensed and a string of silvery droplets indicates the paths of particles moving so fast that in comparison a rifle bullet would seem to be standing still.

It had long been customary to test these particles by applying a magnetic field and then noting that the paths of electrons became curved in the direction in which a negative charge would be deflected. No particle of the same size had ever been observed to curve in the opposite direction. Then Anderson thought of turning his apparatus over on its side to better study the tracks of particles knocked out of atoms by cosmic rays coming down from overhead. The idea was simple. But the ordinary style of apparatus would not work on its side. A new type of apparatus had to be built and many thousands of tracks of particles were observed, when lo and behold a very few of these curved the wrong way! They could only be positive electrons.

A commentator on the subject has said that whereas these particles were first observed at a rate of three or four per year, by the end of 1934 they could be produced at the rate of 30,000 per second and in spite of the tremendous increase this number is still small compared to the number of negative electrons given off in an ordinary radio tube.

What is left after the positive electron is ejected from an atom? One used to speak of a hydrogen atom as being made up of a proton (positively charged nucleus) and an electron. The nuclei of heavier atoms were thought to contain protons in various groupings. It was common to say that the universe was built of protons and electrons and nothing else. But if a positive particle in the nucleus loses its charge but not its weight, what is left over must be a *neutral something* possessing weight. It is the proton which many scientists think has thus been broken up into a *positive electron* and a *neutron*. Perhaps at last the weight and the charge of the proton have been separated.

The negative electrons in the atoms have long been known and studied, and now at last the stronghold of the nucleus is giving up its secrets. The *neutron* and the *positive electron* must take their place along with the negative electron as the most elemental and fundamental particles in the universe. Instead of saying that the universe is composed of positive and negative charges (protons and electrons), it now seems more appropriate to say that the building blocks of the universe are positive and negative electrons plus neutrons. Who will break up the neutron and show us that it is nothing less than two opposite charges locked together in some new and close embrace? Such a race is more to the clever than to the swift and is at the moment open to all comers.

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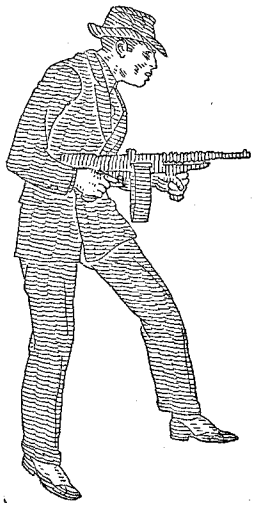

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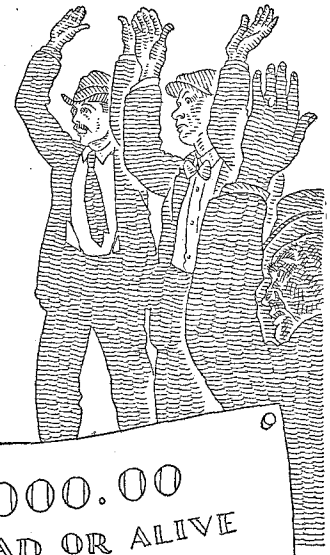
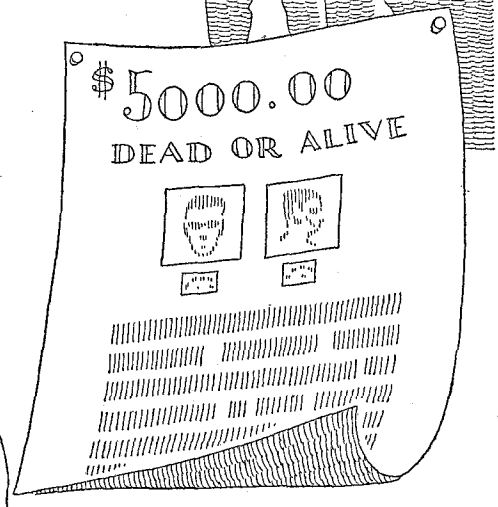
A STORY

By Paul Horgan





THE Apache Tavern in Hermosa, New Mexico, was run by a man called Captain, and his wife Billie Jeane. Every time a customer came in for a meal, they were busied anew with the duties they enjoyed, and by taking a sentimental interest in their work and themselves, they cast over their little café a curious atmosphere of comfort and pity. When their coffee urn was hissing, and the swinging door between the cooking range and the eating counter was whapping in the winds of service, and Billie Jeane was catwalking up and down with orders, smiling, her high heels making hard jolts on the floor that shook her frank breasts with each step, then she and her husband were happy because they were busy and because people needed their work for their own good.

Hermosa was a small town, but right opposite the tavern was a county court house, a sandy gaunt building with a wooden cupola, built in 1897, when Hermosa had only one street.

But Highway 380 went by this way now.

There were four paved blocks in the center of town. The machines of city life were here too: a movie house, everybody's radio, cars with radios in them, and the transport planes crossing the same streak of sky this side of the mountains at the same hour every evening, when the evening settled over the immense land there . . . roads taking the eye far down the plains, the blue hover above the river behind town where there were dying willows and white salt hollows, the level horizon diffuse with light except where the mountains began. Slow things lived temperately there still, cows roving, old Mexicans paced by their burros, the fat sheriff who limped majestically and was beloved by his townsmen. But the lives of most people were rolled rapidly like spools leaving thinner threads as they rolled, along the roads in their cars. The roads called them. And the roads were good in all kinds of weather.

The Captain and Billie Jeane were proud of that, they said. It kept business moving, the coffee bubbling and sighing in their urn.

On a day like this, in early November, the café was somnolent in midafternoon, but when the door opened, it didn't surprise Billie Jeane unduly, though she glanced at the clock above the pie cabinet, and said to herself, "'t's quarter t'four," and went forward to wait on the man who sat down at the far end of the counter, near the street, where you could look out and see the second story and up of the court house and the baring tree tops in the yard before it. The sights below that were blurred by Billie Jeane's muslin curtains that veiled the lower half of her big front window.

The Captain came to his swinging door and looked across it at the new customer. The Captain wore a white flat cap on his head. He was tall and fat at the waist, with black hair, and pale brown eyes behind black-rimmed glasses. His face wore an almost permanent kind of eagerness, as if he were inhaling a smell that nourished him, a sauce, or hotcakes browning, or gasoline running into the tank of his car. He watched Billie Jeane do her offices at the counter, the glass of water, the butter pat, the tableware, the napkin, and the menu. She smiled and looked out the window and snaked her fingers in her hair fixing her bob. About her plump cheeks rose a starched collar that made her look in silhouette, as the Captain now saw her, like an old court lady in the picture last week. Then she turned and got the order and came down the aisle, saying in a loud voice as if the room were full of clamorous diners,

"Bowl of chili, dry toast, one egg easy," and the Captain retired from his

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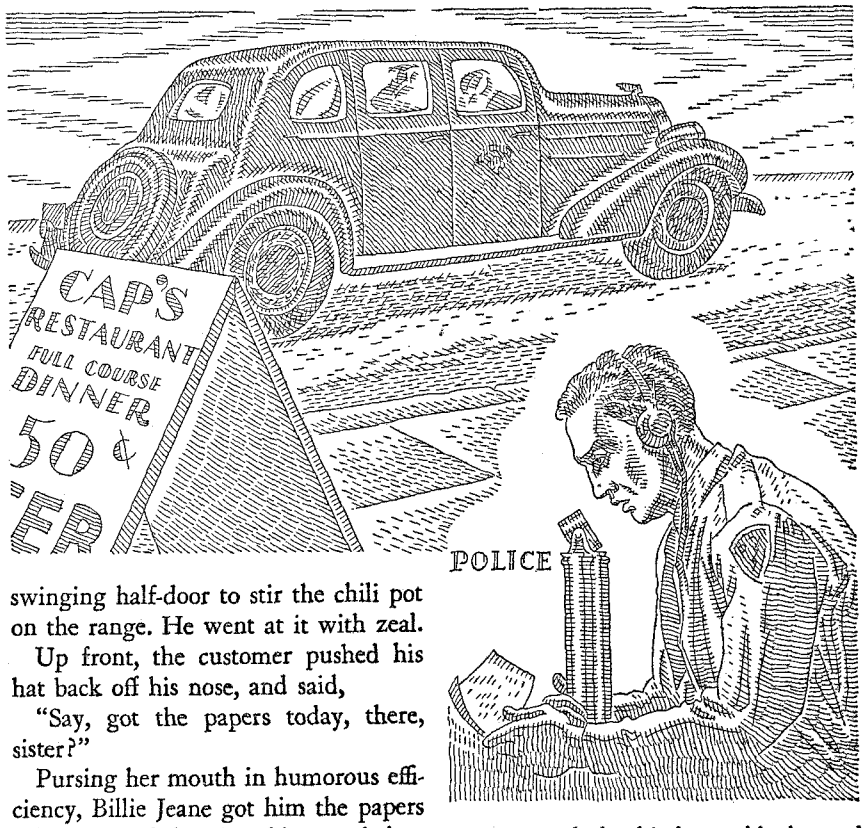

swinging half-door to stir the chili pot on the range. He went at it with zeal.

Up front, the customer pushed his hat back off his nose, and said,

"Say, got the papers today, there, sister?"

Pursing her mouth in humorous efficiency, Billie Jeane got him the papers off the top of the pie cabinet and then stood leaning by the counter, alert, but not obtrusive, watchful, and modest. He glanced at her once, rattling his paper, seeming to look for something. She coughed, accepting his notice, and fingered her hair again, confidently.

She was a woman in the colors of electric light and fire engines and blue plush. Her hair was wiry yellow and every hair was part of a curl. Her face was flour-white, except at the cheeks where deep rosy stains bruised the cheekbones and faded down the jaw, and at the eyelids, where blue plush shadows winked and glittered. Her mouth was hose-cart red, and scrolled smaller than her lips, and it was odd to see her talk and smile, with that miniature mouth. She thought of herself as beautiful, and so did the Captain, a face worthy of the two hours she spent every morning on it. She had never really understood why men had tried to pick her up in larger towns. She was virtuous by character, though she looked the opposite.

"Bowl of chili, dry toast, one egg easy," called the Captain from the range.

She lunged free of the counter with her hip, and went down the aisle to get the food which Cap had slid through the framed hatch between the counter and the kitchen table beyond the wall.

Billie Jeane carried the food down to the customer, and he laid down his paper and relished the sight of the dishes.

"Coffee?"

"Yes, no cream."

She got it.

Cap was leaning on his half-door again, watching. His bare forearms were black with hair.

"Is this all the papers you got?" asked the man.

"Yes, there's *The Denver Post, The El Paso Herald, The Albuquerque Tribune,* I *did* have a Fort Worth—I wouldn't just know *what* become—Cap, did you see *The Fort Worth Star?"*

He closed his eyes and shook no.

"Never mind," the customer said.

"I read them all every day," said Billie Jeane. Her voice was like a wooden whistle that was wet. With her doll face, the piping husky voice finished the picture. Her face got dreamy now, and she leaned on the counter toward the stranger. He glanced at her from his eating. "I think if I ever got my picture in the paper, I'd just *die,"* she said, and turned to Cap shrugging and delighted with even the hopeless image of success.

"Shuh!" exclaimed Cap fondly, at such foolishness; but it was a cubbish scorn, full of agreement. He looked past her down the narrow room out the window. A car was just drawing up to the curb, vaguely visible through the muslin curtains. They all looked around as the door opened.

Two more customers, a man and a girl.

They went to one of the tables, the one nearest the door, and sat down. Billie Jeane was with them at once, holding her menus in their hinged leatherette bindings. She gave them water and butter while they discussed their food.

"Is the regular lunch still on?" asked the girl, glancing at the clock. It was four o'clock. The hour began to strike whanging on the springs.

"The veal pie is still on, that's all," said Billie Jeane.

The man looked up. His look somehow shocked Billie Jeane, and she noticed him for the first time, taking him into her mind as an impression, which she rarely did with people. He seemed serious; his pale eyes were shuttered by puffed lids, though his face was lean and young with pale brown skin. He looked like a boy grown oddly big, but no older, as if he were her young brother, in a dream, or a movie hero. She smiled at him and licked her rouge. In her breast her heart was a little faster, and she couldn't imagine why. The man said,

"Two veal pie, two coffee, hashed brown on two, and snap it up."

"I'd rather have—" began the girl.

"Cut it," he said. "All right," he added to Billie Jeane. A shining frond of his oiled brown hair had fallen across his temple, and he pushed it back on his skull with his raked hand, and looked around the room. Billie Jeane turned and went, mad at herself for the fuss the man had put her into. She was critical of the girl, too, who was pouting thinly and clawing through her shabby bag for a cigarette.

"Two veal pie, plate lunch," called Billie Jeane at the kitchen door.

She came back to get the coffee.

Cap rattled his dishes and sliced bread and pushed it through.

The café was full of professional effort. Billie Jeane trod snappily on their clean linoleum, and every time she neared the table to begin serving

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the meal, while Cap was singeing the crust of the veal pie to warm it up, she couldn't understand what there was about the new customers to make her think so much; but she decided they were just married, and mad at each other. She winked at Cap when she turned around the next time, and saw him leaning on his half-door, staring at the newcomers, and she thought Cap's face was rather white, and his mouth open made him look as if he had a cold. Now she was warm with cleverness, and she felt a breasty giggle of tolerance in her heart when she reconsidered what marriage did to a man and a girl, and what simply unreasonable terrors it gave the woman when the man was sulky; and how if the man got mad and took a swing at her, and knocked her face off, it was easier to bear than sulks. The girl sitting at the table smoked rapidly, constantly wetting her lips, and feeling her throat.

"They'll neither of them say a word till the other one does," reflected Billie Jeane. She wanted to go up to them and join their hands, and smile at them with a flickering radiance while light beamed through her electric gold hair, and life opened into a sweeter reality, made of movie close-ups.

The man at the counter slapped down a coin on top of his lunch check, and while Billie Jeane was heading back to the kitchen, he left. They heard the door close, and turned to see, but he was gone.

"Ready?" she asked Cap sweetly, her eyes still full of a brooding thought for the man and the girl at the table.

Cap nodded, and turned half sideways, and began to talk out of the side of his mouth. He jerked his head at the table up front.

"Billie Jeane, who's that look like?"

She turned and looked and looked back again.

"Why, Captain, I hardly like t' say . . ."

"Billie Jeane, you look again!"

She looked at her husband, instead.

He was white. He was quivering, almost trembling. His brown eyes behind their refined glasses were hot and dry. She suddenly turned into a scare, and when Cap saw her begin to tremble herself, he flushed and felt a thunder of rage in his breast. He was furious at her for being scared.

"Two veal," he sang out. His voice faltered a little. But he followed it with a witless smile. Then he leaned and whispered, while she clanked the dishes, putting them on a tray.

"Pay no mind, you just come back here and wait by *me* till they want you again. Bring me the papers; his picture was in one of 'em. I'd want t'make *sure* before I——"

"Before you what?" she demanded.

She knew who it was. The face of the young man at the table was always in the papers. She felt besieged. She faltered a look at Cap, and picked up the tray. She was feeling very weak. Her ankles felt shivery. But the white, gold, and crimson and blue design of her face concealed whatever feelings she owned.

And now, at the table, as she set down the veal pies, and the hashed browns, her customers sat there without mystery for her. She served them as fast as she could. It was warm and still in the café. The clock sounded clearly. There was nobody outside on the street. They couldn't telephone—What could they do?

"Will you wish coffee?" she asked in her own propriety.

"I said, 'Two coffees,'" replied the man. But he didn't sound angry, and he looked up to smile at Billie Jeane. He looked more boyish than ever. His eyes gleamed in their narrow sacs, and his mouth turned up at the corners showing sharp eyeteeth. "Two coffees, sister," he repeated, and cleared his throat, and hunched around in his chair.

"My *land*," thought Billie Jeane, going for the coffee.

The girl at the table murmured something that sounded like a sneer, and when Billie Jeane came back, she looked her over and snapped her eyes coldly back to the man's face, as if to say, "That bleached floosie, save your breath."

Billie Jeane felt much more calm now. The smile she'd got, the intimate and live relation between herself and the famous man soothed her fears. She was remembering so much about him.

Cap winked her into the kitchen beyond the swinging half door, humming noticeably to cover their actions.

"The papers?" he whispered when they were private.

"—They're gone.—The man must've taken them by mistake, the fella at the counter.—Land alive, Cap, that's who it is, though——"

They were making incidental kitchen noises to cover their whispering.

"—How you reckon he come *here?*"

The last they'd heard, or the last the papers had, was about Honeyboy Benton heading for Texas, probably alone, or at most with one or two pals, after their latest killing, four people during a bank raid in western Kansas. They'd heard of him going through Oklahoma three days ago. The picture was used everywhere, and reports were sent out every hour to track him down. The picture was a good one, too. It looked more like him than he did himself, sitting up there at the table by the front window.

Billie Jeane and Cap peered out for a second. The two of them up there were still eating.

Honeyboy was like a man in a story to them, a story in the movies. They knew all about him. They knew him from every way that news travelled. They understood his life because he was from the same part of west Texas they came from. All his experiences except those of killing and stealing were their own.

They could think of themselves wearing the fame of Honeyboy.

But he looked so young, and so good-looking, how could he have done so much in his short years? It made him a kind of prodigy, something to be marvelled at, and marvelling, to admire.

Real fame rises by many channels.

They'd seen Honeyboy in the movies: a news-reel shot of him being taken up the steps of the jail at Monamossee, Oklahoma. The day was still and hot in summer, with a dust haze hanging on the horizon, and the two trees by the jailhouse standing unshaken by any breath, their leaves limp and bitter with wry odor. The steps were crowded, but the cars drove right up to them, and Honeyboy stepped out, wearing handcuffs. He had no hat, and the sun made him screw his face up, grinning, and he waved his coupled hands at the camera. He swallowed. The camera moved up. The sounds of people around him blundered gently on the microphone. He swallowed again, and they saw his throat where

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his collar was open. The genial peace officer standing by him remarked, "Well, Honeyboy, I guess this's just 'bout where you sign off," to which Honeyboy replied, "Just a little *rest*-cure, folks," and turned to enter the jail from which he escaped the same night, smiling on the guards he killed, and leaving a note saying, "Not tired any more."

The whole country had roared at that one.

In truth, they found him winsome. There was a catlike sweetness about him, sweet like a boxer who has style and what it takes besides. He was called Honeyboy because he was so terrible in crime and so plaintively good-looking and childlike.

When he killed any one or escaped from any jail or robbed a bank, why who knew it? Why, the whole country knew it.

The radio talked about him. The radio said he was last seen heading southwest out of Monamossee, Oklahoma, and was believed to be heading for Texas, where he had many hide-outs, long known to him from his boyhood days up and down the valley of a great red river that some months flowed like chocolate spilling nourishment over the plains; and other months barely trickled in a white cracked river bed half a mile wide, whose banks were deep cut back into baking hot shadow, little canyons left by the river at its time of rich flood, places where men could hide out.

It'd take a mighty smart posse to find Honeyboy, they all said. Ain't never *been* caught and *stayed* caught *yet,* they said.

The general opinion got around that Honeyboy's adroitness was a thing to be liked for itself.

Like a man in a story, then; a story composed in the very country where outlaws were heroes more than half the time.

The smiling, severe, babyish face staring out of newspapers all over the country was the face of a Southwesterner. Thousands of boys might have been his substitute—if they'd had the obsession and the courage it generated wastefully. It'd be a woman to get him, in the end, they said. They would shake their heads and spit, and know what they were talking about as news-educated citizens, and say a boy like that was always a fool over women; you could tell't t'look at him. Like most public truths, it was instinctive.

—Gol dang him, it was such a human failing, that about the women.

For several months they'd been singing a ballad all over the West, about Honeyboy Benton. It was a recital of his exploits, and it sang out on radios and music stores that had loud-speakers on Main Street and everybody heard it now and then, to the yang of guitars, the bee-hum of jews-harps, the yodel at each last stress of the chorus.

Right down the street from the Apache Tavern was a music store which played the record, a hill-billy performance of Honeyboy Benton's ballad. Cap and Billie Jeane had heard it time and again.

And there he sat, at their front window.

"Cap, I don't know how come I didn't know him raght *off,*" said Billie Jeane, humorously troubled. "I thought was somethin' strange; di'n' know what."

"Look t'me first glance like who it is," he replied.

They were both standing in the kitchen doorway, leaning on the half-door, and staring. Their minds and memories had been filled with reels of pictures unwinding, and now they came frankly to stare and admire, to fear deliciously with reverence, the same fear religion brought when glory ran high and the Lamb lived again, in tents by the railroad tracks on summer nights, full of heat, smoky light, and skidding hearts.

Cap was thinking:

If I ducked out back door, got round to court house, I'd find Sheriff 'ere, they's a *re*ward—the fuddled thoughts of a citizen who craves part of the celebrity of sin, the riches of virtue, and the good of the state.

Billie Jeane thought,

"—a dried-up skinny old girl like that. I'll bet she sure hen-pecks him; I'll bet he'd look at me twice if she'd a let him."

Honeyboy and his girl were eating without words. But an atmosphere of better humor came up between them. After all, they were probably hungry. Four o'clock is late to eat lunch.

He kept glancing out the window, to look at his car, as if to be sure it was still there, waiting for him.

They saw by now that it was a Chevrolet business sedan, with closed sides, and the name of a tobacco company on it. Billie Jeane was working her cheek in thought.

"That sure is a clever way to travel," said Cap, nodding to the car.

"—'m going to get a better look," she half-thought and half-said.

Cap dragged at her waist; but she eluded him, and adjusting her hair and smiling downward with proud modesty, she strolled up back of the counter and leaned opposite their table, and yawned exquisitely, holding her fingers before her minutely opened mouth. The girl at the table looked up, and at once looked away again. She was disgusted. But she was also alarmed. She toed Honeyboy under the table, and flicked her eyes toward Billie Jeane. Grinning with his mouth full and showing food, Honeyboy looked up at Billie Jeane, and saw the elaborate languor of her pose, the female attention of her presence, masked by mid-afternoon idleness and peace. But his whole quality told him of danger and chance and the necessity of killing, as he needed to know these things. He knew now that he'd been recognized.

He looked back at his companion.

He began to lean over his plate and cluck the food into his mouth in great gusts. She pushed her plate back, lighted a cigarette and looked long and carefully round the room. She saw Cap still in his door-way. He smiled at her. In the colorless shadows of the late afternoon, he looked black-and-white, and his smile was toy-like, unfamiliar. This read as menace to the girl. She stood up.

Honeyboy looked up, and frowned.

"In a hurry?" he said, and drank half a cup of coffee.

"Come on, come on," said the girl in a drawl.

Billie Jeane came out from behind the counter.

"Would you wish dessert?" she asked. "There is pies and cake, and baked apple, walnut sundae, or preserved figs."

She smiled openly at Honeyboy, sharing the dread secret of his identity with him. He could tell by everything . . . the moist quiver of her voice, the bead and spark of her eye, that breathless fear so full of his legend that women gave back to him everywhere.

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Cap was now coming down the aisle. His face too was an open secret. Honeyboy read there the fat shape of indecision.

"No, no more."

He rose and reached in his pocket for some money. He pulled out a handful of rumpled bills rolled up like waste paper, and picked out a five-dollar note which he threw on the table. Then he looked rapidly around to be sure there was egress; and nodding to his girl, he went out to the street. How quickly he seemed to move! they thought, peering after him through the glass door. Good God, he was gone, sure took out in a hurry.

The tobacco car whined and fluted as Honeyboy backed out from the curb. Then it curved forward and flew down Main Street, dusting the air where a little wind was beginning to blow. The sun was dropping toward the mountains. How soon would he be gone forever? He was heading south, toward the highway.

Well, I *do* say, they thought.

Cap went to the table and picked up the five dollars, and rubbed it guiltily with his thumb.

Billie Jeane came beside him and started to pick up the dishes.

They could not look at each other, or speak. Their feelings began to clear, bitterly. Had she married a coward? Slow, and getting fat, and content to stay just where he was: she knew all that long ago. But there he'd'a stayed, and Honeyboy sitting there all that time, just *waiting* to be taken. Cap rubbed the wrinkled sweet-smelling five-dollar bill and suffered for the depths of his suspicions . . . what had she done? walked down to get a look at Honeyboy, and stood there, grinning like a bitch bob-cat, trying t'make him look at her. Billie Jeane! His own *wife,* by God.

The café was growing darker.

Light receded and left them far from each other.

Her panic broke before she could help it.

"You better *do* somethin'," she cried, slamming down her tray on the counter and turning to face Cap.

"Why, you— Yes, and all that time," he said, "what *you* do? Stand and make eyes at him, that helps a lot, don't it!"

"—'t could *I* do?" she demanded, her reedy voice getting like a bleat. "You coulda run out the kitchen door, got the sher'f, collect'd reward, set us on easy street, just stand 'ere and watch."

"Leave you alone here, with 'im?" he demanded furiously, moving his little brown eyes side to side as he searched for new thoughts in defense.

"Oh, *my* yes," she jeered, and began to sob on her breath. "Pertect *me* . . . Honeyboy Benton don't go 'round shooting women!" she stormed, as if Cap did that very thing himself.

Her tears began to wreck her face. She could feel it happening.

"Say, time to do something raght now," said Cap with a sudden embarrassed energy. Her weeping always saddened him, melancholy as he was by nature. She nodded at this, with her face buried in her hands. He noticed her hands, thin from labor and dishwashing. The tendons stood there like the cords in her throat.

"You wait raght here," he said, and rushed out of the café.

Evening had fallen before he came back, and the lights were on, and supper started. He came back soberly and said,

"They'll get 'im, all raght. Sher'f sent out two cars raght away, heading down the highway. Said he didn't see what else I *could* do but what I *did* do. . . ."

Billie Jeane looked around from the range, accepting the truce.

"Sure 'nough?" she sighed.

"Un-*hunh,*" he answered, meaning yes.

They both got busy cooking.

Presently the front door was shaken open and they looked down the café to see. People entered.

"Where'd he sit?"

"Hunh?"

More people came in.

"Raght there, that chair by the window."

"Sure 'nough!"

"Uh-*hunh*. . . ."

"Did he look like——"

"—like the pictures? Sure did. . . ."

"What'd he do?"

"Well, I was serving a customer, and then this girl, she come in, and he follows."

They all nodded, hanging on her words. Their faces were childlike, their mouths piteous with wonder, and their eyes watching visions. The café was crowding up. The news had spread. The sheriff's cars had gone blatting out of town to the highway. The news got around very fast.

"Did he tote a gun?"

"Didn't *see* any. . . ."

"Did he *talk,* and *kid,* carry *on* at all?"

"*Uh*-uh . . . never said a word. . . ."

They turned their heads and looked at the chair again, the window, the table. Cap showed them the five-dollar bill. A couple of boys in the crowd whistled, and some one said, "*Oh*-oh . . ." and everybody laughed. Presently Cap looked Billie Jeane in the eye, and took her love for granted, and had to give back to some one something he felt he owed somebody, and he waved his hairy arm and took in the crowd, saying,

"Ev'body have a cup of coffee on the house?"

"Jabetcha," some one replied, and they all laughed again, crowding up the counter.

A boy fifteen scrambled over to Honeyboy's chair and sat down in it and made a face, a mock grin at himself and the world for what he had to do, sit in the great bandit's chair, and live life ahead, however briefly. The boy made pistols out of his hands and covered the room, and that compulsion over, he left the chair with his head full of dreams.

Nothing in the café was changed; yet it was all new . . . the gleaming counter rubbed with soap every day until it looked like beeswax; the art-finish on the mottled walls, wavy plaster sponged with blue, red, and gold on a tan base; the dark green ceiling; the pie cabinet and the clock, the swinging half-door, the merry coffee vat, the front window and door through whose muslin the night street showed, cars moving slowly and reverently by to let people look into the Tavern where it had taken place, and across the street, the pale front of the court house among its spindly trees, through which night-light blazed from the windows of the sheriff's office.

In the sky beyond all that, a faint drift of after-light showed between the lowering curtain of the dark and the dark country where the chase was in progress.

"What kind of a car did he have?"

"He had a Chivvie. . . ."

"Coop?"

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"*Uh*-uh, it was a salesman's truck, *you* know, like a *se*dan, only closed up all solid behind the front seat?"

"I know."

"He drove it up and he drove it off."

"I *swear*."

"Maghty clever."

"Where'd he get it?"

They didn't know until a man came in at half-past seven with his wife and four children, to show them the place, the chair, the magic. Then he explained all about the tobacco truck.

He said that at three-twenty in the afternoon, a man he knew, Sam Losey, by name, a tobacco salesman, driving his Chevrolet business sedan, was stopped just there on the highway where No. 380 joins the main road, about eleven miles outside of Hermosa; and he said they stopped him by blocking the road, they had their Lincoln touring car set right across the road, so he had to stop.

"So he stopped, and he got out, and quick's he sees who it is, he starts to turn around and run and get back t's car; but Honeyboy himself called after him, and he figgered he better stop. So he stop running, and come back. Well, they set him up in the back seat of the Lincoln, and the last he knew they was tying his hands and laigs; and Honeyboy and the lady, and another bandit got in Sam's car, and they drove off, toward town."

Billie Jeane tucked at her hair and said with almost a yawn,

"Yes, it was raght after that he came in here."

The man went on with his story.

"Then they drove the Lincoln off the road, down by the river, raght there, you *know?* where the willows begin? and you cain't see it from the road? That's where they waited."

"I declare."

"They had that big car waitin' there all that time!"

"Well, I'll declare."

"Where's he *now?*"

"Who, Sam Losey?"

"The salesman."

"*He's* over to the *ho*tel. . . ."

"Honeyboy let 'im go?"

The man with the family smacked his lips, and ran his fat cracked fingers over his mouth in a humorous, waggling suspense, and chuckled in his throat, confidentially.

"Sho'" he said, privately, relishing what he knew about and would presently tell them.

"What's he *say?* . . ."

"Who, Sam Losey?"

"Un-*hunh*. . . ."

"*Says his head aches!*" declared the man, and burst into a screaming wheeze of laughter that seemed like a wind whining gustily through telegraph wires. He bent slowly over and whacked his thick little knees, and his children danced up to him and laughed with papa, while his wife looked modestly around at the wondering faces of the throng, deprecatingly and promisingly.

"Head aches?"

"Honeyboy—" he had to pause a moment to conquer another laugh, but presently went on. "Honeyboy come back in Sam's truck, and the Lincoln come back to the road, and they put Sam back in his driver's seat, and Honeyboy says to him it sure is too bad, after the loan of his car, to have to do this, but he says, he has to do this, so he hauls off and cracks Sam on the *head* and Sam passes out!—Spaw-w-w-w!" was the noise he made as asthmatic laughter overtook him again.

The crowd began to laugh too.

They looked around at each other; Sam was alive and well, only with a headache, and Honeyboy was hissing far away along the road in his big Lincoln; when some one got cold-cokked it was a thing to die laughing at.

The laughter died gradually, and the man wiped his eyes with his hard, glistening little thumbs, and said further that Honeyboy gave Sam a souvenir.

"I saw it. He left it in the car by Sam, and Sam found it when he come to."

He paused and spaced his fore-fingers out in front of him, and measured the space with his eye, and refined his calculations and nodded.

"'Bout that big, the prettiest little .38 you ever saw, reckoned he figgered Sam ought to tote a gun, be safe next time bandits holt him up."

There was a murmur.

"Sure 'nough, did he leave him a present?"

Billie Jeane nodded emphatically. She could see him do it. She understood by intuition that the grandeur that fetched her would also make Honeyboy himself its victim.

"Didja see the *otha* man?" asked the prominent father.

"—Who?"

He waved at Billie Jeane and Cap and closed his eyes eloquently for a second.

"There was anotha man. He came in with them in the truck. Sam Losey says he goes along with Honeyboy ev' time they go town, and looks around first."

"Billie Jeane, you reckon that was the man?"

"Why, Cap, I de*clare*, I think so. . . ."

"He came in here before Honeyboy and the lady did," explained Cap. "He sat raght there at the counter, in that chair, and he ordered bowl of chili, and he asked for the newspapers.—By *gravy*, Billie Jeane, he took all papers, di'n' he?"

"He sure did, Cap."

"Picture Honeyboy in one of them papers, wasn' there?"

"Sure was, Cap."

"I asked for it, di'n' I?"

"Sure did, Cap."

Cap straightened up and palmed his hands out and upward.

"There y'are. See?—That man is the *ad*vance man, he comes in here, and if he don't come out in a hurry, then Honeyboy and the lady waitin' outside knows all is well, and in they come. Then the *man* goes out to keep guard, and he takes the papers to pri*vint* identification by any picture that happenstance to be in the papers.—Then they pick him up on the way outa town."

A sigh went around, and the crowd moved in self-dismissal. Billie Jeane looked at Cap with a tender amazement and pride at his reasoning.

"Reckon, will they get him?" said some one.

"Who, Honeyboy? Man, you ain't *never* goin' see *any*body git that rascal!"

This was said admiringly, in tribute. It was a publication of every one's belief, rooted, like public beliefs, in hope rather than sense. They all nodded, bright-eyed. Billie Jeane and Cap watched them all go, newly drawn together themselves by the fame of the Apache Tavern and their own authority from the occasion. As the crowd lessened one of the young boys cocked his thumbs like hammers and crouched over and began to run slyly down the street. "Pow! Pow-pow!" he said, shooting.

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Back to Sin

By Paul Hutchinson

Religious thought in recent years has undergone a significant change, bringing back the sense of sin and the need for saving grace

SEVERAL years ago Bishop Francis J. McConnell wrote a book called *Public Opinion and Theology*. It is one of the bishop's least known books, yet the idea with which it is principally concerned is one of the most important which he has advanced. It is important because, in contrast with most ideas on theology, it is sound. Briefly, it comes to this: that just as the Supreme Court, according to Mr. Dooley's observation, follows the election returns, so theology—using that term to mean the dominant religious ideas of any period—follows the experiences and moods of the people of that period. And because history, as Spengler has again made us conscious, so often seems to go in cycles, religious thinking has a way of coming back to ideas once thought outmoded.

Who would have thought, no longer ago than the first Hoover campaign, that American religious thinking was on the verge of turning back to the old notion of original sin? To be sure, such American theologians as kept abreast of the religious journals of Europe knew that something of that sort was happening there. Ever since the close of the war, theological thought on the continent had been putting emphasis on the helpless condition of man, the sinner, and the need for some miracle of divine interposition to rescue him from his otherwise certain damnation. That kind of religious teaching had gained an especial vogue in Germany, where there had emerged a group of new names—Barth, Brunner, Thurneysen—as the bell-wethers of the theological flock. But very few of the American clerics who, in those days, read about Barth and his "crisis theology," dreamed that six years later ideas similar to Barth's would be sweeping through American church life.

The American clergy in those days regarded this new school of German theologians with that infuriating condescension which will treat an idea as an interesting subject for a paper to be read before a parson's club but refuse so much as to contemplate the possibility of accepting that idea as part of the mental equipment of the club members. Barth's pessimism over man's spiritual condition was held to be a natural theological reflection of the fact that Germany had just been whipped on the battlefield. Naturally, a German theologian would take a dark view of man's outlook. But America, according to Mr. Hoover, was about to have two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot, and American preaching could accordingly have nothing in common with the swing back of the German theological cycle to the catastrophic outlook of Calvinism.

That was seven years ago. But now American parsons find themselves called on to preach to listeners who, instead of dozing away their hour in church debating inwardly the relative merits of a new Packard or a Cadillac, may be canvassing the relative discomforts of window jumping and monoxide poisoning. It is America that is in a mess now. It is the man in America who feels his helplessness. In such a condition of the public mind the idea that man's spiritual life consists in wrestling with vast, implacable and inevitably victorious demonic forces is no longer ridiculous; it is almost inescapable. Where yesterday the American preacher was able to describe glowingly a "Kingdom of God" which seemed to be just around one of Mr. Hoover's corners, there is today a sense of some inward rottenness, some ineradicable weakness within men which makes it impossible for them to rise above immediate self-interest to those levels of renunciation and sacrifice on which a larger good might conceivably be gained. With what result? With the result that Barth and the catastrophic theologians have become the vogue in American theological libraries, that pulpits of all sorts are beginning again to ring the changes on the old-time theme of man lost in sin, and that congregations which had spent twenty years learning to sing how—

> ". . . glorious from thy heaven above
> Shall come the city of our God"——

are now in a mood where they may be expected any day to go back to singing—

> "Alas, and did my Savior bleed . . .
> For such a worm as I!"

Public opinion—the opinion of a public that guessed wrong on the war debts and the future of radio stock—has caught up with theology in the United States, and in so doing has led the theologians back to sin!

That is not to say, of course, that the word-forms in which this theological insistence on the reality and importance of sin is presented will be identical with those of an elder day. But the idea at the core is essentially the idea that ruled theological speculation from the days of St. Paul and St. Augustine down to the period of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. It is the idea of man, not as a being of infinite powers marching swiftly to the heights, but as a defeated and pitiful victim of an inner, pervasive power of evil, which he does not welcome, which he frequently loathes and

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opposes, but which he never overcomes. "The good that I would, I do not; and the evil that I would not, that I do." That is St. Paul's classical description of man as sinner, and it is to that description that current theology is returning.

Nor is this return of the theological cycle to be misunderstood as a surrender on the part of the parsons to that reactionary mood which always threatens ecclesiastical institutions. The theologians and the preachers with whom I am concerned in this article are not the obscurantists, the traditionalists, the timorously orthodox, the fundamentalists. On the contrary, the men who feel most keenly and are preaching most passionately this triumph of sin throughout history, both past and future, are the men—generally young—who have been most exposed to the disciplines of modern science, sociology, and history.

For this reason we have the strange sight of an increasing group of younger clergy moving farther and farther to the left on social issues, while at the same time they insist on leading religion back to a point where its theology will ground itself on the helplessness of man who, they insist, can be understood only if it is recognized that he has been conceived in an environment so perverted, so permeated with evil that he has no chance for virtue. Or, as Reinhold Niebuhr puts it in his latest book, "The basic conviction is that the liberal culture of modernity is quite unable to give guidance and direction to a confused generation which faces the disintegration of a social system and the task of building a new one. In my opinion, adequate spiritual guidance can come only through a more radical political orientation and more conservative religious convictions than are comprehended in the culture of our generation." On to Moscow! Back to sin!

II

To grasp the amazing nature of this change that is taking place in religious thought it is necessary to compare such ideas with the characteristic thought of the two periods which have preceded the present. The earlier of these was that Victorian era which, in church parlance, may be said to have succeeded the period of the Evangelical Revival. The Evangelical Revival bore down heavily on sin, but it differed from the age of Calvin in its insistence on the glorious spiritual possibilities inherent in man. Arminian Methodism, with its doctrine of free will, entered the lists against Calvinistic predestination, with the result that man, although adjured to realize that he started out as a sinner, was even more encouraged to believe that he might end up as a saint. Certainly it is true to say that the emphasis of Whitefield and the Wesleys in England, as well as of the army of whooping camp-meeting exhorters in this country, was on sin. But sin was something that the evangelical convert would conquer. To this day candidates for the Methodist ministry, echoing the ideas of the period of the Wesleys, must affirm their "trust"—O prudent word! —that they are "going on to perfection."

The thing that the Victorian era did, in terms of theology, was to pick up that evangelical idea of the perfectibility of humanity and give it a cosmic endorsement. For although the dear queen herself probably never suspected it—and so lived out her years in comfort—hers was an era of which Darwin was the messiah and Herbert Spencer the prophet. Spencer not only took Darwin's idea of natural progression and made a philosophy out of it, but he turned it over to the theologians, who promptly turned it into a dogma. Presently, even the church hymnals were trying to drape tunes around Tennyson's "far-off divine event" toward which the whole creation was inevitably and inexorably moving. It was in the nature of things to progress. The task of religion, therefore, simplified itself into clearing the path of obstacles, so that progress should not be unduly delayed. And those obstacles, the Victorians thought obvious, were ignorance, superstition, and wrong ideas in general. Even their missionaries were sent out to the complacent strains of—

> Shall we whose souls are lighted
> With wisdom from on high,
> Shall we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?

Looked at from this distance it is easy to see how inevitably the clergy in such a period, frightened by "the warfare between science and religion," concluded that their first responsibility was to make religion intellectually respectable. To do that, higher criticism came as a godsend. Religion itself was presented as an evolution, constantly improving. (Such a dogma might have been expected to play hob with that other dogma of the finality of Christianity, but it didn't. Only a few seem to have perceived its logical implications; too few to produce any widespread discomfort.) The total influence of religious liberalism in the period may may therefore be said to have been on the side of an inevitable spiritual progress for mankind by means of right thinking. If men could only be induced to think right, they could then be trusted to act right.

The Victorian era, intellectually considered, passed with the discovery of psychology. A new period dawned in which the psychic obtained the upper hand over the physical; so much so that before long physics itself had become more psychic than physical. In this new period, Freud appeared as the messiah and candidates for the rôle of prophet were too numerous to make a single selection possible. The effect on theology was immediate. How many books on Psychology and Religion or The Psychology of Religion the period produced I do not know; I suspect that librarians could list dozens. Many a liberal minister became certain that his professional usefulness depended on his ability as a psychoanalyst, and men who had never read a line of Aquinas or Calvin strode confidently into the pulpit stuffed with Jung and Adler.

I do not want to put this in such a way as to seem to be casting scorn on such men. The idea with which the period was obsessed was an important idea, containing lasting elements of truth, and it had—and still has—direct relation to the work of the minister. The discovery that the springs of man's action are hidden deep within man's own personality, and that every life is a battlefield on which subconscious and unconscious forces struggle for mastery, obviously has a direct bearing on the claim that man is a free agent, to do good or evil according to the extent of his enlightenment. As psychiatry began to compete with physiology in medicine, so theology began to change. The preaching of personal responsibility began to sound faintly ridiculous in a period when every club meeting was awash in Freudian lingo. What sense

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was there in calling a man a sinner when he was really the victim of his glands?

In other words, public opinion so operated during that period as to convince the clergy that the man who turned to religion for consolation—if any did—should be dealt with not as sinner but as patient. It was his inhibitions, not his transgressions, that needed attention. Change him from an introvert to an extravert and religion would accomplish the same end that the fathers were after when they declared that they were trying to change him from a child of the devil to a child of God. That sort of thinking was rife in American church life just before the bubble twenties burst.

III

I have oversimplified, of course, the path followed by religious thought from the opening of the age of Victoria to the close of the age of Herbert Hoover. It is not possible, within the limits of a single article, to do anything else. But there has been at least one major stream of thought which, rising in the public consciousness during both these periods of which I have spoken, came to exert a profound influence on American religious thinking. This was the interest in social reform which, growing out of the sort of economics taught Americans (after European models) by such men as Richard T. Ely and John R. Commons, passed over into the religious leadership of men like Josiah Strong, Walter Rauschenbusch, Bishop McConnell, and Harry F. Ward.

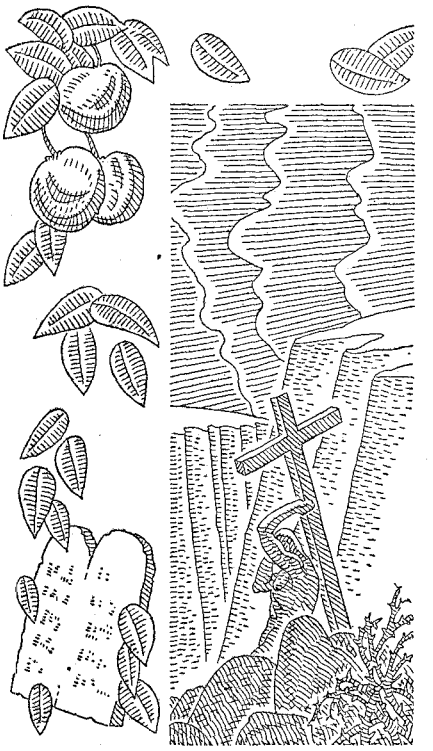
Present in embryonic form for decades, this movement suddenly crystallized into vigorous life early in the nineties. From then until the outbreak of the war it was the characteristic public expression of the religious liberals, Catholic as well as Protestant. Its basic idea was a simple one. Actual experience with the economic exploitation of the Victorian age had convinced large numbers of clergy that, however humanity as a whole might be moving toward perfection, vast numbers of persons were so helpless a prey to the brutalizing circumstances of their lives that no great hope for their moral improvement could be held until the environment surrounding them had been improved. The task of religion was accordingly interpreted as the production of a perfected society here and now; the Kingdom of God was to come as an event in history; Jerusalem was to be built "in England's green and pleasant land." It was the era of the social gospel.

Inevitably such a trend tended to make its followers sympathetic with leftist political efforts. Leo XIII, while giving Catholic social interest its charter for action in his famous *Rerum Novarum* encyclical, was careful to include a condemnation of socialism by which he hoped to guard the faithful against radical political entanglements. But many of the Protestant clergy who accepted Rauschenbusch's verdict that their task was "Christianizing the social order"—the title of one of his chief books—found the logical outcome in attachment to parties or causes that brought down on them the wrath of the "substantial citizens" among the laity. This rather inchoate, sentimentalized identification of social reform with religious progress found its noisiest expression in 1912, when the Bull Moosers rallied at Armageddon to the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Then, in swift succession, came the war; the betrayal of liberal hopes in the writing of the peace treaties; the nation's reaction against Wilson and its choice of the normalcy of Harding and the Ohio gang; the frenetic worship of the golden calf during the proconsulship of the greatest secretary of the treasury since Hamilton—and the crash! The effect upon the clerical protagonists of the social gospel has been devastating. With their easy belief in the dogma of inevitable progress shattered by the war, and their sense of the uncontrollable sources of human wrongdoing sharpened by the Freudians, the task of "establishing the Kingdom of God on earth" suddenly assumed such appalling difficulties that a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness swept through their ranks. Evidently something far beyond a campaign of enlightenment is involved in freeing the world from evil. To know what is good is by no means to insure that man will do what is good.

IV

Any reading of current American theology will disclose that an important



portion of the younger clergy, who have suffered most deeply from this disillusionment which has overtaken the champions of the social gospel, are proclaiming the bankruptcy of Protestant liberalism. This is precisely the note with which Barth and his comrades opened their attack on the German religious world after the war. To make the attack fully successful, it is necessary rather arbitrarily to define liberalism as that belief in inevitable progress under the spur of education characteristic of the Victorians. Or, as Professor John C. Bennett of Auburn Theological Seminary—one of the leaders among the younger Protestant theologians—has put it: "The premise of liberalism is faith in man and his highest values as the clue to the nature of God." This faith has been lost in the wreckage of these post-war and depression years.

This discovery that men, both as individuals and in groups, do not act in accord with enlightened teaching when immediate self-interest gets in the way has been responsible for much of the present return to older theological ideas. To the Tennysonian cleric who was sure that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," the post-war parson is likely to return a slangy "Oh, yeah?" Or at least, if the claim has justification, it must be admitted that "love" does not necessarily translate

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itself into action. On the contrary, history suddenly becomes a dark record of men acting against the highest light they have in order to grasp some petty but present advantage—and in so doing assuring their own future doom. Man, the individual, wrings the last possible dollar of profit out of his business in order to enlarge his production, with the result that low wages destroy his market and ultimately wipe out all his savagely pursued profits. But also man in the group, which we call the state, writes the punitive clauses of a Versailles treaty in an attempt to enforce security, with the result that in less than two decades the whole world is reduced to a nervous frenzy.

It is not hard to understand why religious thought, confronted with this frustration of the hopes of a former generation, should have turned back to belief in the satanic nature of the world order, and to a conception of history as a struggle between God and the devil. Life once more is seen as a field of battle on which is fought out the conflict of a cosmic dualism. So titanic, so brutal, yet so insidious is this conflict that the old Freudian gospel appears far too naïve an interpretation to satisfy its requirements. What man requires is not release but regeneration. And regeneration can come only from some source entirely outside himself, so helpless is he in the grip of inner demonic forces.

That is to say, for hosts of religious thinkers who have something approaching a realistic sense of the appalling character of the contemporary world, the idea once held of an unbroken continuity between man and the divine has become almost impossible of acceptance. It is at this point that Barth and the Germans are having their greatest influence. God, for them, is, so far as man is concerned, the "Wholly Other." Man and the divine stand completely divided, and the accomplishment of the purposes of the divine—in other words, the sort of thing once talked about as the establishment of the Kingdom of God—can never take place in history, which is bound always to be tainted with evil. Man's search for God is thus doomed, because of his entrapment in evil, to futility. His only hope lies in a God who will reveal himself entirely outside the circumstances of time.

I have probably failed to make this intelligible to the non-theologic-minded. Perhaps I can do better at pointing out some of the logical consequences of such ideas. For one thing, setting God so starkly in contrast with human life does some drastic things to the attitude of religion toward Jesus. A few years ago, while the dream of a perfect human society still glowed, clergy of the sort with whom we are here concerned put their major emphasis on discovering the definite "principles" which, they assumed, the historic Jesus of Nazareth had provided as rules for "bringing in the Kingdom." Any reading of the religious literature of that period will disclose that it is full of talk about "the principles of Jesus," "the Jesus way of life"—probably the worst single phrase in the whole history of religious thought—and that the book which broke the best-seller records (more than twenty million copies) was *In His Steps, or, What Would Jesus Do?* But today any reading of religious literature will show that it is filled with protests against the idea that Jesus taught any principles which can now be certainly known, or which, if they could be known, would have any relevancy to the vastly changed conditions now obtaining.

When the question is asked in the midst of the present confusion, "What would Jesus do?" the answer is likely to be, "Who knows?" It is the dean of one of the foremost theological schools, Shirley Jackson Case, who has said: "Were he (Jesus) as we know him in his historical career living in America today, we should not elect him President of the United States, or deposit our savings in a bank under his management, or employ him as architect for a city skyscraper, or ride in a taxicab with him at the wheel." In other words, the Jesus of history about whom religious thinkers were so excited a few years ago is fading out of the picture. The cycle is turning back to a Christ of faith who emerged from two events—the incarnation and the crucifixion—which were mystical (perhaps I should say magical) rather than historical.

Now the total effect of this return to dualism and this rejection of the idea that the purposes of the divine can be accomplished in history is, naturally, this new emphasis on sin. Sin is seen as part of the very structure of life; man is so tainted that he can never hope to pass into a life of goodness. The moral issues that arise in society thus become relative, since a perfectly moral solution is never possible. (Should that be regarded as a reflection of still another stream of modern thought, rising out of Einstein?) Man's choices are felt

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to be not choices between good and evil but choices between relative degrees of evil; the best he can do is to use evils which are relatively innocuous to combat evils which are socially pulverizing. This is coming back to sin with a vengeance. For there is no ray of hope when such a view has been accepted save the hope that sounds strange on modern lips but that was offered by the church fathers—the hope of divine grace.

V

I can think of only one way in which to make this recent shift in religious thought fairly comprehensible to the American who has no interest in theological jargon. Let me try to tell what has happened in terms of one man's career. A friend of mine who returned last year after delivering the most important theological lectures given annually on the Pacific Coast, said to me: "I met large groups of preachers in more than two dozen cities on my way to the Coast, while I was out there, and on my way back. The one man whose books they are all reading, and whose ideas are making the deepest dent, is Reinhold Niebuhr." Let us, therefore, take a look at Niebuhr.

Reinhold Niebuhr is professor of applied Christianity (a title to be noticed) in the Union Theological Seminary of New York City. This is generally regarded as the leading Protestant seminary in America. In addition, he is in greater demand as a preacher at colleges and as a speaker before student conferences than any other American minister. Niebuhr's ideas, in other words, circulate everywhere among the future clerical and lay leadership of the Protestant churches. The remark of my friend, already quoted, will show that his ideas circulate also among the present clerical leaders.

Niebuhr started out as a pastor in a typical industrial situation. After completing his preparation at Yale, he took a chapel in Detroit just in time to pass through the hectic expansion which came to that city during the war and the boom days that followed. He stayed in this one pulpit for thirteen years, dealing with the problems of a small parish as it developed into a fairly large one, becoming one of the important social liberals of Detroit, and beginning to find an audience outside that city.

Seven years ago he exchanged the pastorate for the professorate. He had written two books. His first, *Does Civilization Need Religion?* contained an affirmative answer, but in such an abstract form that even the clergy found it difficult to grasp. His second, *Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic*, was simply selections from a personal diary which showed the budding Detroit pastor discovering how little actual effect his or any other preaching had on the social and economic realities of that city, and registering his disgust at the religious leadership which failed to comprehend its own impotence. Once in New York, he threw himself more actively than ever into leftist social movements. He ran for office as a socialist; he became an editor of a socialist journal; his name appeared on almost every left-wing board of directors or committee or list of sponsors to be made public. Almost overnight he became the hero and the typification of the radical group of younger churchmen.

Then in 1932 Niebuhr published his third book, *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. Early last year he followed it with another, *Reflections on the End of an Era*. The two have rocked Protestant church life. Scores of ministers have rushed forward to attempt to answer them; most of the ministers who have read them have found much in them to which to object; but there is no other current religious thought which has made the thought and effort of the last hundred years appear so structurally futile. I cannot pretend to give Niebuhr's ideas fully, but perhaps I can stir the reader to track them down in Niebuhr's books.

Niebuhr's very titles will suggest the direction in which his mind has travelled. He started with civilization in need of some process of cleansing—that is to say, religious socialism. Then he became oppressed with a sense of the ineradicable tendency to evil in society, so he attempted to drive a line between man who, as individual, is a pretty good chap, quite promising as a candidate for salvation, and man who, as a member of a group, is an irredeemable savage—"moral man and immoral society." But it took him less than two years to discover that such a distinction would not stand the test, so that now we hear his voice of doom at "the end of an era," declaring that man is quite as immoral as the society in which he herds. Niebuhr's division now becomes, therefore, not greatly different from that of Barth. Man and his affairs are placed in a category of history in which sin is always present, and where action is restricted to a choice between degrees of evil. God and his absolutes are in a category which is always outside history, and which has significance for humanity only in providing a standard by which the trifling nature of human performance can be measured, thus keeping man humble.

The future which Niebuhr holds out is therefore of this sort: In the realm of history, not only will the Kingdom of God never be established, but the effort to bring even relatively more decency, more justice into human relations will always involve men in choices between evils, since indecencies and injustices will never retreat except when bludgeoned. In the present social crisis, for instance, Niebuhr holds that the only choice available to him is between acquiescence in continued control by the now-privileged, which in his words involves surrender to "the devil of hypocrisy," or support of such measures as shall put an end to the rule of the now-privileged, which involves the probability of surrender to "the devil of vengeance." He chooses, for his own part, to take his chances with the devil of vengeance. But he has no illusion about the fact that in so doing he is actually linking arms with the devil. It is a real, not an academic, choice.

But if sin is thus an inevitable concomitant of history, what hope does Niebuhr hold up to religion? There he crosses his line into the realm where man cannot function, and once there he relies on God to perform an "act of grace." What does he mean by grace? He means that God will do something which will make man, the sinner, in some way feel that although he has failed to escape from evil, in God's eyes he has not failed. Niebuhr speaks of this as a sense of "a divine forgiveness which knows how to accept human intentions for achievements." (He does not make clear how the intentions can survive in a world of predestined defeat.)

This is, obviously, a mystical solution for the problem of religion. Niebuhr

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admits that. He finds its justification in the fact that this mystic experience of "grace" can "console the human spirit in its inevitable defeat in the world of nature and history." Consider again that phrase, taken from the closing chapter of Niebuhr's latest book: "inevitable defeat in the world of nature and history." What does that mean but that this most arresting of American Protestant thinkers—this man whose social radicalism has now carried him to a point where his political philosophy can scarcely be distinguished from communism—is not only insistent on leading man "back to sin," but on thrusting him even deeper into sin than did Calvin and St. Paul? For Calvin and St. Paul were at least convinced that there were *some* who were predestined to salvation. I fear Niebuhr would regard that as a liberal illusion.

VI

I have tried to approach the current theological situation in the United States from many angles. To what I have written concerning thought in so-called liberal circles, the reader will add the already familiar state of thought in conservative Protestant and in Roman Catholic quarters. In all one common factor is to be found—a growing insistence on the reality of sin. The ideas of twenty or ten or even six years ago are dropping away. Man is not ignorant; he is not sick—he is a sinner. He is not to be encouraged with a recital of his achievements; he is to be humbled with a realization of his failures. He must be brought to a sense of his helplessness before religion can do anything for him. If he is saved, it will only be by casting himself on the grace of God. And God, a thousand pulpits are proclaiming for the first time in many years, is the Wholly Other. He stands outside our whole sorry mess. The salvation which he offers is the salvation of the *deus ex machina.*

It is along this road that religion has come back to sin; back to a divine saving grace; back to man the worm; back to God the incomprehensible who is still the mystically comprehended. The importance of this return is not to be measured in terms of what it is doing to clerical thinking; it is to be found in the sight of "intellectuals" who were untouched by the religion of the period of intellectual respectability—men like Ernest Hemingway and Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot—now knocking at the door of the church.

CONVERSATION

By Bernice Kenyon

The moon has a ring tonight; the stars are blurred . . .
The leaves make a hissing sound against each other,
Rattling their little noises loud in our ears,
Settling in autumn paths. Can you hear—can you see them?
They will be shrivelled up and brown tomorrow,
And in a month the snow will cover them . . .

Why do you look at me, yet never listen?
It is as if you saw, yet would not hear—
Watching my moving lips, but not their meaning . . .
Soon you will speak with almost a stranger's voice,
From miles away, though you lean intimately;
Soon you will ask, indulgent and amused:
"To what light purpose are you talking, tell me?"
And I reply, knowing no other sense
But that of fear: Alas, alas, my love,
I speak because the future closes on us,
When, for a myriad years, mixed dust with dust,
We shall lie long, but very silently . . .
And now it seems my voice may hold us here—
The bright thin edges of words wedged down between
The past and the future—shall it not be so?
Shall not these sounds hold back that evil time,
Proving the present, newly, word by word,
Though I speak of nothing but the moon, and leaves
Rattling and falling in a frosty garden?

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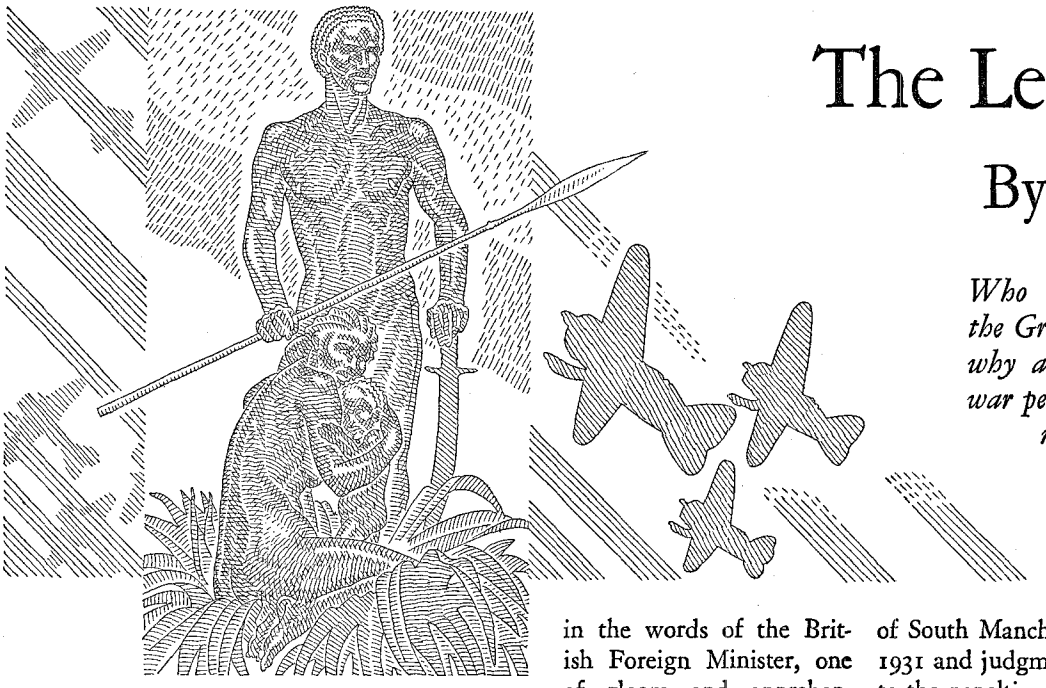

The League of

By Nathaniel

Who killed the League? the Great Western Powers why and how. This year war period and plunges us macy without benefit

THE evil omens that have hung over this year may pass, as they have in each of these somber years; nevertheless 1935 will go down as the year that marked the formal end of the post-war period. Two events of the last few months signalized the end: Japan's conquest of North China and Italy's preparatory moves for the conquest of Ethiopia. And this is the inner significance of those events. For potentially tragic as they may be for the world, they also serve a purpose. They clear the air. They are conclusive evidence even for the most devoted peace workers that so far as the spirit, aims, and methods of international relations are concerned the years since 1919 have been cancelled out. The new international era is no different from the old. In fact, in the unregenerate days before 1914 no great nation could have used its might in more brazen defiance of world opinion than have Japan and Italy in 1935. The much-decried balance of power would have acted as a check. While all might have wanted to do as Japan and Italy have done, each would have feared retaliation by the others.

That there is a relation between Japan in China and Italy in Ethiopia is generally recognized, but the degree and order of relationship are not. And in the correct interpretation of this relationship lies the explanation of why the post-war period has ended and why, moreover, the state of the world is now, in the words of the British Foreign Minister, one of gloom and apprehension. It is commonly said, especially by dejected peace workers seeking validation of lost hopes, that the failure of the League of Nations to punish Japan for its seizure of Manchuria in 1931 in violation of all international treaties and pledges is responsible for Italy's attempt to seize Ethiopia: thus the prestige of the League and the Kellogg Pact was vitiated and Mussolini given the assurance that he could proceed with impunity. Plausible as this seems on its face, it contains a fallacy that is crucial in any attempt to understand the dangerous position of the world today.

In external logic and in the order of events Japan may have been the initiating cause, but not in the realities of world politics. Obviously Japan's aggression did serve to discredit the whole system of treaties and devices designed to prevent the use of force between nations for political purposes. But Japan's was only the first overt act. The peace machinery was not wrecked by the Japanese. There was no peace machinery, and Japan only called attention to that fact. An apparatus had been set up, but it was solely for exhibition purposes. No power had ever been fed it. There was little interest in its being operated. Japan stripped off the pretense, the first nation openly to declare that might was still the sole arbiter in the relations of nations.

Had Japan been summoned to judgment immediately after its occupation of South Manchuria in the autumn of 1931 and judgment executed according to the penalties of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact, then doubtlessly Italy would not have dared its adventure in Africa. But it was implicit in the international situation that no judgment would or could be executed against Japan. And thus was started a train of consequences: the demonstration that the League of Nations was powerless and the Kellogg Pact meaningless, then Germany's flouting of the League, and now Mussolini's deliberate preparations to appropriate another country in contemptuous disregard of the rest of the world, with all the risks of a general European conflagration that are entailed.

And the consequences will not run themselves out in Africa. Japan has grand designs that are far from executed. It has had to move thus far with circumspection, lest it goad the West to real resistance. Now if Italy is unrestrained—or even if by some pre-war international combination it is finally restrained—Japan can plead with good grace and considerable conviction that no other nation permits impediments to its objects if it has the power to attain them. For if Italy should be stopped it will not have been by international injunction laid down by the new law of nations but by the superior might of Great Britain alone or Great Britain and France. Mussolini has already made it abundantly clear that he recognizes no force of law, whether the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, or arbitra-

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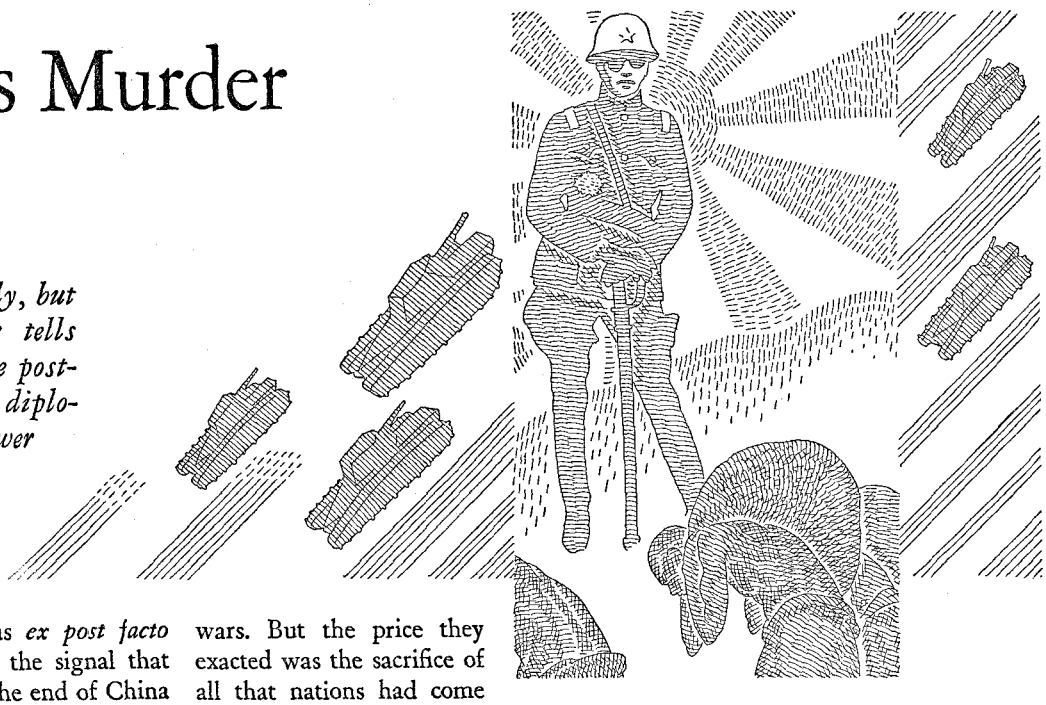
Nations Murder

Peffer

Not Japan, not Italy, but —and Mr. Peffer tells marks the end of the post- back into pre-war diplo- of the balance of power



tion treaties. Japan has *ex post facto* moral vindication and the signal that the way is clear. And the end of China as an independent nation is foreshadowed.

II

Let us return to 1931, the focal point of the post-war years. Japan coveted full possession of Manchuria, as all observers in the Far East had long known. China, which held sovereignty over the territory, was too weak to defend it. There was no impediment to Japan's realization of its aims except its commitments under the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and the Nine-Power Treaty. Fidelity to those commitments would have meant renunciation of its national ambitions, of empire, and of the avenue to wealth. It would have meant voluntary resignation to the permanent status of second-class power. Still more, it would ultimately mean the loss of what Japan already possessed, for Chinese nationalists had openly avowed intentions of recovering even those concessions which Japan had won from Russia in South Manchuria. If Japan waited much longer, they would succeed, and Japan would then be driven off the Asiatic continent, once more a little island nation with an excess population barely subsisting on its volcanic hills. A signature to three treaties against fulfillment of a national destiny! True, those treaties were the charter of a new international order and, moreover, the world's security against destruction by wars. But the price they exacted was the sacrifice of all that nations had come to esteem under the philosophy and practice of nationalism.

As everybody knows, Japan did not make the sacrifice. Whether it would have done so, even if the circumstances in the West had been different, is doubtful. Probably it would not, since the military caste that rules Japan is not given to rarefied concepts in international ethics. But the circumstances in the West made the question a purely rhetorical one for the Japanese. They were convinced that no other Power in the world would make sacrifices for those commitments if and when they were an obstacle to its ambitions; in other words, Italy would do as it is now doing. Japan politely but unmistakably told the League of Nations to mind its own business, because it knew that no other nation would concede the right of the League to hold judgment or exercise veto power on its acts. And Italy has answered the League to the same effect but without Oriental courtesy. The Japanese hypothesis has been demonstrated.

Japan was not reasoning from theory only. It had substantial grounds for its conclusions. The Western Powers had given concrete evidence that they regarded the Covenant as an amiable expression of ideals which cramped no one's style and that they would not subject their national acts or policies to its scrutiny or decision. They reserved their sovereign rights as before 1914, contracted alliances as before, sought to pursue the same nationalistic course as before. Where they did not it was only because they lacked the resources in arms and money. As for the Kellogg Pact, the nations went on devotedly arming themselves with the latest improvements in lethal weapons although pledged never to resort to force for political purposes. Not one of the great Powers remitted one iota of its rights or prerogatives as an independent nation.

Had Japan submitted to the injunction of the League or, rather, laid its case before the League for decision before sending troops to Manchuria, it would have been faithful to the precepts of an international society based on law; but it would have been alone in its fidelity. It did not do so, of course. Instead it went resolutely about the business of subduing Manchuria and permanently separating it from China. And when, somewhat belatedly and perhaps reluctantly, the League ordered it to desist, it took the order merely as another manifestation of Occidental hypocrisy, as an attempt by rival empires to cheat it of its opportunity under the guise of a lofty international purpose. To underscore the skepticism Japanese army officers a few months ago compelled the Chinese government to yield to an ultimatum which makes of North China a Japanese protectorate. Cognizance was not taken of the other Powers, of any new international order, of Geneva, or of treaties. Nor did the

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other Powers take cognizance, except unofficially and with chagrin. The international peace machinery went by default.

III

In 1935 it was too late for the League effectively to intervene in the Far East. The opportunity had passed in 1931. There were two reasons why it was allowed to pass then. First, the Far East presented a complex of circumstances beyond the League's control. The issue there was too deeply imbedded in time to be dealt with as a single episode arising in the present. The struggle for mastery in China had been in progress for nearly a hundred years and in it a large part of the world was involved. It could not be dealt with in segments. It could be settled only if taken up as a whole, which would necessitate raising such fundamental questions as the relation of the Occidental nations to the backward countries of the East, the rights of empires and continued opportunities for economic exploitation of undeveloped countries. Therefore in any cause growing out of that struggle the principal members of the League —and the United States too for that matter—were not disinterested parties. They came as Japan's judges and also as its rivals. Their verdict would not be accepted as impartial, and it could scarcely be impartial. They had too much at interest themselves.

Out of these considerations arose the second reason why the opportunity to intervene was allowed to pass. The European Powers that dominate the League did not want too many embarrassing questions raised. The answers they would have to give as judicial decisions might stand as legal precedents to be cited against themselves later, either in the Far East or in the Near East or, say, in Africa. And the decisions would have to be, if retroactively applied, verdicts against themselves, for what Japan was doing they all had done. And still more important, two other ominous precedents might be established. One, that no great Power could use its strength to acquire new colonies or repress old ones that become rebellious. Two, that the acts of great Powers, even toward small, weak, or backward countries, were subject to collective international revision, which is to say that international jurisdiction would be set up. Both were dangerous to countries that were large enough and strong enough not to have to suffer limitation or restriction. Either might be regretted in time. Any European Power might and probably would find itself one day in the position of Japan, or in a position in which it might want to be untrammelled even in Europe. Discretion counselled evasion . . . and there was evasion. The League went through the forms of registering disapproval and condemnation, but there was no heart in them, no ring of conviction. In those wordless ways in which communications can be made in diplomacy Japan was allowed to become aware that the new international proprieties had to be observed, but no more was meant. Indeed, while the representatives of some governments were endorsing resolutions to one effect at Geneva, other representatives of the same governments were declaring themselves to the opposite effect at home—to the general effect that it was time to stop indulging impractical theorists and idealists. . . . And Japan understood, and proceeded on its course. And there were no awkward precedents.

There was nothing to be cited against Japan when it moved on North China or, more important, against Italy when it started the first troop transports for Africa, a lack which certain Powers in Europe may now rue in the case of Italy. For Mussolini's adventure, even if it may have been originally only a bit of bravura or a circus for the Italian mobs to divert them from thinking about diminishing quantities of bread, nevertheless stirs explosives in three continents. In Europe it may give Nazi Germany the free hand it seeks in Austria and thus at once release a European continental war. In Africa it may bring about the resumption of the competition for colonies which helped build up the conflict in 1914 and in addition may goad the natives in all parts of the continent to uprising against their white rulers. The subject black races have been restive at best in recent years, and the wanton attack on one of them by a European nation may galvanize their resentment against the whole white race. For it is not an edifying spectacle of civilization that is being given the primitive peoples now, and the high moral principles of the Covenant and the public pronouncements since the World War only accentuate the dereliction. In Asia the smouldering nationalism common to all the more-developed peoples in recent years may flare again. They will see fresh evidence that strong white Powers know no justice to the nonwhite and weak and they will construe the League and the public pronouncements as just so much more hypocrisy to cloak predacious designs. The revolts only barely suppressed between 1920 and 1930 in all parts of Asia may break out once more, this time with accumulated passion.

Even if the consequences are not so direct and bleak, this much at least will have been irrefutably demonstrated: there is an end to the pretense of the government of international relations by law administered by an international organ, an end to the pretense of official organized peace efforts and the so-called peace machinery. Their prestige can never be restored. No Power will ever again respect the decisions of the League of Nations unless it is so small that it would have to obey the mandates of the great Powers in any case. Mussolini's cavalier, even insulting, dismissal of the formalities of Geneva is final and fatal. It is noteworthy that such efforts as have been made to bring about a peaceful settlement between Italy and Ethiopia were taken out of the League's hands at an early stage and transferred to secret negotiations among Italy, Great Britain, and France—exactly as they would have been in 1905. And with a kind of negative honesty there has been no pretense that such efforts were based on considerations of equity. They have been attempts to buy off Italy at Ethiopia's expense, at some price to Ethiopia short of extinction as an independent nation. None can say as this is being written whether these efforts will be successful. But it is not reckless prophecy to say that the loss will be Ethiopia's and the gain Italy's, the distribution of gain and loss being based solely on the fact that Italy is strong and Ethiopia weak. It is, incidentally, one of the ironies of the time that the embargo on armaments, one of the by-products of the new international era, should have been generally levied against Italy and Ethiopia equally, though Italy is the aggressor and Ethi-

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opia the victim, though Italy is a country with financial and industrial resources and Ethiopia is not, and only after Italy had transported to Ethiopia's border a large army and a huge supply of armament.

Whether or not there is a peaceful settlement is beside the main point. If there is such a settlement it will not have been arrived at by international consultation, argument, and decision but bought from Italy or forced on Italy by the superior might of Great Britain and France. The post-war slate is wiped clean. So far as the prevention of war is concerned we are back where we were in 1919 or, for that matter, in 1914.

IV

In retrospect it is not difficult to discern the course of events and the reasons therefor. From the beginning no powerful country gave any sincere allegiance to the principles of the League: none accepted its jurisdiction or its right of supervision. There were minor tests, but each nation retained its ambitions, intentions, and policies. And unless and until a powerful country willingly submitted its acts in some vital cause to judicial determination by the League there was no ground for acceptance of its mandate as the law of nations. Unfortunately, the first real test involved a non-European country —Japan—which by definition was distrustful of Occidental motives. For though now itself powerful and among the marauders, Japan was once a victim, too, of the white states. Japan rejected the League's intervention, and the League was discredited.

There was something revealing in the speech in which Mussolini lashed out at Great Britain. The British, he said, were being highly moral about Italy's doing now that which the British had themselves done not so long ago when they were building up their own empire. The British, he said in effect, were trying to call the game off when they had all the chips. To this there is no answer. Retroactive judgments may not be valid legally, but morally they cannot be waved aside. If new moral laws are not to operate to the disadvantage of the latest comer, then those who have profited by the old law must accept a kind of valorization which will tend to equalize gains. Or, they should make compensatory concessions. To the contrary, all the great Powers that had become great before the new international dispensation clung to all the spoils of the past and declared their possessions out of bounds for the arm of international government. They were empires first and members of the League second.

Furthermore, all the great Powers used the League as an instrument of national diplomacy. They sat in the League's councils with an eye to their individual nationalistic interest. It is noteworthy that one of the reasons why the League dared not intervene in the Ethiopian controversy, even if it would, was that Italy held over Great Britain and France the threat that if the League did so it would give its support to Germany. This threat was enough to induce France to maintain a neutral attitude and to seek to extricate the whole question from the League's deliberations. In other words, the purely judicial questions of the conduct of international relations and the League's powers were subordinated to internal European political considerations. It had been so from the beginning.

The result is Manchuria, North China, and Ethiopia, the state of "gloom and apprehension," and the threat of another world war that we face with a kind of fatalistic resignation that is itself significant. But the result is neither irrevocable nor irremediable. No unanswerable case has yet been made against international government of the relations between nations. No such government has been tried. The League of Nations has patently failed, but the League was not what it purported to be. It was a league of competitive nationalisms. It has not been proved that *a* league of nations is doomed to fail. It has been proved only that any attempt to prevent war by collective regulation of international relations will fail if the constituent nations think exclusively of nationalistic objects and ambitions. The condition precedent to a beginning toward success will be the willingness of a league to submit some powerful Occidental nation to discipline in a cause which deprives it of something it deems essential and the voluntary submission of that nation to discipline.

And that we have not yet seen. Hence the melancholy portents of 1935. But the melancholy is relieved by an access of wisdom. We know where we are and we can start fresh.

CLOUDY DAY

By Robinson Jeffers

It is true that, older than man and ages to outlast him, the Pacific surf
Still cheerfully pounds the worn granite drum,
But there's no storm: and the birds are still, no song; no kind of excess;
Nothing that shines, nothing is dark;
There is neither joy nor grief nor a person, the sun's tooth sheathed in cloud,
And life has no more desires than a stone.
The stormy conditions of time and change are all abrogated, the essential
Violences of survival, pleasure,
Love, wrath and pain, and the curious desire of knowing, all perfectly
suspended.
In the cloudy light, in the timeless quietness,
One explores deeper than the nerves or heart of nature, the womb or soul,
To the bone, the careless white bone, the excellence.

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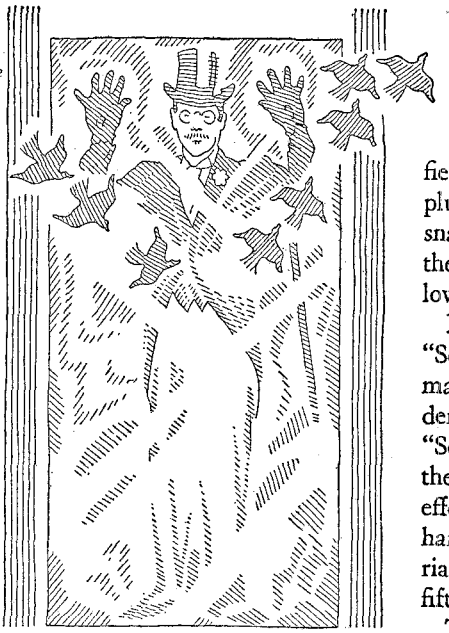
TRUST

A STORY

By Raymond Holden



THE Bowling Green National Bank was the guardian of the ornamental certificates and other documents which, like medals, had been awarded to the late Mr. Herbert Conover for his skill in amassing title to various forms of wealth. The actual wealth, which supported the widowed Mrs. Conover in her Westchester home, was scattered about the country in the form of copper wires which carried electric power, trolley cars that carried people, piles of iron ore which bore the potentiality of being anything from shoe nails to armor plate, crude oil that contained the volatile seed of travel by motor car, and buildings full of machinery to make a host of things. With these Mrs. Conover was not directly concerned. Her concern was the importance which her position gave to her.

The administration of Mrs. Conover's wealth cast a noticeable spell upon the trust officers of the bank. Under this spell, whenever Mrs. Conover's trust fund and custodian account needed the joint attention of herself and the bank, the bank went to Mrs. Conover. Various officers, most of them alike as two peas, had held the post of emissary. Mr. Henry Elliott, newly created Assistant Vice-President, was eventually given that office. Henry differed slightly from the other officers. He had once been overheard telling a bank customer that there was a great deal of hokum in the banking business.

Henry's first trip to the Conover estate was made in February. He worked late at the bank, or rather sat late at the bank, discussing with fellow officers, who did not need to stay but never felt quite right about going home just because there was nothing left to do, the matter of what was going to be the next industrial bonanza—aviation, air-conditioning, fabricated houses, or television.

Ordinarily, Henry would, at this hour, have drifted out for a drink and have reached home about seven, or, his wife being in Bermuda, have played squash rackets at the Harvard Club, had a late dinner, and gone home to read *Fortune* or the *Saturday Evening Post* or the latest selection of some book club. The awe of Mrs. Conover's importance to the bank, however, exuded an imaginary injunction, even to the sometimes rebellious Henry Elliott, that there be no smell of liquor on the breath of the visiting officer. Henry had no cocktail, a fact which left him at loose ends and increased his distaste for his coming visit to the suburbs. He ate an ungracious dinner in Grand Central and took a train that would get him to Mount Kisco a little after eight.

It was very cold, a night of black wind, soughing trees, and glittering, fierce stars. The chauffeur wrapped a plush rug about Henry's knees, snapped off the ceiling light, slammed the door and drove away among the low-lying winds.

Mrs. Conover's estate was called "Songspace." Henry had addressed many letters to that curious name, wondering whether it was "Song's Pace" or "Song Space." Now he was to see it, the home of one of those who, without effort or special qualification, had been handed through the accidents of marriage and death the use of one of the fifty largest incomes in the country.

The car whizzed up a winding gravel driveway, through evergreens and tangled snowball bushes, and stopped at a lighted Georgian door complete with broken pediment and pine cone. A butler in a black dinner coat and black tie, wearing hair that appeared to be a wig, came out and took Henry's brief-case, saying, "Good evening, sir."

The entrance to the house was simple; pure Georgian of white and mahogany—dark floors covered with close-napped, silken Persian rugs, lyre-back Chippendale chairs, a sprinkling of Sheraton tables and cabinets, and here and there the anachronistic note of the Italian Renaissance.

Henry waited in the library, standing before the fire, rubbing his hands. It was just eight-thirty. The high mahogany alcoves of the room, filled with ranks of obviously expensive and undoubtedly genuine rare books, were so orderly and uniform as to be forbidding. Henry had the feeling that in Mrs. Conover's accounting of her possessions she probably reported to herself these volumes, with all their accumulation of the moral and intellectual passion of

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man, exactly as she did her stocks and bonds—as identifiable items of material wealth. He recalled his father's library at home, a room in which, as a child, he had always felt like an outside visitor when he was called up from below stairs, summoned from kitchen or backyard where he had his real home and where there were, in the shape of cook, upstairs girl, and combination furnace-man-butler, people who spoke, from faces instead of masks, a direct and vigorous language about things which he could understand.

Henry shivered. Outside, the wind whistled in the boughs of ash and elm and rattled the cold canes of syringa bushes. Henry looked out the window. From a branch close to the house, visible in the light from the pane, hung a little wire cage full of free suet for the birds.

A trim young woman in black, with a narrow ruching of white about her neck, entered the room and explained in a sort of Long Island-London accent that she was Mrs. Conover's Secret'ry and that Mrs. Conover would be down in a minute. Henry bowed without enthusiasm and the young woman, depositing a fountain pen and a small portfolio on the table, bustled out, leaving the room no warmer than it had been.

Mrs. Conover, a tall woman in the neighborhood of sixty, who did not look quite neat, entered rapidly.

"So good of you to come, Mr. Elliott. It's so hard for me to get to town, you know."

That gratuitous and—considering that Mrs. Conover had three cars and a first and second string chauffeur—obviously meaningless statement, irritated Henry and made him still more conscious that for all her wealth the lady could not seem to get her furnace going very well.

She took Henry's hand.

Henry noticed her face. The mouth and jaw were determined, the eyes a little defensive. The hair, still not entirely gray, fluttered loose ends about, indicating a reluctance—perhaps in Mr. Conover's memory—to change a style of hairdressing which was no longer becoming to her.

Mrs. Conover sat down with a show of liveliness. Henry remained standing with his back to the fire. He began to feel warmed but not reassured. The house, its fixtures, its very atmosphere, even its mistress, continued to give out a sense of something close to foreboding. Henry found it difficult to command the lightness which usually made it easy for him to talk to haughty people.

Mrs. Conover did not ask him to smoke nor offer him the means. She did not offer him a drink. She sat and looked up at him, giving him her presence only. Henry, uninvited, sat down and drew his brief-case toward him.

"Tell me, Mr. Elliott, what do you think about things? What are we to do if the government keeps on with its wild ideas?"

Henry laughed, professionally. Mrs. Conover watched him closely.

"Well, Mrs. Conover, you've got me there," he said, but he felt that it was not a wise thing to say. They had told him at the bank that the lady was very proud of her knowledge of affairs. Henry thought that perhaps he should conceal the fact that he did not believe that any one really knew anything about affairs. He told Mrs. Conover what he thought about the trend of stock prices and the pick-up in industry, the prospect for utilities, and worked around toward the Excelsior Corporation, which was the principal problem in hand. He had to explain to Mrs. Conover why the bank thought that it would be wise for her to turn in her old preferred stock and exchange it for new prior preference shares. Mr. Conover had held control of Excelsior. Without refinancing, the corporation could not go on. Without Mrs. Conover's assent there could be no refinancing. Henry did not mention the fact that if the bank succeeded in bringing Mrs. Conover into line it would be promised all the borrowings of the Excelsior Corporation.

It took him quite a while to explain, with the help of operating statements and prospectuses, why the new stock would be better than the old. Mrs. Conover followed his voice and his finger in silence. She never once said, "I see, I see." Henry felt that she was studying him rather than weighing what he said, judging his worth to her in terms of his position in the bank and that in turn in terms of the status of the bank itself. Evidently her study was convincing. She seemed not to distrust his motives.

When Henry got around to putting the papers back into his brief-case Mrs. Conover looked into the fire.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," she said. "It seems so. I can usually tell."

She took the fountain pen which the secretary had left for her and signed the proxy.

The clock struck ten. Henry thought of the cold drive to the station, the wait on the platform, the long smoky hour in the train. It would be midnight before he could be home. The thought was unpleasant.

Mrs. Conover leaned forward.

"Tell me, Mr. Elliott," she said. "Are you related to the Doctor Henry Eliot of the Madison Avenue Church? He's such a dear man."

Henry laughed.

"Oh, no, I'm afraid not," he said. "My family came originally from Waterbury."

"Waterbury? Oh, how interesting! My husband's— Oh no. I'm mistaken, that was Watertown. Waterbury's a pretty place. I've been through there many times."

Henry said, "Yes, it is," and looked at the floor. He felt that Mrs. Conover was giving him the privilege of establishing the right to claim some common tie and that she did not expect him to succeed. She was, so to speak, letting him touch the arm of the throne for a moment by way of seeing how it felt. Her manner was as cold as the silver of a gratuity thrown into the snow. Henry was uncomfortable. He was, it is true, a bank official, son of a wealthy family, but somehow this world of exacting social inflation was alien to him. He said a few things about Mrs. Conover's estate, asked her if she didn't mind living there all alone, said he was charmed by the name "Songspace."

"Yes," said Mrs. Conover. "That's on account of the birds, you know."

It was half past ten. The conversation lapsed into silence for a moment. Outside the windows and in the chimney the wind howled in brutal violence.

Henry got up.

"I really must be getting back," he said.

Mrs. Conover put out a hand.

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, no. I couldn't think of letting you go at this hour. There are no trains that are very good in the evening. They're all going the other way. No. Of course you'll stay here."

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She got up and pushed a button in the wall.

"I really shouldn't," said Henry, relieved. At least the beds ought to be comfortable.

"Felix will show you your room."

Felix, answering Mrs. Conover's ring, bowed and once more took Henry's brief-case. Henry shook hands with his hostess.

"I'll say good-night, then," he said. "Could I be called in time for some train that will get me to town around nine-thirty?"

"Certainly, sir." It was Felix, the butler, who answered, leading the way upstairs.

"Good-night and thank you," said Mrs. Conover.

When Felix had left the brief-case and gone, Henry shut the door and looked about the room. He was still cold. Inside his trouser-legs a draft crept about his shins like something animate.

The room was furnished in chintz and curly maple. There were nineteenth-century aquatint reproductions of Gainsborough and Romney on the walls. On the table by the four-poster bed were two books, *While Rome Burns,* by Alexander Woollcott, and the Bible. The Bible was on top.

Henry, cold as he was, took off his coat and unstrapped his wrist watch. He felt very lonely and provincial and badly in need of a drink.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Henry.

A maid entered, carrying a dressing gown, slippers, and a pair of silk pajamas. She closed the door behind her and smiled at Henry. Henry stared at the girl. She wore a black taffeta uniform with a thin pleated collar about the round neck, a band of black pleating about the hem of the skirt, a little white linen apron and cap. Her smile, which was one of genuine warmth, without a trace of either servility or fear, dissuaded Henry from an instant criticism of her features, which were nondescript. He lowered his glance to the girl's bosom. It was full and firm under the tight bodice.

"Oh," said Henry. "Thank you. Thank you very much."

The girl smiled again, with a dimple each side of her mouth, deposited the things she carried on the bed and went into the bathroom. Henry stood watching her high-heeled walk. He unbuttoned his vest and sat down on the edge of the bed.

In the brief interval before the return of the maid from her inspection of the bathroom, many things occurred to Henry Elliott. He knew that something in him would have liked to intercept the girl's departure with a quick snatch of the hand, a wordless pressure upon the mouth, but he felt that he would indulge in neither. First of all, he resented in himself the almost immediate assumption that girls in menial positions have no privacy of person, and secondly, he would hardly dare risk his position of trust in the bank by indulging in misconduct in this particular house. Most of all he felt in that smile which the girl had given him, neither innocence nor invitation, nor pretense, but almost a recognition of the lost warmth of a simple world, of his kinship with such a world, as if she had said to him, "Well, what are *you* doing here in this block of glass, you who should be breathing and warm somewhere?"

Hearing the girl's step, Henry, conscious of being caught with a romantic thought in his head, got up from the bed and fumbled with his neck-tie. The girl stopped in front of the fireplace and looked from it to Henry.

"Shall I light the fire for you? It feels cold."

Henry looked away.

"Yes, it is a little cold. . . . Thank you."

She knelt before the hearth bending the slender plumpness of her firm body in casual ease. Henry watched, putting a hand to his cheek. He felt it burning. Suddenly, as he saw the light of the flames reflected in the girl's face, he knew what he wanted. His concupiscence turned to something like pity. He did not want merely the physical fact of conquering this fellow-traveller through the obdurate cold of Mrs. Conover's world. He wanted to take her by the hand and sit her down beside him and make her laugh and tell him about herself, to tell her in flamboyant flippancy about himself, to tie her to him with the bond that links together strangers lost in the same wilderness, unacquainted sufferers meeting in the caved-in mine, shipwrecked mariners waiting for death. He wanted to meet this girl as a common human being, still in possession of spontaneous human grace. He wished to see, dissolved in the attention of some one else, that ache to talk simply with a human being which the exigencies of his preposterously orderly life kept maintaining as an ache.

Henry, cold and tense from the nervousness of confronting Mrs. Conover, could almost feel tears of self-pity coming to his eyes. He saw the girl get up from the hearth, brush her apron, and look at him. On her way to the door she passed within a few inches of him. Henry could feel her pass. He was aware that this was the moment and that it was going to vanish. He did not look at her, yet he felt certain, as men sometimes do, that the girl, in her own way, knew a little of what was going on inside of him. Some part of him remembered his youth and its kitchenward turning, and in the nostalgia of that memory he felt the waste and futility which affluence and its appurtenances imposed upon his kind.

Henry looked up and saw the girl turn. He thought that there was in her face and in her voice something different from the smile with which she had come.

"Good-night," she said, with a slightly rising inflection, and closed the door.

Henry went into the bathroom and stood for a long time staring at himself in the mirror. Then he slowly got ready for bed. By the time he had put out the light the maid had lost her identity and become merely a dim figure, pointing at the incongruity and absurdity of a man's going about as Henry did, representing wisdom, safety, trust, dignity, and authority, when he was at best a romantic boy, brought up among servants into a belief that to prove that one is not a servant but a master he must live forever in a block of glass, speak with a cold glass tongue, be safe from breaking, forever solid and glittering, master perhaps, but not of breath or blood.

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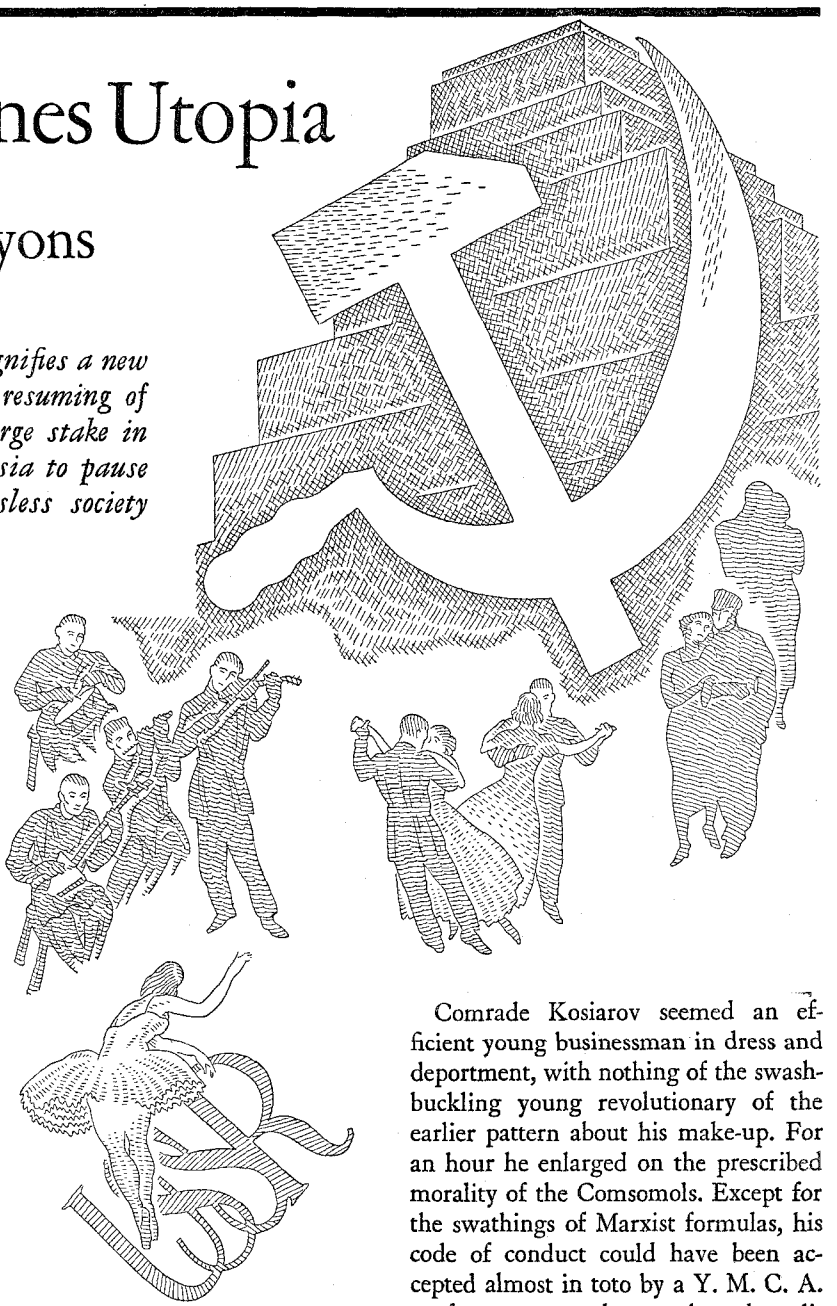
Russia Postpones Utopia

By Eugene Lyons

Comrade Kosiarov's cravat signifies a new era of conventionality and a resuming of bourgeois amenities as the large stake in the "status quo" causes Russia to pause considerably short of a classless society



RECENT dispatches out of Moscow convey an impression of far-reaching changes in mood and manners. The lighter side of mortal existence, such as dancing, comedy, romantic love, neat dress, are finding indulgence. Outmoded sentiments like respect for parents and gallantry toward women, neglected institutions like durable marriage, have been restored to official favor.

Men are being put on trial for marrying and unmarrying too often, and parents have been punished for neglecting their children. It is characteristic of Bolshevik technic that new policies even in the direction of conservatism should be dramatized for the population in terms of naked power—trials, punishments, decrees. Social opinion elsewhere may plead and exhort—the Soviet Union simply *orders* its men to be gallant, its children to be more considerate of their elders, its families to remain unified. The change, however, is none the less fundamental.

It was already in evidence when I left Russia more than a year ago, and has been accelerated in the past few months. Old-fashioned notions of family loyalty and tolerance for the amenities of life which would have been ridiculed as petty bourgeois if not counter-revolutionary, say five years ago, are now reflected in the pages of the official press and the pronouncements of infallible leaders from Joseph Stalin down.

The last important Soviet official whom I interviewed at length happened to be Alexander Kosiarov, the thirty-year-old head of the Comsomol (Communist Youth) League, whose five million members represent the cream of Bolshevik youth. I was aware of the new orientation in regard to love, marriage, amusements, yet his views startled me.

Comrade Kosiarov seemed an efficient young businessman in dress and deportment, with nothing of the swashbuckling young revolutionary of the earlier pattern about his make-up. For an hour he enlarged on the prescribed morality of the Comsomols. Except for the swathings of Marxist formulas, his code of conduct could have been accepted almost in toto by a Y. M. C. A. conference: true love rather than license, lasting marriages, many children, loyalty to friends and family, amusement in moderation, and the other staples of conventionality. Indeed, his emphasis on devotion to the Communist cause and sacrifice for the Socialist Fatherland added religion and patriotism to his code in just the proper Y. M. C. A. proportions.

This very Kosiarov, in a sense, had ushered in the new era of convention-

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ality several years earlier. The symbol of that revolution was a necktie. A national congress of the youth league was then in session, discussing industrialization, militarization, and other polysyllabic matters. But when Comrade Kosiarov appeared on the rostrum wearing a gay necktie, the assembled delegates recognized that fact at once as the most crucial in the proceedings. Had there been any doubt, Kosiarov quickly removed it in his opening address. He informed the gathering that Communists need not be monks and ascetics and otherwise voiced the revised ideology of behavior implicit in the daring neckwear.

Naturally, I reported the great event in some detail for American readers at the time. Were American Communists grateful for the advance news? On the contrary, they proceeded in pious ignorance to castigate me for reporting such trivialities instead of concentrating on the polysyllables. By this time they must realize that Kosiarov's cravat signalized more basic changes in the ordinary life of the ordinary Soviet masses than anything else that happened at that conference.

There is no question that a revolution in manners has taken place and is being consolidated on all "fronts"—domestic, literary, theatrical. The crude factory-made propagandist play or movie (which the more civilized Bolsheviks themselves sneered at as an "agitka" or agitational concoction) is giving way to productions with human beings and human emotions instead of machines, slogans, and wooden symbols. Human interest stories are creeping into the newspapers, a little timidly as yet. Elementary cleanliness in personal appearance and personal conduct are being insisted upon, and even exalted officials are expected to shave in the morning.

Stalin's friend and fellow-Georgian, Abel Yenukidze, Moscow's approximation of a Broadway playboy, a jolly, florid, white-haired epicure with a sweet tooth for ballet girls and actresses, has been driven from political life. Yenukidze's transgressions are a much-told story and his punishment at this late date is probably another demonstration in favor of conventional morality.

What is the significance of this revolution in everyday life? Is it just a whim of the Kremlin, or does it have roots in the subsoil of social and political developments?

II

The significance of the change, I believe, goes much deeper than its surface effects would indicate. It marks a critical departure in the temper of the Russian revolution itself, and its importance, therefore, extends far beyond the Soviet frontiers. Non-Russian Communists the world over, for instance, owe it to their own convictions to estimate this change realistically.

It means, basically, that the attitudes of embattled desperation, of shrill and breathless revolutionary thrust, are gradually being abandoned. The present Soviet system is settling down to keep house. The *status quo* of socialism-in-construction is being stablized.

The psychology of bivouac, of a temporary encampment, is giving way to a sense of permanence. Underlying the new manners is a tacit recognition that the Soviet system of today, the half-way house historically on the road between capitalism and socialism, will remain essentially unaltered long enough to make it a resting-place for a number of generations anyhow. In short, the "transition period" is being accepted for all practical purposes as permanent.

As long as the revolution was on the march, with Communism in our own generation as the ostensible goal just around the corner, the decorative aspects of life were out of place. Happiness could be postponed until the corner was turned, and every ounce of energy devoted solely to achieving that crucial maneuver. There could be neither family nor fatherland nor the relaxation of private pleasures—there was only the revolution.

With the abandonment of hope for speedy Communism and the realization that the intermediary stage would be prolonged, it has become not only possible but necessary to relax. Tents and other makeshift shelter, whether in terms of family structures or patterns of conduct, must be replaced by permanent houses. The morality of guerrilla warfare must give way to the conventionalities of a stable society. Existence must be adjusted as comfortably as possible on the present social basis. The sojourn in the immediate sector of historical development being indefinitely prolonged, living conditions must be made more tolerable. The Soviet revolution may safely throw off some of its impedimenta of civil war and settle down more restfully.

Under these circumstances even the "army" of the revolution, the Communist Party, is no longer as important as in the past. Stalin in a recent speech emphasized that the difference between members and non-members of the Party is not as great as it used to be. Posts formerly reserved for Party people are being filled with growing frequency by "civilians," that is to say non-Party specialists.

The Society of Old Bolsheviks, reverenced as the living repository of Party traditions, has been dissolved. Doubtless some atavistic heresies in the ranks of the revolutionary veterans were the immediate reason for liquidating the society; but that it was done at all reveals a diminution of reverence for Bolsheviks as such.

Indeed, fantastic as the prophecy may sound, I suspect that the dissolution of the entire Party in the next few years is in the cards. A classless society has been promised by the end of the Second Five-Year Plan. The Kremlin always announces the triumphant achievement of its plans, whatever the facts may be, and the classless society, it may be safely assumed, will arrive as per schedule in 1937. A dictatorship of one class, the proletariat, would then be an anomaly, and the Party, the self-appointed instrument of that class, would be no less anomalous. The governing bureaucracy, in a rigid hegemony of power under one leader, will suffice.

That seems a logical projection of the permanent transition implied in everything that is now happening in Soviet Russia.

III

It requires no exceptional perspicacity to realize that certain elements of the Soviet population by this time have a sizeable stake in the "transition period" and that the normal conservatism of human nature—product of habit and fear of change—is operative.

I am not merely referring to the infinitesimal minority in the Kremlin,

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that small, closely knit, governing oligarchy, but its millionfold hierarchy of interdependent officials; the intrenched bureaucracy, large classes of privileged police and military officials, administrators, better-paid technical workers and the new Soviet-made intelligentsia.

In theory most of these may still remain faithful to the Bolshevik dogma and the vision of a Communist future, even as a religious community remains faithful to its heavenly destiny while carrying on mundanely on the crust of today. In practice, however, they are not only content but anxious to remain at the present in-between point. They want more food and goods and leisure, but certainly no radical changes in the immediate social equilibrium. (There are a few Communist pietists, of course, even as there are religious zealots, but they are not long tolerated by their more practical comrades.)

Even large slices of the ordinary workers and better-placed peasants in the collectives are loath to risk their slight present possessions and prerogatives for a problematical utopia. Only the most miserable and exploited portion of the masses is chagrined by the postponement of Communism to a dim future.

The immediate job for all the new privileged groups is to fortify their advantages, to reinterpret Marx and Lenin to justify the new classes, and in general to make life more durable and endurable.

Five years ago, when the initial Five-Year Plan was in its most vociferous and difficult phase, there was still a sense of wrong-doing in living better than your neighbor. When a G. P. U. officer, a good Communist, or a well-paid engineer threw a party there was a good deal of secrecy about the proceedings. Privileges were enjoyed clandestinely. It was not quite respectable to dress well, eat sufficiently, or live more amply. Cushions, white collars, and jazz records were still the symbols of bourgeois degeneracy. You could immediately spot the villain of the piece on the stage by his clean shave and shined boots; and the hero, conversely, by the stubble on his chin and the mud on his boots.

The momentous change brought by these recent years, and especially in evidence at this time, is that economic advantages have become altogether respectable. The pretense of utopian equality as a national ideal is being ridiculed by Stalin and his lieutenants as "petty bourgeois romanticism," and the clean-shaved, ruddy-cheeked, well-groomed Soviet leader can now face the unwashed and as yet underfed proletariat without the slightest self-consciousness.

The enjoyment of larger incomes and higher cultural standards has been sealed by official approbation. More than that, under socialism-in-construction it has become the social duty of the individual to improve his personal lot by qualifying himself for skilled labor or responsible administrative posts, pretty much as under capitalism. The difference—and it is crucial—is that the Soviet individual may not improve his own lot by employing others; the exploitation of labor is a State monopoly.

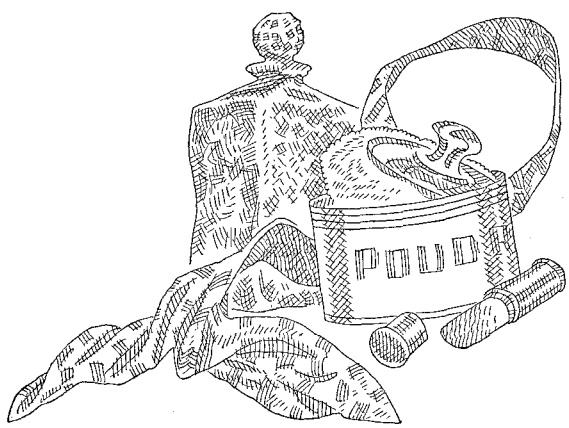
New shops, restaurants, cafés, hotels, summer resorts, and cooperative apartment houses cater openly, under government ægis, to the needs of those in the higher income brackets or with more ample political power, which is a new medium of exchange.

The process of frank class differentiation began with the policy of differentiated wages announced by Stalin as far back as 1931. More pay for better work, larger rewards on more "responsible" posts, monetary inducements for improving one's skill, piece work—revisions in political ideology flowed inevitably from such innovations. Partly, of course, it was the result of the Kremlin's desperate effort to reinject personal initiative into its economic system. It was obliged to revive the outlawed incentive of personal gain by offering more pay, better living quarters, larger rations to the industrious and the proficient. To stimulate economic leadership and responsibility it had to offer not only more power to the directors of enterprises but more of the good things of life.

But practical necessities do not explain all of it. In part, too, the revision of equalitarian ideals represented a cooling of the old fervor. For the present generation of Bolsheviks the means had become the end. The formulas of world revolution and the inevitability of Communism remained but the upbuilding of an invulnerable State, the Socialist Fatherland, blotted out everything else. That task is enough to consume all the energy, faith and enthusiasm of one—perhaps of many—generations.

The revolution began to settle down to that task when it drove out Leon Trotsky and other internationalists. It equipped itself with a suitable, self-justifying, political philosophy: namely, that the success of the Soviet State, at whatever cost to the revolutionary movements elsewhere, was the only thing that mattered to history. What might otherwise pass for garden-variety nationalism was thus given the spurious internationalist coloring of a "historical mission," as other nations have done in other ages.

And now the revolution is shaking itself down for a long and glorious enjoyment of triumphant Statehood, with new classes in control—divinely inspired as absolute rulers have always been and convinced of the wisdom of destiny in choosing them and none others to do the governing.



That, it seems to me, is the deeper significance of the new conservatism. Family unity, the relaxation of moderate pleasures, the revival of romance in personal relations, a rational code of conduct—these are at once the products and the instrumentalities of social stability.

The Soviet Union has entered upon its permanent transition. No radical changes are to be expected, except, as in other countries, by the process of revolution.

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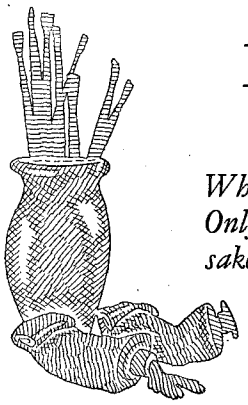
Our Out-of-Date Art Schools



By Charles T. Coiner

When will artists join the war on ugliness? Only when art schools abandon art for art's sake, declares the art director of a large advertising agency

Four years' study at the Pennsylvania Academy—won a scholarship abroad for two years——"

"Married a young lady studying in Paris——"

"Have been back for four years——"

"Commissions:—one portrait, and a movie theater lobby in Pottstown——"

"Now doing anything from window cards to lamp shades——"

"Have 'made' the annual exhibition of oils at the Academy every year——"

"I have never sold any of these or any of the studio full I have at home——"

"Have two children and must have work——"

"I have always been interested in advertising art and industrial design and believe that if given a chance I could make good——"

"Will wrap packages and run errands if necessary to get a start——"

These lines were taken from different letters written by artists to the Art Director of a large advertising agency. Placed together, they give a composite picture of the situation faced by the "art for art's sake" artist, and condemn out of hand the art schools of America.

For the fault is with the schools and not with the artist. You can't help it if you're an artist. Some one told me the other day that an artist is the result of a particular distribution of genes in the human system. This may or may not be true, but I do know that if you are an artist you aren't good for much else. Nothing is more tragic than an artist trying to fit himself into the industrial world—or a business man trying to be an artist.

Yet there is certainly a place for the artist in our modern world, if only the art schools would make an effort to fit him for it. What is wrong with them? For one thing, they are two or three hundred years out of date.

The art of any age should reflect that age. In primitive times, the artist was a useful man and won respect and position by his delineation of a successful hunt, or by the fashioning of a dart. Later civilizations—Chinese, Egyptian, Greek, Roman—all used the artist and appreciated him. Some of the greatest paintings of all time are religious subjects painted when religion played a larger part in people's lives than it does today. But—this is important—those paintings were not *of* religious activities —they were *for* religious activities.

Our artists today should not be wasting their time painting the industrial scene. They should be playing a part in the industrial scene. If the artists of the past had withdrawn from the dominating interest of their times, had secluded themselves in the country in "art colonies," and painted potted geraniums and landscapes, our trips to Europe, Asia, and Africa would not be the spiritual adventures they are, even supposing that the rulers of those ancient civilizations had organized CWA's to keep their artists from starving.

As an example of what I mean, consider the objects recovered from Pompeii and Herculaneum. The impression one gets is that everything the Pompeiian put his hand to was beautiful in design—from the construction and decoration of his house to pots, pans, and kitchen scales. But one thing that has never been discovered in Pompeii is an art gallery. Only in our own age do we find rooms full of pictures put up for public sale.

Any one who has ever worked on relief projects knows the futility of the artist's position in our modern world. Recently a large and worthy club in our city made a sincere attempt to do something to help our distressed painters. One method discussed was to hold a municipal exhibition, but after investigating the practical results of similar projects in other cities, the idea was abandoned. We found that the public had little or no interest in such salons, that the few sales made were made to museums, and that many of those sales were arranged before the exhibition opened, with the idea of publicizing them and increasing a mythical public anxiety to buy. These sales were made by the better-known artists. The little-known beginner—in dire circumstances —was not benefited. The only useful result would have been to furnish work to the laborers who would have hung the pictures, and the draymen who would have hauled the canvases from the artists' studios to the gallery and from the gallery back to the studios.

The only way to help an artist is to buy his work. But no one wants it. Why? It is customary to answer this query with a denunciation of the crass ignorance of the public and its callousness in allowing the artist to starve. We should content ourselves with recogniz-

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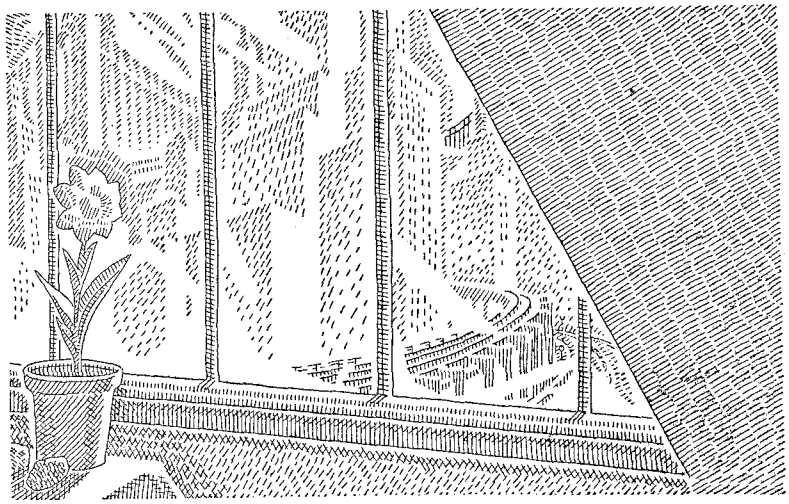

ing the fact that people seem to have no appreciation whatever of the form of art offered them in galleries—at gallery prices.

What then? Should the artist be abolished, on the ground that there is no place for him in our scheme of things? Not at all. There are other artists living among us for whom no benefits need be held, no relief funds appropriated. They are busy executing industrial commissions. For designing the Ford Building at the Chicago and San Diego Fairs, and organizing the display of automotive progress, Mr. Walter Dorwin Teague received as much as a score of easel painters might make in a lifetime of effort, and created a pleasing adventure for the eyes of thousands of visitors to both cities.

If we sought out other artists who have their fingers on the pulse of our industrial life, we should find their occupations equally interesting. George Sakier, in Moundsville, North Carolina, working with glass blowers and molding machines, has proved to us that a machine-made object in glass can be as beautiful as one made by hand. Norman Bel Geddes explores the effect and the possibilities of streamlining by photographing from an airplane the profiles of eroded islands. Henry Dreyfuss, and a number of others, adapt themselves to our industrial civilization in the same way, using workmen and machines as they might have used color and brushes. These artists are self taught and well deserved their rewards since there are no scholarships to encourage them; no Guggenheim fellowships or Prix de Rome to start them on their careers.

The Machine Age has the name of being an ugly age, but our manufacturers are not entirely to blame. They realize as well as any one that people, in the words of Walter Dorwin Teague, "are making the ancient demand that things should satisfy us, and give us delight, as well as fulfill our practical desires." But for the 450 major industries which were listed under the NRA codes alone, there are scarcely a dozen reputable industrial designers available. How long will it be before our artists come down out of their north-lighted attics and start contributing to the life of the community? There is a great need for them, and the rewards are great.

But first we must have schools—art schools that will teach us how to do the thing that our country needs. Beside the department of plastic painting and drawing, there should be another teaching the latest developments in photography—speed films, microscopic enlargements, color technic, as well as composition, color, and arrangement. The school should have a modern type shop with all the newer faces where type design could be taught, as well as composing, layout of type pages, and the history of type.

Our art schools should teach advertising illustration, under the direction of people who know the possibilities in that field. There is no reason why our advertising cannot be stimulating from the standpoint of art as well as sales. In America today we substitute mediocre work for good—because of the great demand for advertising painting and design, and the scarcity of good artists trained in the field.

Our schools should teach Design in Industry. The course should include study and research of a kind that would permit the artist to go from school directly into industry. He should know about streamlining, wind resistance, and their relation to design; he should know the possibilities and limitations of blown glass, plate glass, and structural glass, of brass, tinfoil, chromium plate, and other metals, of synthetic wood and fabricated materials such as Durez, Pyrolyn, Formica, etc. (Why should sculptors confine themselves to the use of heavy and expensive brass and copper when we have Durez?)

The class in package design should include not only the study of color harmony, visibility, and display, but the technic of production as well. The artist should be equipped to take advantage of the possibilities offered by the latest machines in this field—for instance, the ten-armed bottle machine that has replaced human lungs—making bottles at the rate of 250 a minute day and night. Is the idea of an artist working directly with machinery preposterous? Joseph Sinel, one of the best package designers in this country, not only does it, but has actually made some improvements in the machines he used!

Consciously and unconsciously, the American people is waging a war on ugliness. Industry has found this out and has turned to the artist, who draws fastidiously away, unwilling to "prostitute his art."

The art schools are responsible. Day after day, they drilled their students in the silly lesson: "Don't be commercial—don't prostitute your art." This is nothing but mischievous nonsense. If the industrial designer is prostituting his art, then so was the cave man who made the records of hunting, the Egyptian who adapted himself to the decorative needs of his time, the Pompeiian who fashioned exquisite and useful objects in metal and clay, the Italians who were commissioned by royal families to cover cathedral walls with fresco (true modern architecture leaves no wall space for mural painting, incidentally), and to narrow the comparison to one man, so must Michelangelo have prostituted his art when he designed the uniforms of the Swiss Guards, frescoed the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and executed the tombs of the Medici.

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A Defense of Grandparents

By A Grandmother

"Advice to Summer Grandmothers," published in the July SCRIBNER'S, *started a small riot among grandparents. This grandmother states the case for the defense, and incidentally gives some hints to mothers*

ARE we grandmothers really out-of-touch, over-solicitous, not to be trusted with the discipline and upbringing of the second generation of our progeny? Are we completely on the shelf? Does a life of experience, then, behoove us nothing, and is it only the young who may keep up with the new books, the modern trends of thought? The anonymous author of "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" in the July issue of SCRIBNER'S is so provocative in her statements, that I feel myself deserving of her accusations if I take them lying down.

As I am a grandmother who takes a vital and active interest in the welfare of my five little grandchildren, given me by one daughter and two daughters-in-law, perhaps it will be of interest to some readers to know how I am facing the situation, which must necessarily always be difficult, however delightful and beneficial to all parties it may be.

According to my experience, the mother of Richard and Betty speaks of a personal case which nevertheless she is generalizing. Such statements as "Grandparents never have the rules well established in the beginning so that they *can* break them," "There is no stability in the atmosphere with which they surround children," "Life is made up of 'Just this onces,'" are challenges to our honorable profession of grandparenthood, and deserve to be gainsaid. Surely, an ordinarily intelligent person old enough to be a grandparent can be expected to have gained enough insight into the intricacies of life to know that without stability and rules we shall all be hopelessly lost, and that especially little children will suffer greatly. Let the rules be few and simple, but adhere to them when once you are convinced that they are right. Let the atmosphere be the essence of stability in its gentleness, serenity, and friendliness. Let "Just this onces" be banished from life, except in the exceptions that prove the rule.

Of course none of us are perfect, grandparents not any more than parents, and at times we shall all submit to our weaker natures and deviate from these fundamental rules, giving in to coaxings or tears. But we grandparents are less apt to sway from the narrow path than the parents of the young children, who are still in the stormy period of life which we others are leaving farther and farther behind. When I hear my daughter-in-law scold her six-year-old boy severely because he is always teasing for ice-cream cones, and then finally see her stop at the drug store to grant him his wish, with the result that he teases just as hard for a cone on their next outing—I try to remember that she is surrounded by her children day and night, runs her house with inadequate help, and has many other things to tax her strength. What may, therefore, be a natural weakness in her, would be inexcusable in me, since I have weathered most of the storms of my life and surely should have profited by the hard lessons they have brought me.

For years I had the theory that children ought to be brought up by their grandmothers, since the latter had had so much more experience in life and had had the opportunity of seeing the results of good or bad training in their own children. Now I have reluctantly given up this theory, partly because of our lack of physical endurance, partly because I realize that young parents have that invaluable courage and zest which life so often has taken away from older people. But the fact remains that we have something to give to our grandchildren which is very precious to them as well as to their parents.

I know, from my friendship with other women of my age, that I am not the only grandmother who is trying to inform herself of the progress in the education of children. While one of my daughters-in-law declares that she "does not believe in psychology," my friends and I are well acquainted with the theories of Freud, Jung, Adler, and others. When one of my "little boys" developed a bad fear complex, screaming with terror when a small dog approached, waking up from harassing dreams at night, I set out to study the causes of this calamity and, to my very limited ability, tried to counteract them. When another of my precious grandchildren developed the habit of "tattling" about his less deserving brother, again modern books of pedagogy corroborated my common sense and helped me deal with the problem. The trouble is that we grandmothers are very often hampered by the respect and consideration we must show the parents of our grandchildren. No matter how sure we are of the soundness of our convictions, we cannot go against the mother's teachings and thus break down the feeling of trust and security which is so essential to every child.

As the lesser of two evils, we often have to see the child sinned against in many ways. And also for our own sakes we cannot allow our Richards to climb trees when we know that a broken arm would certainly be blamed to our indulgence and lack of care. The superior right of mothers often interferes with what we know to be beneficial to the children, casting a dark shadow over days otherwise fraught with happiness. These are things which must be borne

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and made the best of, requiring that great tact and wisdom for which we can only pray and hope. We must always emphasize to the children that their mother's authority comes first, even when in our hearts we feel that that authority is blurred by ignorance and narrowness. As "Anonymous" says, it is not enough to give children bed and board and love and interest. Parents as well as grandparents must give all they possess of intelligence, unselfishness, and self-control, and pray for more when their fund of these things seems to give out.

Parents sin as often as grandparents against the most elementary rules of pedagogy. In my special case, it is I who am trying to prevent over-solicitude, to distil a sense of order, to give the children the joy of caring for something which is their very own. To this end I had given one of my little ones a small cabinet to hold his playthings. Some weeks later I found that his mother had appropriated it for the shoes of the family, and that his toys were homeless as before. One day, while spending the day with me, he had made a house out of an old hat-box, and on leaving asked if he could take it with him. Doubtful of its fate, I said:

"Yes, you may take it, but do you think Mother would like to have it around? It takes up rather much room, you see."

After a moment of reflection, he answered:

"She might throw it away, eh? I think I'll leave it here."

So now it rests in a corner of my bedroom, to be at his disposal when he comes again.

Another thing which parents ought to remember is that when we grandparents assume the responsibility for the children for a day or a week or a summer, we cannot in all instances appeal to the mother's authority, but must act on our own best judgment, and that we ought to be given absolute authority with the responsibility. As one of my daughters-in-law expressed it when I was to stay half a day with her two-months-old baby: "When I am here, I leave him in his crib even if he cries, but when you are in charge, of course you must decide what will be the best to do." This gave me a sense of freedom to use my own intelligence which made my stay with the baby very happy, and of course I did not try to interfere with her method of training. Another daughter-in-law was invited to a tea in a neighbor's house, and I was taking care of her children meanwhile. The older boy wanted to go and play in the house of his chum, and without my knowledge ran to his mother for permission. She promptly sent him back to me, telling him that since he was in my charge for the afternoon, I was the person to be asked. Attentions like these make it a joy to me to step in and offer whatever help I can give.

If children, after a summer spent with their grandparents, come home with faults which it takes weeks to eradicate, I think the parents should weigh the question seriously whether or not the advantages of the visit are great enough to make up for the harm done to their children. If they are not, do not under any circumstances let the visit be repeated. Far better to hurt the grandparents' feelings than to harm the little ones. But if the assets seem great enough to offset the liabilities, then stop complaining about the latter. We all have to take pros and cons in life, and choose between having our cake and eating it. Rather than worrying about the pedagogical faults of the grandparents, the parents can do much towards correcting these faults. And here is where I disagree decidedly with the anonymous writer of "Advice to Summer Grandmothers."

In her article, she claims that it is impossible for a daughter to talk the matter over with her mother and come to an understanding about the treatment of her children. Why? She speaks of delicacies between mother and daughter. If there is one thing of which Freud and the rest have shown us the futility, it seems to me it is the fear of hurting the so-called delicacies in life. And I think she is merely "passing the buck" when she declares that it is her mother's duty to take the first step and give her the opportunity of a frank talk. After all, the welfare of her children is her immediate job, and it is much more of a duty to her to secure that welfare than to consider the feelings of her mother. Moreover, if her mother is halfway open to reason, she will soon get over her hurt feelings and be glad to discuss the subject, even though she should not change her convictions greatly. It would be invaluable to her as well as to her daughter, to say nothing of the children, if an understanding could be reached. I know from personal experience that frank talks with daughters or daughters-in-law, on this subject as well as others, may at times be painful; but if both keep their equanimity—or perhaps even if they don't—the atmosphere will be cleared of many clouds and good results can be obtained. Most certainly I do not agree with my daughter or my daughters-in-law in all their views on child education. But I am glad to know exactly what they consider right, and even though I often heartily disapprove, the knowledge of their views makes it easier for me to take my own course, and often enables me to find a way to steer through the stormy seas without running aground on the reefs of difference in opinions.

So, you daughters who are also mothers, do not hesitate to approach your mothers on the subject of your children! It behooves you, as the younger and the ones who have the greater authority, to open the discussions which are so essential to the benefit of all. If you hesitate to do this, it proves that you are still tied to the apron-strings of your mother, and you know what Mr. Freud thinks of that! Break your chains, and make an effort towards the greater happiness of yourselves, your mothers, and those for whom you are all ready to make the supreme sacrifice —your children.

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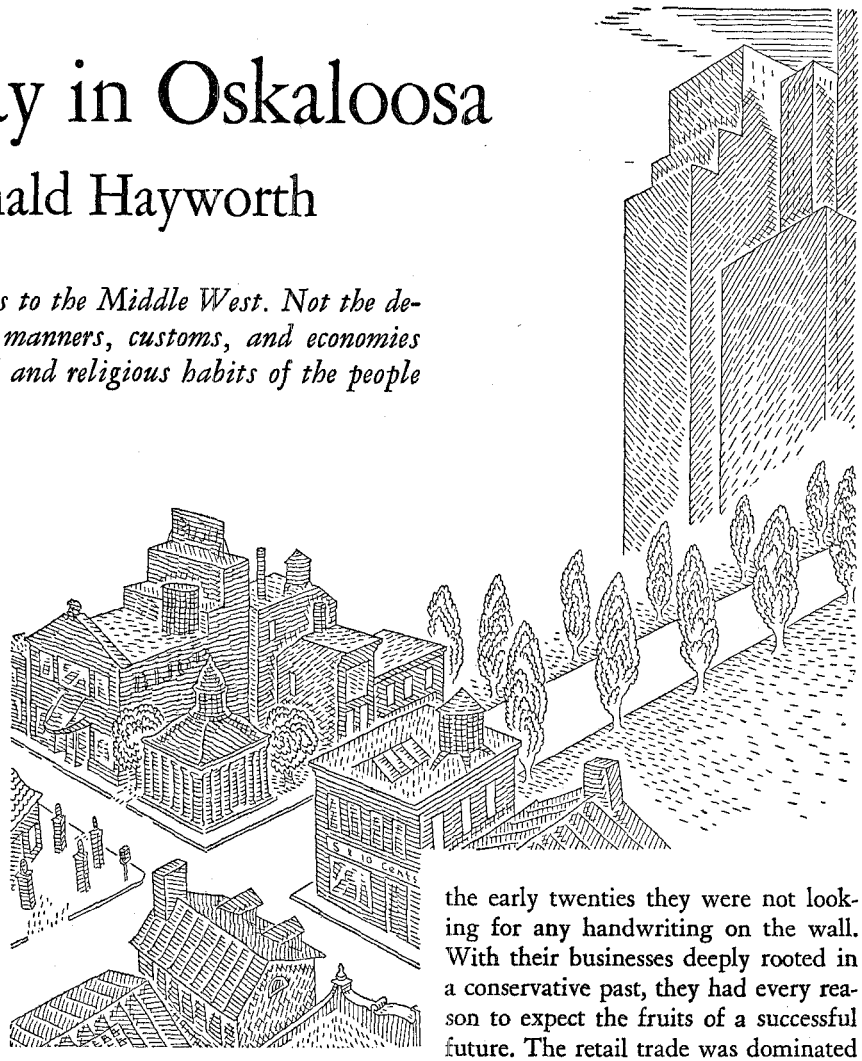
A New Day in Oskaloosa

By Donald Hayworth

Ten years bring changes to the Middle West. Not the depression but changing manners, customs, and economies have affected the social and religious habits of the people



TEN years ago Oskaloosa, Iowa, was a center of culture, and it commanded the respect of all Mahaska County. Its citizens remember the days when a constant stream of imposing events kept high their local pride: when attention was centered on Oskaloosa by the visit of Herbert Hoover as he was being groomed for the presidency; when outstanding symphony orchestras came to the city; when Broadway's most elaborate offerings packed the local opera house. They recall the three-day spring festival of music with luminaries from the Chicago Grand Opera Company. But this year the only attempt at fine music has been a series of three programs by a local orchestra. This decline in music indicates the nature of changes to be found on every hand.

The 10,000 citizens of Oskaloosa, like the citizens of other midwest communities, know that these changes are not the transitory effect of the depression and they do not expect prosperity to revive the city's former prestige. Some of them realize that they are witnessing the culmination of a revolution in mankind's habits of life, for the same factors which created the modern city are now reaching out to the towns of Iowa.

Ten years ago Oskaloosa, self-sufficient and provincial, might best have been identified as the county seat of Mahaska County; but today it is a dependent suburb. Ten years ago the typical Iowa community was a loose mass of individuals floating unconfined in a liquid environment. But into this liquid environment has been poured a kind of gelatin which is rapidly solidifying the life of the whole nation into a single metropolitan community. This is one of the outstanding social facts of our time. The disappearance of the western frontier, much publicized by the energetic writing of Theodore Roosevelt, did not imply nearly as much as does the disappearance of that unsophisticated and conservative rural life which formerly characterized the Middle West.

II

As the merchants of Oskaloosa went about the business of selling goods in the early twenties they were not looking for any handwriting on the wall. With their businesses deeply rooted in a conservative past, they had every reason to expect the fruits of a successful future. The retail trade was dominated by independent merchants. Good Rotarians they were—solid pillars that guaranteed the stability of the community. At the top of the city's retail establishments was a full-fledged department store, half a block square—"four stories of merchandise!"

But today the conservative merchants are almost crowded out. One-half of the building which housed the proud department store is now occupied by Sears-Roebuck; the other half is a Kresge store. The J. C. Penney Company, F. W. Woolworth and Company, Montgomery Ward and Company, and other chain stores to the number of fifteen dominate the retail business of the city. Window-dressing experts in Chicago arrange a window display,

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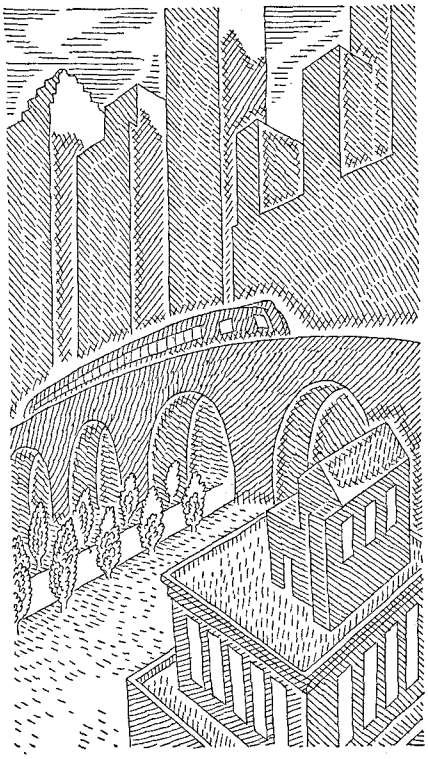

photograph it, and order it duplicated in Oskaloosa; systems of bookkeeping are created by the "main office"; shelves are stocked with goods sent by order of some district manager.

However disheartening the chain store may be to the independent merchant and however stultifying it may be to the commercial spirit of the city, the fundamental differences between the old and the new are not wholly inherent in this particular method of distribution. The real differences lie in such magic principles of modern merchandising as quick turnover, restricted credit, and quantity buying. Indeed, the long-established merchants felt the first shock of the new order when Sol Popofsky opened "The Reliable"—and Popofsky was an independent merchant if ever one lived, buying by the carload and selling at breath-taking prices. Farmers and wage-earners crowded to his counters. This newcomer became the sensation of the community. Conservative business men instinctively leagued against him and it was not long until many people felt ashamed to be seen going into his store. Capitalizing on the enmity of his competitors, Popofsky ran a large newspaper advertisement inviting those who did not wish to be seen entering his store to use the side door. And rumor had it that they did! Popofsky had discovered a breeze from a different quarter, set his sails for it, and moved ahead of his competitors.

In 1925 the local stores carried nearly everything Oskaloosa citizens wanted to buy. Today women of the upper middle class announce conclusively, "You simply can't buy clothes in this town any more." Most of the better-dressed women have charge accounts in Des Moines. In this regard, too, it should be pointed out that the blame cannot be saddled upon the chain stores. Many of them would gladly carry more expensive things. But Oskaloosa's buying habits have changed. The young matron may still buy house dresses in the local stores, but she goes to Des Moines for her smart suits and modish ensembles. It came about in this manner. Easier transportation and the accumulation of more wealth made it possible for a few women to begin going out of town for their better clothes. This decreased the demand for such dresses in Oskaloosa, and the merchants were compelled to reduce their lines. Then still more women felt they could not find satisfactory clothes among these limited stocks, and they also began to shop in Des Moines. The only way out for the local merchants was to order even fewer good dresses. This vicious circle whittled down the retail trade of Oskaloosa until it has been reduced to a suburban status.

The disintegration of Oskaloosa's retail business has been echoed in higher education. Ten years ago the city prided itself in two flourishing colleges with a total enrollment of over 700. Today neither is accredited by the North Central Association. Their student bodies have decreased to about 300. On the other hand, the enrollment of two state-supported institutions jumped from 5000 in 1915 to 15,000 in 1925. And even during the depression they have continued to increase their relative advantage over the small colleges.

Situated at the convergence of three railroad lines Oskaloosa once considered itself an important railroad center. One of the railroads has entirely abandoned its branch through Oskaloosa. The second runs on greatly reduced schedules. And the third, which formerly used this city as a division point and employed hundreds of workers, has now combined two divisions and its Oskaloosa pay roll has shrunk to insignificance.

These economic afflictions of Oskaloosa cannot be considered the passing phenomena of the depression. Even though business regain the giddy heights of war-time prosperity, we cannot believe that women will come to buy more of their clothes in Oskaloosa or that more young people will be attracted to its colleges. And with high-speed railroading upon us even more division points may be eliminated. Prosperity will thrust these little Iowa towns relatively still farther down the economic scale.

III

When Oskaloosans admit their city has become a "hick-town" they are probably thinking only of the economic aspect. The social side of the community's life presents quite a different picture, for these midwestern towns have been acquiring the sophistication and tolerance of metropolitan centers. That militant Protestantism which the Puritans brought to this continent made its last stand in the Middle West. For in the days following the Civil War the busy manufacturing towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut let slip their stern traditions; and by their default these little Iowa towns became the spiritual heirs of Massachusetts Bay Colony. As late as 1929 the First Methodist Church of Oskaloosa was led by a minister who might have been resurrected from the pulpit of some seventeenth-century New England town. His battle for the Lord was not a spectacular flash of publicity designed to catch the eye of a city editor or call forth a battery of photographers. He waged his fight with constant and terrible earnestness, adding new chapters to Milton's glorious epic of the Lord's terrific battle with Satan. This minister had the courage to make an attack from his pulpit on a leading member of his congregation, who, in addition to being a bank official, was the teacher of a boys' Sunday-school class of some 200 members, said to be the largest boys' class in the state. The occasion of the attack was that the Sunday-school teacher, who owned stock in Oskaloosa's leading cinema, did not comply with the minister's request that he exert his influence against the showing of a certain film. The Sunday-school teacher's name was

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posted on the church door along with the names of the other directors of the theater. When the minister condemned the directors of the theater his congregation was keenly aware of the implications against his own Sunday-school teacher. The outcome was that this leading citizen felt obliged to leave the church. To such an extent was grim, New England Puritanism preserved to the twentieth century.

This minister made it his business to attack every form of sin, public or private. He denounced the public dance hall and condemned social bridge. His sermons were more exciting than anything else in town; and in 1925 they were taken very seriously, especially by his congregation. But he lost his hold on the church, and his successors seem to have arranged an armistice with Satan. The dance halls and talking pictures flourish unchallenged. Young people of this same church are dancing and the minister knows it. Indeed, it is now possible to play cards and also be a good Methodist!

Iowa had prohibition long before the Volstead Act, but in 1933 the whole Middle West, revolting from its past, helped tear the Eighteenth Amendment from the constitution. Ten years ago women in Oskaloosa never smoked in public, and the suspicion that some girl used cigarettes in private was a bit of gossip that must be re-told at the first opportunity. Nothing is thought of it now. Formerly we heard a great deal about the wickedness of cities as contrasted with the virtue of rural sections, but it is apparent that the difference in standards is rapidly disappearing; and in every instance the small town is accepting the standards of the city.

The number of churches in Oskaloosa, however, has remained the same. In this city of 10,000 people, there are 27 churches—almost as many churches as gasoline stations! Including the rural community there is one church for every 500 inhabitants. Many small congregations show remarkable vitality in the face of the depression. The largest church has 1400 members—about 500 in attendance each Sunday morning.

Despite this flourishing appearance the spirit is changing. Religion in the Middle West is now being developed as we find it in our metropolitan districts. Some individuals have actually changed their beliefs and developed new attitudes. Young people who take the places left vacant by their conservative elders are bringing new philosophies into the church. In the past decade the fundamentalists have decreased to a minority, and the change of position has been significant. Churches in the Middle West are no longer deeply religious institutions; they are becoming social organizations. Not long ago many people in Oskaloosa had the "old time religion." Evangelists like Billy Sunday brought 3000 people out every night for weeks at a time, and left the city prostrate on the wreck of its former sins. But no one could do that in Oskaloosa today; people are too sophisticated.

IV

The "county fairs" have been dwindling away and disappearing, but the Southern Iowa Fair and Exposition of Oskaloosa still struggles on. Wandering among the ugly, barren cattle sheds, under the leafless trees, and past the faded show bills, one finds it difficult to conjure up the excitement of "Fair Week" with its thousands of colorful flying pennants, its milling crowds, the grotesque midway and the blaring bands. Each September, however, the Southern Iowa Fair and Exposition still awakens a measure of festival spirit. High-school girls quiver with anticipation. Wise-cracking, amusingly adolescent youths swagger about carrying kewpie dolls and bright whips. Farmers parade their yearling calves in competition for first prize. Merchants, hotel keepers, and restaurant proprietors look forward to "fair week" with the hope of doubling or tripling their ordinary profits.

But sophistication is winning, and the Oskaloosa fair is on the decline. It suffers by comparison with the Iowa State Fair and Exposition at Des Moines, a comparison made possible by good roads. In 1925 Iowa had 569 miles of paved highway. Today 4313 miles of smoothest concrete roads weave across the state like ribbons of stone. From Oskaloosa to Des Moines is only an hour's drive, and farmers are not afraid of an hour's drive on a concrete highway—not these farmers who ten years ago spent a full half day ploughing through mud to the nearest crossroads grocery store. The farmers wrote their own emancipation proclamation. They wrote it in streams of concrete which enable them to "take in" the Des Moines fair without any difficulty. The next week the Oskaloosa fair seems small indeed.

For five years preceding the depression the state fair increased its paid admissions by 7 per cent; the county fairs lost by 7 per cent. This indicates the general trend of the economic and social life in the midwest. Large institutions are becoming larger; small ones are disappearing. From 1925 to 1929, inclusive, the number of county fairs decreased from ninety-seven to eighty-two, and now there are only seventy-six. Although Oskaloosa still has a fair, it is rumored that the stock-holders continue to open the gates year after year only in the desperate hope that the year's profits will reduce their accumulated losses.

Competition with the Des Moines fair is not so great a menace as the widespread development of an attitude which threatens even the state fair itself: the people of Iowa are losing interest in this kind of entertainment. In a previous generation the county fair was a wild spree in gregariousness. Today the typical Iowan prefers to enjoy his social diversions in a more quiet manner. Gone are the boisterous parties with their parlor games; Fourth of July celebrations are considered a bore. Oskaloosans are developing a new intellectual attitude, which leads them to seek entertainment in smaller groups and which enables them to admit freely that their city has become a "hick-town." They may use this phrase to indicate that the retail business has changed and symphony orchestras no longer visit the city, but we should realize that any citizen who makes the observation must have outgrown that inordinate pride in his own little city, which in 1925 was his most damning mark of provincialism. Oskaloosa may be a "hick-town" economically, but its population is less "hick-minded" than ever before. In fact it may have a more liberal sprinkling of true cosmopolites than the typical large city.

The growing sophistication of the middle class has bitten like a caustic into the sacred circle of Oskaloosa's high society. The aristocracy which remains, instead of being described in superlatives, is now more appropriately

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designated by mild comparatives. The bankers, the owners of larger enterprises, and the leading politicians were once the ultimate. They were the unimpeachable, grand families of the community. Today their hauteur is punctured.

The big names of Oskaloosa have been reduced from imposing block type to mere italics. This is due not so much to any failure on their part as to the development of a more critical judgment throughout the community. In this new era even the laborer has learned to measure social success by higher standards. He may not have a tuxedo himself, but moving pictures have made him familiar with all the trappings and conventionalities of high society. And the strained efforts of the local élite are no longer impressive.

V

It is easy to assume that the depression is responsible for any recent development in our national life. In some ways the depression may have accelerated the evolutionary processes taking place in Oskaloosa; but in other respects it has retarded them. In either case the effects of the depression are less marked in midwest towns than in commercial centers or manufacturing districts. Oskaloosa has met the depression with a resourcefulness which would amaze the city dweller. In a small community economic readjustments are less complex.

Rents have fallen to extremely low levels. Houses may usually be rented for only a little more than the taxes. A nine-room house, well situated and in good repair, is rented for eighteen dollars a month including garage. It houses two families adequately. Attractive five- or six-room houses may be secured for ten dollars a month.

A family of four can manage to live on ten dollars a week. Some families actually exist on six. The Social Service, for example, would be likely to allow a family of four people ten pounds of meat a week at about fifteen cents a pound, half of their rent (between six and twelve dollars per month), and four dollars in cash.

Meat	$1.50
One half of rent (average)	1.00
Cash	4.00
Total allowance per week	$6.50

Authorities estimate that families can live on this amount without additional income.

With an income of fifteen dollars a week it is possible to support a family and afford the luxury of an automobile, assuming it is paid for. In Oskaloosa the whole range of family expense, as compared to metropolitan districts, is cut nearly in half. A Cleveland garage asked $13.50 for certain repairs on an automobile, but the same work was done in Iowa for $5.00. In Oskaloosa clothes stay clean longer; and it is taken for granted that a garment will stand a liberal amount of patching before it is thrown away—or made over for some other member of the family! Good coal is delivered for three dollars a ton. But the economical householder buys his coal at the mouth of the mine for a dollar and a half a ton and arranges to do his own hauling.

Under the simpler terms of life which prevail in a community of 10,000 people, many terrifying demands of the metropolitan cash-and-carry system fall away. In Oskaloosa it is possible for three or four men to club together, buy a hog, butcher it themselves, and have the finest pork for only a few cents a pound. One may rent a little garden plot and reduce his grocery bill by half. Or during the summer it is easy to find bargains in vegetables and fruits that may be canned for the winter season.

When something goes wrong with the plumbing you will shut off the water, borrow some tools from a neighbor and fix it yourself. You will grease your own car; when the motor requires overhauling you may go to the garage and help the mechanic do the work. This is not the practice of the more prosperous Oskaloosans. It merely shows how a family of four can live comfortably and keep an automobile on fifteen dollars a week. Their monthly budget might be distributed as follows:

Rent	$10.00
Fuel	4.00
Food	18.00
Clothes	9.00
Electricity, gas, telephone	4.00
Automobile	9.00
Incidentals	6.00
Total	$60.00

Some families could cut these items in many ways without greatly reducing their standard of living. Average incomes in various kinds of work indicate how much families have to spend.

Bank clerks	$80.00
City policemen	60.00
Gasoline station attendants (NRA code)	60.00
Men clerks in stores (NRA code)	44.00
Stenographers	45.00
Unskilled laborers	32.00

It is difficult to find how much some workers actually receive. Managers answer all questions by saying that salaries are based upon the NRA code. One suspects, however, that many employees are compelled to take less. For example, by secret and arbitrary percentage arrangements the income of some gasoline station attendants is as low as forty dollars per month. The largest salary in Oskaloosa, $3600, is given the superintendent of schools. This is more than 30 per cent above that of any bank president, store manager, or officer in a manufacturing establishment. The county officials, such as the auditor, treasurer, and recorder are given approximately $1800 a year. High-school teachers receive about $1300, and grade-school teachers as low as $900.

In the cities the depression brings degradation and real want, but in Oskaloosa it does not make nearly so vigorous an attack upon the fundamentals of human character. The only class whose souls are truly seared by the depression are the young men and women just out of college. Unless some turn of circumstances gives them opportunity to fulfill those ambitions which have been encouraged in college, the loss to society in wounded personalities will be as real as though children were denied proper food. Nevertheless, the vast majority of the population is not permanently injured. In Mahaska County the depression has not caused a single suicide. Not one wealthy person has given up a fine home. Of course, many families are scratching for their pennies, but somehow their pennies stretch to cover the necessities and a few luxuries; people are merely pushed harder to the exercise of those economies which they expect to practice in normal times. Oskaloosa's resourcefulness in meeting the depression seems to indicate that the economic cycle can scarcely be held responsible for the great changes now

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taking place in such midwest communities.

VI

It is still possible to find contrasts between life in a metropolitan district and in a country town, but these contrasts are no longer sharp as once they were. Purveyors of literary gossip tell us that when Sinclair Lewis lectured before a group of social personages in New York City and was asked whether or not Gopher Prairie was a definite town, his answer was that as he wrote *Main Street* he was thinking of New York City! It is true that the differences between the human behavior of New York City and Oskaloosa are scarcely deeper than the surface of social convention. And the towns of the Middle West are rapidly learning the language of these superficialities. Just as hill billy music and Will Rogers invaded New York City, so also do Walter Winchell and Mae West carry the wit and wickedness of Broadway out to Oskaloosa.

New York City and Oskaloosa are being welded into a social unity. Ten years ago they were entrenched against each other on the prohibition question; today there is no quarrel. Ten years ago Iowa was characteristically fundamentalist, and willing to argue; today the issue is practically dead. Calvin Coolidge sought the support of Iowans by posing for photographers with a pitchfork; but Franklin D. Roosevelt can turn Iowa politics inside out with radio chats, which reveal a definite stamp of New York speech. Iowa has changed. Rural life is losing its unique character.

It is most significant that *The Des Moines Register's* daily circulation, contrary to depression trends, has increased since 1929 from 180,000 to 260,000—44 per cent! Most of the increase has been outside of Des Moines, on the farms and in towns like Oskaloosa. In Oskaloosa people are following the political comment of Edwin C. Hill and the trifling gossip of O. O. McIntyre with understanding and appreciation. The college graduate, now settled in Oskaloosa, has friends scattered over the whole nation; he makes occasional visits to metropolitan centers, goes to a few shows, dines at well-known places, acquires some familiarity with famous buildings and places of interest, and thus comes actually to feel more intimacy with the trivial chatter of syndicated columnists than do many of New York City's strictly partitioned population. Through education, radio, travel, talking pictures, business contacts, magazines, and newspapers, the whole citizenry of Iowa is becoming cosmopolitan. The process has been going on for decades, but in the last ten years sweeping progress has been made.

We are looking into a new age when Oskaloosa and New York City not only will have the same style of dress, the same dialect, the same scandals and human interest stories, but they will be captivated by the same personalities and their activity will be molded by the same propaganda. Their religious attitudes and their ethical standards will find a common level.

VII

No one can understand the Oskaloosa of today, nor appreciate the rapid evolution of the Middle West, unless he is willing to recognize two somewhat contradictory tendencies. On the one hand, the city's economic life is well-nigh paralyzed and there is no indication that it will ever regain its former zestful self-sufficiency nor its proud leadership over surrounding communities. On the other hand, the intellectual life of the citizenry has broken its bands of provincialism, and Oskaloosa is being cast in the same sophisticated mold as our greatest cosmopolitan centers.

We may regret the disappearance of that wholesomeness and unique flavor in rural life which we knew thirty years ago. But the modern Oskaloosan has other advantages. He takes a more intelligent interest in national and world affairs. Radio, with its wealth of fine music, and talking pictures with Lawrence Tibbett more than compensate for the occasional artist who was brought to town. All things considered, it is easier for the intelligent person to be satisfied in Oskaloosa today than ten years ago, providing he has an opportunity to make a living.

HAVING LEFT CITIES BEHIND ME

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Now, having left cities behind me, turned
Away forever from the strange, gregarious
Huddling of men by stones, I find those various
Great towns I knew fused into one, burned
Together in the fire of my despising.
And I recall of them only those things
Irrelevant to cities; murmurings
Of rain and wind; moons setting and suns rising.

There was a church spire on a distant hill
Clamorous with birds by day and stars by night,
Devout and singing. I have forgot its site—
Boston, or Rochester, or Louisville—
Of a certain city all I can remember
Is wild ducks flying southward in November.

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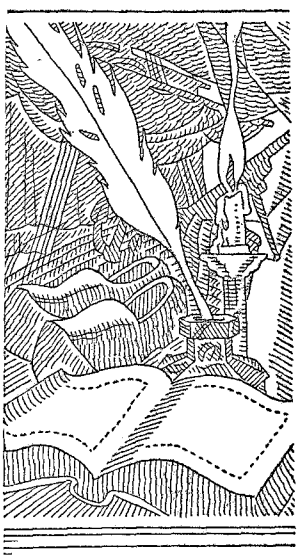
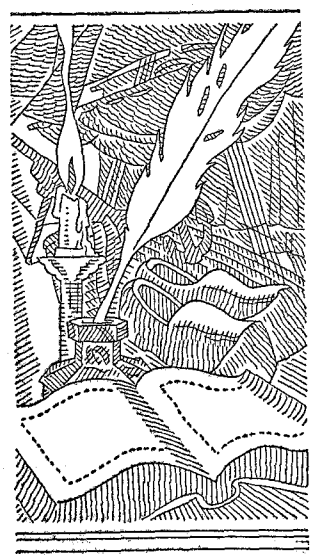


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



The Story of General Booth and the Salvation Army . . . Comment on a History, a Novel, a Dictionary, Short Stories, Humor, Poetry, Plays . . . Coffee Outside of U. S. A.

THE most important biography of the year and the most interesting one I have read is *God's Soldier: General William Booth,* by the distinguished dramatist, St. John Ervine.

This work has filled 1165 pages and two tall volumes and six years of the author's life. There are thirty-six illustrations.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervine live in Devonshire; we spent a happy day at their home in June, 1932. In the course of conversation I was astonished to learn that he was writing a biography (it turned out to be *the* biography) of General Booth.

And (God forgive me!) I imagined it would be ironical; and I wondered that he should wish to spend his time and energy in sterilization. It is not surprising to learn from his preface that when he wrote to General Bramwell Booth for information about his father, Bramwell "was suspicious of my purpose." But Mr. Ervine told him that his intention was "to treat his father as a genius and a hero of religion."

> What I have written is a history of the Salvation Army as well as an account of its Founder. I have tried to express his feelings about it, rather than my own, but my own have occasionally insisted on breaking into the story.

When Browning told some of his friends of his decision to write *The Ring and the Book,*

> Everyone snickered: . . . "And it tells
> Against the Church, no doubt." . . .
> —"Quite otherwise this time," submitted I;
> "Clean for the Church and dead against the world,
> The flesh and the devil, does it tell for once."

For if this thrilling biography had been written by an enthusiastic member of the Army, it could not be more sympathetic in tone or more evangelistic in its implications.

Booth was the Happy Warrior and brought happiness to hundreds of thousands of unhappy men and women. Mr. Ervine quite properly stresses this point all through the book. As a little boy, he heard Booth speak; he saw the Salvation Soldiers abominably treated.

> But above all, I recollect the intense and undeviating happiness of these soldiers, to whom God was a perpetual joy. . . . She was a small, attenuated woman, with delicate, thin features, and she was shabbily dressed. Her boots were the ugliest I have ever seen on any woman . . . in no place have I met any human being so ineffably happy-looking as that small, thin-featured woman who was very shabbily dressed. I do not apologize, therefore, for the length of this book. If a novelist may write a quarter of a million words about his creatures, may I not be even more prolix about a man who lived for eighty-three years and founded one of the greatest religious organizations in the world?

The career of Booth is astounding. Who would have believed during the long years of obloquy, contempt, persecution, and poverty that the day would come when, in company with Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain, Ball the astronomer, and two distinguished French research scientists, Booth would receive an honorary degree from Oxford University?

Wherever the Salvation Army went during the early years of its history, it met with physical violence, contempt, and imprisonment. One evening when I was an undergraduate at Yale, I looked out of my college room and saw on the steps of the Old Statehouse in New Haven a little group of Salvationists singing; after they had sung for a few moments, I saw the police arrest them and carry them away to jail. Among the prisoners was a Yale theological student, Edwin E. Aiken, who had volunteered to stand with them, as a protest against persecution. Aiken was a profound scholar, a man of the highest intellectual attainments, in rather delicate health, but a passionate believer in freedom of speech.

This book is filled with striking portraits of individuals, made by a dramatist. William Booth, his wife Catherine, Bramwell Booth, Evangeline Booth (now General), Catherine Booth-Clibborn, Ballington Booth, Booth-Tucker, Commissioner Railton, and many others are presented with such vividness and vitality that the reader feels as if he had known them intimately for years. And they are all worth knowing.

One of the most interesting chapters is "An Interlude on the History of Methodism," where the hero is John Wesley; this chapter is vitally connected with the founding of the Salvation Army, though I have never seen this fact emphasized elsewhere. The public career of the various members of the Booth family in England and in foreign countries is fully described, with references that are documented in the seventeen appendices; there is an index and a bibliography.

I suppose that all members of the Salvation Army will read with greatest interest the chapter called "Epilogue," dealing with the melancholy split in the Army that led to the deposition of General Bramwell Booth. This Epilogue fills more than two hundred pages, and cost its author more pains

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than any other portion of the work. He rewrote it twice, and many parts many times; it has been read in manuscript by every living leading member of the Army. "I think it well to add that none of them entirely approves of the Epilogue, and that some of them disapprove of it altogether."

But for me the great biography ends on page 812, with the death of the founder. And I hope that the controversial part will eventually be read only with curiosity. Nothing is more extinct than an extinct controversy. Yet I think Bramwell would never have been deposed if it had not been the year 1929. Prosperity was as bad for the Army as for many other enterprises. "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

Mr. Ervine sees the dangers that threaten the future of the Army, which are mainly two—the danger of becoming respectable and the danger which has ruined hundreds of Protestant churches and killed the efficiency of many ministers, namely, that of substituting social work for spiritual rebirth.

At the end of the Epilogue (page 1026) Mr. Ervine asks a question which he answers in his preface.

> Men will do for God what they will not do for money. The humblest soldier knows in his heart more than is known by the profoundest politician: he has learnt that there is no satisfaction except in service, and that the richest men on earth are those who have spent themselves without stint. An Army of such soldiers was raised by William Booth. What will now become of it? The world, worn with the wounds of the War and vexed by the incapacity of statesmen, is steadily turning to the consolations of religion, and will presently announce its desire for God. Among the religious societies which are especially adapted to bring divine comfort to those who need it, The Salvation Army is eminent. It has become more respectable than Booth wished it to be, but it has not lost its contact with the poor or its ability to give them that dilatation of joy which is religion.

And in the Preface he says:

> My firm conviction is that The Salvation Army will survive its present troubles because of the heroic devotion of these young officers and soldiers to whom the rages of their elders are almost incomprehensible.

It is impossible in a review to give an adequate idea of the importance and the splendor of this magnificent work; it is overwhelming. I believe those who have not even a grain of faith will be interested in the true history of such a genius as Booth and of such an organization as the Army; while those who are still susceptible to spiritual influences will find enough manna to support them all the day long.

Here comes to my desk just the book I have been looking for, *The Record of America,* by James Truslow Adams and Charles Garrett Vannest. I do not know how many times I have been asked to recommend a good one-volume history of the United States, from the beginning to the present, and while many have been written, I have never been able to find one wholly satisfactory. This *Record of America,* intended mainly for senior high schools, is a close approximation to perfection. A fat but not cumbrous tome of 941 pages, it is fully supplied with maps, has about 250 illustrations in black and white, covers our history from the beginning to 1935, prints the Constitution with explanations, the Declaration of Independence, and has an analytical Index of nearly 30 pages. It is also well supplied with questions and suggestions for classroom teaching, talks, debates, and extra reading; and the price is low. This should have a prodigiously large circulation.

Chronicles of Barabbas (1884–1934), by George H. Doran, is a sparkling book by one of the best-known and most successful of American publishers. If all his authors could write as interestingly as this, both he and they would be permanently free of financial worry; for I have not found a dull page in this genial and outspoken narrative. His success is partly owing to the continual happiness he has found in professional work; he has lived abundantly, found life good, and being by nature a warm-hearted, affectionate man, has enjoyed to the uttermost his friendship with men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic. He gives us intimate details about the lives, personalities, and characteristics of scores of famous modern writers; and there are so many good anecdotes and stories that the whole book has the air of agreeable conversation. He has known men as different as D. L. Moody and Michael Arlen; and innumerable specimens between these extremes. His sketches of the great publishers, to whom he looked up in reverence—Charles Scribner, Henry Holt, George H. Putnam, etc., are vivid; but I should have to soften a little the grim portrait of the Head of the House of Macmillan.

> Not among the others but majestic and aloof stands the great house of Macmillan, presided over by George P. Brett—an emperor among publishers, for within the Union he has established an empire all his own. . . . Hidden behind Macmillan Company for more than fifty years, George P. Brett has been a lone wolf, permitting few to his acquaintance and still fewer to his friendship. . . . Brett brought our brief interview to abrupt close with these few words in his precise, fully enunciated syllables.

Now it is true that Mr. Brett speaks the English language more distinctly than any other man I know; every syllable gets its full value; and I can see that in an age of cheerful vulgarity such precision might seem unduly austere. But it cannot be true that he has admitted only a few to his friendship. I count myself an intimate friend of Mr. Brett, and many others have the same privilege.

The two chapters on Arnold Bennett and on Somerset Maugham are perhaps the best in the book.

Willa Cather's new novel, *Lucy Gayheart,* is unlike anything she has written before; though it might possibly have been an expansion of an additional chapter to *Obscure Destinies.* What I mean is that this book is not in her early or later "manner"; it is not ironical and it is not religious. It is simply a beautiful work of art. It is so interesting that at one sitting I read every word from the first page to the last. It is the history of a personality, as glowing and almost as transient as a falling star. And how grateful I am to our great American artist for what she has left out! How austerely wise to omit four-fifths of the sentences that entered her head while she was writing, and give her readers only the things that count. Barrie told me the greatest pleasure he had in composition was in his omissions. And I wonder that no novelist has thought before this time, of using footsteps, in hardening concrete, as memorials of one who has vanished. In this story, it is as poignant as the other attempt, in *Almayer's Folly,* to erase them from the sand. I hope it will not seem too trivial by contrast, when I am reminded that in the year 1898 men were laying in asphalt a path from my door to my gate; and my dog Rufus, leaping in the joy of his youth, touched the fresh surface with his feet.

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He died in 1905; and I often wish the footprints were not there.

Stark Young, our novelist of the deep South, has collected some of his short stories and sketches in one volume, called *Feliciana*. The innumerable admirers of *So Red the Rose* will be glad to see the McGehee family represented again in the first story, *Cousin Micajah*. The presentation of the thoughts that find expression among the colored people whom Stark Young understands so well because he loves them so much, is as charming as it is accurate. The author understands southern Europe almost as well as the South where he was born; and I am glad to see some excursions thither in this attractive volume.

Clarence Day is one of the most original of American humorists, with a disarming simplicity of style. In his new book, *Life with Father*, the short sentences and familiar words have almost the effect as if he were speaking to foreigners; and indeed I suppose many Americans who read this biography-autobiography would need to have family life, that is the life lived by parents and children and servants in one house, made clear to them, as it resembles nothing in their own experience. The average child, in his attitude toward his father and mother, passes in the next generation from the state of subordination to the elevated chair of judgment; and the whirligig of time will bring its revenges. The father and to only a slightly less extent, the mother, are by Mr. Day made amazingly real; while the portrait of the servant Margaret is worthy of Flaubert's *Un Cœur Simple*.

The interesting thing here is that in spite of the revelation of unreasonableness, petulance, selfishness, irritation as characteristics of his father, it is clear that not only did Mr. Day love his father, but that the whole family were bound together by intense affection. And this tremendous male, the rather spotty hero, must have been beloved by innumerable acquaintances. His faults were on the surface; his virtues were solid and fundamental; his unconscious dependence on the affection of his wife is as clear as that of Morell on Candida's. He was, as so many men are, only a Big Boy; he lived with enormous gusto; and I have no doubt he seemed intellectually immature to the critically humorous eyes of his extremely clever son. But, after all, what a happy household!

And now I wish Mr. Day would write a sequel, *My Father in Europe;* what fun to accompany the forthright American abroad; "these damned foreigners!"

A Dictionary of Modern American Usage, by H. W. Horwill, is in the same fashion, so far as appearance goes, of the *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* by the late H. W. Fowler. But Mr. Fowler's book was for the edification, instruction, and general moral improvement of all English-speaking persons; and his ever-present humor salted the pages. Fowler did for a Dictionary what Franklin did for an Almanac. Mr. Horwill has made a Dictionary in a more special line; it will explain to the British many words in the American language that have not yet got into theirs; it will show also that many words common to both nations suffer a sea change when they reach the United States; and his book will also be full of instruction for Americans, for it will explain to us the manner in which many of our expressions became current. That brilliant scholar, the late Mr. Muirhead, who prepared Baedeker's guide-book to the United States, explained for the benefit of his countrymen many American words, like *ticket-office*, the *road*, *depot*, etc. Well, Mr. Horwill has performed a great service to all students of language; and while we miss the humor so characteristic of Fowler, there are many amusing pages here, for some of our own expressions will for the first time seem funny when looked at through other eyes. He has given nine separate classes of words that are in some way "different" when used by Americans. Many do not know that the English never say *dove* for *dived*, *casket* for *coffin*, *gotten* for *got*, etc.

Mr. Horwill might have included in his Dictionary the words *cuspidor*, *specialty*, *jewelry* (he does include *deviltry*), *pass the buck*, *yard*, *flop*, *fold up*, and many other slang words. He does not give *sundae*.

While crossing the ocean, Mr. Schedelmann, the Assistant Dining Room Steward of the SS. *Bremen*, asked me for the etymology of the word *sundae*. Webster, Wyld, and O. E. D. do not know; but Mr. Keogh, the Yale Librarian, sends me the following from the Supplement Volume of the O. E. D.

Sundae. U. S. (Origin unascertained. Perhaps merely a respelling of *Sunday*) A portion of ice-cream mixed with crushed fruits, syrups, nuts, etc. Also with defining word, as *fruit sundae*.

1904. N. Y. *Evening Post* 21 May, The Sundi, so popular at the confectioner's, can be prepared at home. Make a rich vanilla ice-cream and over it pour the juice of your preserved fruits.
1904. Minneapolis *Times*, 15 June. In one of the Jersey City churches fans and lemonade are distributed. Some brands of 'Sundae' might be added with propriety.
1910. *Chambers's Jrnl. July* 431/1. A sundae —a mixture of ice-cream, soda-water, and raspberry juice.
1920. *Christian World*, 19 Aug. 4/1. A strawberry sundae.
1928. *Observer*, 13 July 18/1. Glacial drinks and sundaes.

An important and interesting addition to critical and explanatory works on the poems of Browning is *A Browning Handbook*, by Professor William Clyde DeVane, of Cornell. After an Introduction of nearly forty pages, containing the best brief biography of Browning ever written, come explanations of the separate poems, given in chronological order, the whole book containing more than five hundred pages. There is added a Selected Bibliography and an Index. This new work not only supplants Mrs. Orr's *Handbook*, it is one of the most valuable commentaries on the poems that have ever appeared; in addition to the excellent critical judgment and sound common-sense displayed by Professor DeVane, there is much new material. In 1927 Professor DeVane's work, *Browning's Parleyings. The Autobiography of a Mind*, placed him at once among the leading Browning scholars of the world. For both students and general readers of the poet, I do not know of any more useful volume than this *Handbook*.

It was a brave undertaking to publish a new edition of *The Poems of John Clare*, in two handsome volumes of over five hundred pages each. It seems incredible that the publishers will ever get back half of the money expended on this venture. It is my belief, from this and many other instances, that there are no more courageous business men than those who manufacture books. This edition is edited by J. W. Tibble, of University College, Exeter.

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In 1920 a selection from Clare's works was edited by the English poet Edmund Blunden and the American poet, Alan Porter. John Clare (1793–1864) was the son of an English laborer, became a vagabond, failed as a farmer, and finally lost his mind. His poems are full of minutely accurate pictures of outdoor life in the country, which he saw most intimately when deprived of his freedom. It will be interesting to see what position he finally takes among the British poets.

Death and General Putnam and 101 Other Poems is the title of an attractive volume by the American poet, Arthur Guiterman, who is admired and beloved by a very large number of readers. His poetic imagination is equalled by extraordinary dexterity in composition. If school-readers are still used, *Death and General Putnam* should be in every one of them.

All admirers and despisers of murder stories should read everything written by Rex Stout, whose two novels *Fer de Lance* and *The League of Frightened Men* reveal not only amazing ingenuity, but something more than that; originality and subtlety in the delineation of character. Nero Wolfe and his man Friday are unlike any partners I have hitherto met. These two novels are wildly exciting—most murder stories are dull—and are also worth reading for their intellectual qualities. Did this brilliant author's own name suggest to him the physical proportions of his detective?

Among the new books for children, I recommend *The Susianna Winkle Book*, by Dorothy Mason Pierce, copiously illustrated by the author, and having an introduction by Patty Smith Hill, of Teachers College, Columbia. The verses are charming in their technique and in their humor.

I congratulate the publishers and the noble army of readers on a new edition of the complete works of John M. Synge in one volume. Here are the plays, poems, criticisms, and the ever-memorable journey to the Aran Islands.

A book that should prove useful in college courses and in reading clubs is *Nine Plays by Bernard Shaw*, and all the Prefaces are given in full. I wonder how they ever induced him to consent to the appearance of this volume, which so many college teachers tried to secure during so many years. Here are all the great plays from *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to *Saint Joan*, except *Major Barbara* and *The Doctor's Dilemma*. The volume fills 1147 pages, is *not* in double column, and the type is large. Now we have a single-volume edition of three modern masters of the drama—Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy.

Two books that will charm all dwellers in New England are *Old Covered Bridges* and *Lighthouses on the Maine Coast*, both fully illustrated. The former is by Adelbert M. Jakeman, and has for a secondary title, *The Story of Covered Bridges in General*. I can remember when there was a covered bridge across the Housatonic River between Milford and Stratford. Do you know why bridges were covered? Neither does anybody else, though there is an interesting chapter on that subject.

The lighthouses book is written by Robert Thayer Sterling, Assistant Keeper of the Portland Head Light, and has an Introduction by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. There are eighty-eight illustrations.

I have never had a good cup of coffee outside of the United States, and the matter is of such importance that I am glad to print a letter from the distinguished American scholar, Doctor Mark Barr, who has lived in England forty years. He points out that the chances against good coffee are eight to one.

At a dinner party in Oxford I was asked to name the faults of England! For many years, living with scores of delightful friends, knowing the thousands of British people up and down the charming island, my love of such a world was well known. And now in the cocktail mood of gaiety my friends said: "Ah, but tell us our faults."

"Gentlemen," I said, "there are two faults. No one on this island knows the meaning of good coffee!"

Laughter and shouts and then "Order," rapped the chairman as he looked up and said: "Quite, and what is the second fault?"

"Gentlemen, try as I will, I cannot remember." And I sat down.

The chances against making perfect coffee from any given berry are precisely 8 to 1. Consider the roasting,—here are three kinds: (1) Under roasted, (2) Roasted just to the right point, (3) Over roasted. From each of these three sorts you can obtain three solutions: (1) Under-solutionized, (2) Correctly solutionized, (3) Solution spoiled by too long a soaking in boiling water.

This makes nine different kinds of Coffee of which only one is right.

A research was made in 1913. Chemists delved deeply into the organic compounds of coffee, finding the products created by different temperatures and times of roasting, and catalogued them all. They then investigated the solutions in cold, warm and hot water and catalogued the results of the second stage.

Note: We have all been told *ad nauseam* that *'De gustibus non est disputandum,'* but it must be remembered that the sting is in the plural; tastes differ but there is unquestionable Good Taste. In regard to coffee much is known as to what perfection means. However, the editor of the *Lancet* employed expert Tasters to give the final judgment, and it will interest you to hear that their decisions agreed perfectly with the conclusions arrived at by the Chemists of whose research they knew nothing.

It was found that the substance we desire is soluble in cold water and that the objection to making a hot solution is this: other compounds not wanted in coffee, although not soluble in cold water, will come down in very hot water if the soaking is too prolonged. (We then discovered that cold-water coffee had long been known in New England as 'Rhode Island Coffee.')

In the United States coffee is usually roasted a light brown, in England a dark brown, and in most Continental countries black. In most European countries it is kept too long in water which is too hot. In restaurants I have seen apparatus with safety valves in which coffee was kept boiling for two hours! This gives a solution containing among other things, *Coriensis tithian more majorum*, or some such stuff. I cannot remember mongrel roots.

If there are any who wonder why Thoreau has so much higher a reputation today than some of his formerly more famous contemporaries, I should like to commend to them the following citations and comments sent to me from Nice by Mr. Robinson Smith.

I am making a study of Concord in the middle nineties—the actual conditions of living. Not for you and me, Billy. Thoreau: "I see that thousands spent the night in the cars." "The dead here in Concord are left unburied all winter." "It is so cold tonight that the family are afraid to go to bed." "The frost on the window remains all day three feet from my stove." And yet, in that "unswept, undusted" garret of his he could write "We might expect to find in the snow the footprint of a life superior to our own, of which no zoology takes cognizance. Is there no trace of a nobler life than that of an otter or an escaped convict to be looked for in it? Shall we suppose that is the only life that has been abroad in the night? It is only the savage that can see the track of no higher life than an otter's. Why do the vast snow plains give us pleasure, the twilight of the bent and half-buried woods? Is not all there consonant with virtue, justice, purity, courage, magnanimity: and does not all this amount to the track of a higher life than the otter's—a life which has not gone by and left its footprint merely, but is there with its beauty, its music, its perfume, its sweetness, to exhilarate and recreate us? All that we perceive is the impress of its spirit. If there is a perfect government in the world according to the highest laws, do we find no trace of intelligence there, whether in the snow, or the earth, or in ourselves,—no other trail but such as a dog can scent? Is there none which an angel can detect and follow,—none to guide a man in his pilgrimage, which water will not conceal? Is

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there no odour of sanctity to be perceived? Is its trail too old? Have mortals lost the scent? Are there not hunters who seek for something higher than foxes, with judgment more discriminating than the senses of fox-hounds, who rally to a nobler music than that of the hunting-horn? As there is contention among the fishermen who shall be the first to reach the pond as soon as the ice will bear, in spite of the cold: as the hunters are forward to take the field as soon as the first snow has fallen, so he who would make the most of his life for discipline must be abroad early and late, in spite of cold and wet, in pursuit of nobler game, a life which we seek not to destroy, but to make our own, which the hunter pursues with winged thoughts and aspirations (these the dogs that tree it), rallying his pack with the bugle notes of undying faith?"

How did they do it, Billy? As Lowell said to Howells (who had quoted him a great line of Dante): "Damn it!"

From Dr. W. R. Houston of Austin, Texas,

To the age-old controversy between determinism and freedom I can add nothing. DuBois, a rarely successful psychotherapeutist, in his book on Psychic Treatment argues at length that determinism is the only hopeful viewpoint. The doctor, as a fresh environmental factor, may well feel the logic of this position. Haldane in a publication of the Literary Guild on Destiny, in which the criminal careers of homologous twins were studied, says in his preface that Protestant groups emphasizing *destiny* were more successful in favorably influencing behavior than Romanists who emphasize free-will. It's a question of where emphasis may most advantageously be placed. There are situations where we must pull for freedom, others where submission is the part of wisdom, but in no case can we fail to admit that the problem transcends logic.

Well, I am quite willing to believe that others "can't help it," but I have never been able to excuse my own sins in that way. For I very well know I could have done better.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

New members are Alton Hemba, of Purvis, Miss., and James Coleman of Lamberton, Miss., both students at Pearl River Junior College, Poplarville, Miss., and Miss Jean Aubrey, of Ventura, Calif., a student in the High School; and Miss Charlotte Spector and Miss Susan Barrington, both of St. Louis, Mo.

THE ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB

Professor and Mrs. L. D. Benedict of Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa, took turns in reading it aloud to each other; Lawrence Tipling, an insurance broker of Helena, Mont., read the book aloud to his wife.

Several have asked why I have an Anthony Adverse Club; to which I reply, Why not?

THE FANO CLUB

In the Spring of 1935 the picture was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Wagner and by Walter S. Gubelman, Jr., Yale 1931, brother of Mrs. Wagner. I had the pleasure of meeting them at the excellent Hillman Hotel, in Bremen, whence they departed for Fano. They give an excellent report of the Fano Hotel.

I shall have special news from Fano in my next article.

M. V. Bennett, Librarian of the Culver Military Academy, writes,

Please give me your opinion of the use of the word "contact" as a transitive verb.

The supplement of the O. E. D., 1933, gives it this meaning but adds "U. S." There is one example quoted from L. F. Carr's *America Challenged*: "Mr. Dickey contacted every family in three representative agricultural counties."

The *Webster's New International* also defines it in this way but adds: "slang."

I realize that a language grows. However, this word in this sense grates on my feeling of decent English.

Looking this up in *Horwill's Dictionary*, I find that Horwill states that it is widely used in America. I am sure he would not use it himself. Neither would I. It is terrible.

From John Alden Merrill, of Buffalo.

While re-reading *Anthony Adverse* I discovered what I believe to be an anachronism. Maria, on page 56, imagines her love to be like something out of *Paul and Virginia*. I find on page 4 that the time of this scene was the spring of 1775, yet according to the Britannica *Paul and Virginia* was not published until 1789. But not that it makes the slightest bit of difference.

I think it makes this difference; Mr. Merrill has made a very interesting correction dealing with one of the most popular books of the eighteenth and one of the most popular of the twentieth century. I had forgotten that *Paul and Virginia* had appeared in 1789—what a date! A flower timidly lifting its head in a cyclone.

I did not know that *sunburst* was an Americanism until I found it so recorded in *Horwill's Dictionary*. I have heard it used for a set of jewels for nearly fifty years. The best example I know of was in a rural newspaper's account of a wedding. "The groom's present was a diamond sunburst, and there were many other presents in cut glass."

In Clarence Day's delightful *Life with Father*, he speaks of a difficulty that arises in every household where the son has the same name as his father. The father often opens the son's letters, and often with as disconcerting results as Mr. Day mentions. I remember reading of one instance where the parent opened a letter thinking it was for him—it was an invitation from a pretty girl. The "old man" preened himself and made the call; and he wasn't such a fool as you might think; he deployed his forces admirably under fire; for when the girl entered the room and exclaimed in revealing astonishment, "Where is your son?" the parent replied, "He's got cholera infantum!"

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

Man's extremity is the Demagogue's opportunity.

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ARTICLE, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for reading clubs.

**God's Soldier*, by St. John Ervine. Macmillan. 2 vols. $7.50.

**Lucy Gayheart*, by Willa Cather. Knopf. $2.

**Feliciana*, by Stark Young. Scribners. $2.50.

**Life with Father*, by Clarence Day. Knopf. $2.

A Dictionary of Modern American Usage, by H. W. Horwill. Oxford. $3.25.

**A Browning Handbook*, by William Clyde DeVane. F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y. $3.

The Poems of John Clare, ed. Tibble. Dutton. 2 vols. $8.

**Death and General Putnam*, etc., by A. Guiterman. Dutton. $2.

Fer de Lance, by Rex Stout. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

The League of Frightened Men, by Rex Stout. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

The Susianna Winkle Book, by Dorothy M. Pierce. Dutton. $2.

**Complete Works of John M. Synge*. Random House. $3.50

**Nine Plays by Bernard Shaw*. Dodd Mead. $3.50.

Old Covered Bridges, by A. M. Jakeman. Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vt. $2.50.

Lighthouses of the Maine Coast, by R. T. Sterling. Stephen Daye. $3.

The Record of America, by J. T. Adams and C. G. Vannest. Scribners. $2.

**Chronicles of Barabbas*, by George H. Doran. Harcourt Brace. $3.

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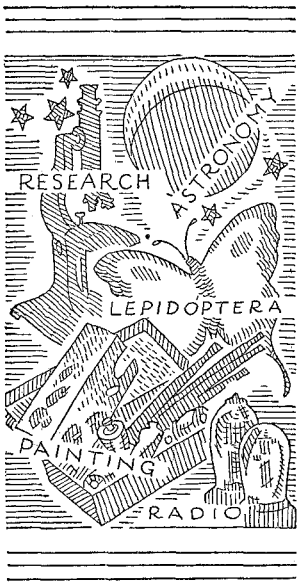
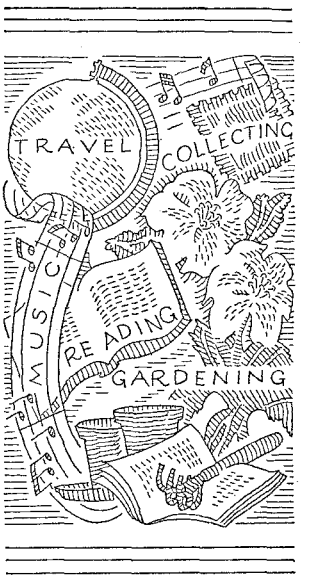


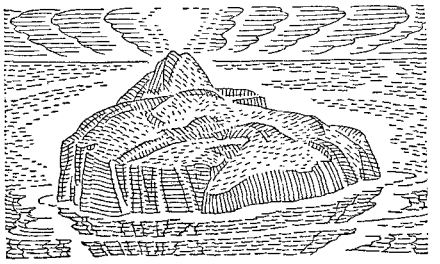
AFTER HOURS



A new department devoted to what people do to get fun out of life. It is in its beginning a series of contributions from readers of SCRIBNER'S. *Here are no philosophizings about "the new leisure," but actual experiences or ideas. The department will continue as long as interesting contributions come in. In order to give it a non-professional start, we asked many readers, selected at random, to write us. It is now open to all readers who have a hobby or have a good idea for one*

TRISTAN DA CUNHA

Sometimes Travellers Get There, Sometimes They Don't.



Travel is like ambition, which Tennyson compared with the sea-wave—"the more you drink the more you thirst." To those who have drunk deeply, but still find their craving unsatisfied, let me recommend a long draught of that "lonely island" in the South Atlantic with a name like a Wagnerian opera, Tristan da Cunha.

The seasoned traveller finds that which is difficult of attainment most intriguing. Tristan da Cunha, about 1500 miles from the nearest land, is in a part of the ocean that is far from the regular routes of travel and in latitudes where the weather is notoriously bad. There is no harbor, and only in the first months of the year, the summer season in the Southern Hemisphere, is there an absence of storms and seas smooth enough to permit a landing to be made.

The *Empress of Australia* dropped anchor in the deep waters off the island's coast early in the morning of March 22, a rare sunny day with a calm sea. Above us loomed an extinct volcano about 8500 feet high.

We had arrived there in a roundabout manner. After crossing the Atlantic from New York to Madeira, we had cruised through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea, and down the east coast of Africa, calling at such interesting ports as Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, Majunga, on the island of Madagascar, Lourenço Marques, and Durban. The high light of that part of the journey for me was a three-hour flight over the game country of Portuguese East Africa to take motion pictures of elephants and other wild animals from a small open plane.

After a stop at Capetown, our ship headed west across the wide Atlantic for Montevideo. The island of Tristan da Cunha lay directly in our course, so a stop there had been planned, weather permitting, to land some 17 tons of much-needed supplies and a year's accumulation of mail.

So seldom is Tristan da Cunha visited, that our arrival was the event of the year, and the natives were all agog. No other ship had been to this out-of-the-way spot since February 19, 1934.

I had the luck to be one of four passengers permitted by the captain to go ashore. A native skiff landed us on a narrow beach of fine black sand, resembling gunpowder. A crowd of men, women, and children had come down to greet us and to look over the supplies. The women and children were dressed in their Sunday-best for the occasion, but their clothes were very much out of date as to style. They were almost mid-Victorian. Most of them wore home-made moccasins of cowhide, with the hair-side outside, a scarcity of shoes making necessity the mother of invention in this case.

Although rather shy with strangers, the islanders are polite and hospitable. They talk slowly and with a decided English peasant accent. They had difficulty in understanding our rapid "Americanese." The women wear their hair in the old-fashioned pompadour style, covered with kerchiefs. They have a taste for brightly-colored clothes. The men looked shabby and evidently were in need of new clothing.

We climbed the rough, winding trail that leads to the grassy plateau on which is situated the only settlement, named Edinburgh. We went into several of the cottages, which are built of stone, have thatched roofs, and resemble peasants' homes seen in parts of Ireland. The houses usually are divided into a living room, bedroom, and kitchen, with a stone fireplace at either end, one for heating and the other for cooking. There are no stoves and the fuel used is scrubby brushwood, which has to be brought from a distance because such trees as originally grew on the island were cut long ago. Obtaining the wood supply, therefore, entails a considerable amount of labor, but this is only one of the many hardships which the inhabitants endure cheerfully. Furniture is home-made and crude. Built-in bunks of planks take the place of beds. Scraps of wood salvaged from packing cases, etc., are used for flooring, and there are no rugs or mats.

Life on this tight little isle is not exciting. There are no movies, no radios, no electric lights or gas, no telephones or automobiles, and there is no cable communication with the outside

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world. Any one who is looking for complete isolation can find it here. A few years ago some generous soul sent this self-contained people a radio set, with storage battery. But soon after the machine had been set up the island was visited by a severe electrical storm. The simple natives immediately attributed the disturbance to the presence of the radio, which was henceforth viewed as an invention of the devil and never used again.

At the time of our visit the population of Tristan da Cunha numbered 172, and as outsiders seldom settle on the island, there has been much intermarrying. Nearly all of the inhabitants are related to one another. There are seven main families descended from the old stock, and wherever one turns, he is sure to bump into a Glass, a Green, a Swain, a Rogers, a Hagan, a Repetto or a Lavarello. There seemed to be no signs of degeneracy, and the natives appeared to be in excellent health.

The calendar means little. A boy of thirteen who acted as our guide was unable to tell us what month or year it was, though he was intelligent enough in answering questions pertaining to matters of importance to him and his people. The chief diversion is going to church, over which the chaplain of the island, the Reverend Mr. Wilde, presides. The denomination is that of the Church of England, but every one attends the services, including the one Catholic family living on the island. The chaplain also acts as doctor, dentist, and school-teacher.

The native of Tristan da Cunha is little concerned about his future. He has no need of unemployment insurance or old age pension. He is not interested in the stabilization of the English pound or the American dollar, for money has no meaning to him. What little trading there is, is done by barter. Fish are readily caught when the sea is smooth enough to be navigable by small boats, which is not too often, and the bill of fare is varied by potatoes, which is the principal crop, and some occasional "luxuries" left by passing ships. The livestock of the island consists of cattle, sheep, ducks, geese, chickens, a few oxen, and donkeys which are used as pack animals or to haul the only vehicles on the island, queer-looking home-made carts with two solid hardwood discs for wheels.

The food shortage at the time of our visit was beginning to get serious. For some time the natives had been out of such staples as sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, so that the supplies brought by our ship were very welcome. The King and Queen of England had sent their subjects donations of a gramophone, dishes, condensed milk, tea, window glass, and putty. There was also some lumber and corrugated iron. These goods were all consigned to the chaplain for distribution. If they had their own way, the islanders would have a feast, followed by a famine, and a judicious doling out is necessary to make things last as long as possible.

We had a chat with Robert Glass, grandson of William Glass, the Scotchman who founded the settlement in 1816, and who served as "chief" of the island for many years. Glass, unlike most of the natives, is well educated and has done considerable travelling. He was in the United States in 1898 during the Spanish-American war. He has been to England, and he fought in the Boer War in South Africa. Glass's son, Donald, was working his way from Capetown to England as a deckhand on our ship. He was born on Tristan, but about five years ago went by a small sailing vessel to Capetown, where he found employment. He found civilization agreeable, and became a "movie" fan and an addict of crap-shooting, though he neglected to learn to read or write. He landed with us to visit his parents and numerous relatives during the few hours we were there. Probably he never will see them again, for life in the outside world has spoiled him for the rugged life of the island. When Donald arrived in New York he got prominent mention in the newspapers through refusing at first to be interviewed or photographed by the reporters unless they paid him "big money." In fact, he was rather rough about it, and seized one of the reporters by the throat, but was dissuaded from committing any further acts of violence.

Though life is simple, it lasts a long time on Tristan da Cunha. The register of vital statistics in the chaplain's home disclosed that there had been no deaths since February 2, 1934, when Mary Glass at ninety-six succumbed to old age. The death preceding that, aside from two cases of infant mortality, was that of Susan Swain in 1932, also of old age. This longevity may well be attributed to the very plain diet of the people, their life of healthful work, and their freedom from germs and diseases which prevail in more civilized communites. After the visit of a ship, it is said that they usually contract colds.

While one may start for Tristan da Cunha and never be able to set foot upon its shores, yet many a traveller would be willing to take the chance; and the effort, from the point of view of one who has been there, is well worth while.

GARDINER KLINE.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

After the publisher of "The Amsterdam Evening Recorder" sailed away, the lonely island's next visitor was probably the "Joseph Conrad," Captain Alan Villiers, Master, for on May 10, SCRIBNER'S *received from the author of "Fool Voyage" (July* SCRIBNER'S*) the following cable from Capetown:*

ARRIVED ALL WELL 31 DAY PASSAGE VISITED TRISTAN DA CUNHA SAILING FOR EAST INDIES MONDAY

Tristan da Cunha is one of a group of tiny islands discovered and named by Portuguese explorers in 1506. According to tradition, the present inhabitants are descended from the members of the garrison maintained there by the British when Napoleon was on St. Helena some 1200 miles to the northeast. The population, given as 52 in 1893, has more than tripled in 40 years.

HIGHROAD TO FREEDOM

A Place in the Country—and No Estate.

I have listened to the hopes and dreams of my friends for years. So far as I can remember, all of these envision a plot of ground and include plans for its leisurely improvement into something that resembles a rich man's estate. None of them have their plots, but "anticipation" continues to make them happy. We are teachers and there are financial limitations to the full "realization."

I am queer. I have my plot and am doing nothing to raise it above the level of a good farm. It has a creek, a good pasture, and some land which we

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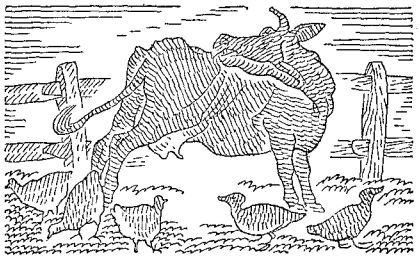


are allowing to grow up into woods. Six of our acres grew us 1600 bushels of potatoes last year.

The large brick house built in the late fifties has no more improvements than it had then with the exception of a kitchen sink.

Our "place" is thirty miles from the city where I teach. We can reach it on week-ends both spring and fall. We spend the summers there. It is unencumbered, and our state has an annuity plan for retirement based on sound actuary principles.

Now what I want to do I am doing in part. I want our vegetables to come to table with that flavor known only to those who gather them at the latest moment and lose none of their freshness. I want the satisfaction derived from having produced them both in accord with and in spite of Nature's whims. I want a friendly cow and butter that is *old* after the second day. Pork that has been corn-fed and smoked with hickory chips; eggs the day they are laid; parsnips after a winter's freezing in the ground; strawberries with the dew on them; garden flowers from earliest to latest; and a wooded hillside where wild flowers and their companions, the wild creatures, find comfortable quarters.

I want as many domestic animals as the place will support. I want that gratifying understanding that grows between a person and an intelligent animal.

I want the opportunity to see the world wake up on a summer morning and share in the fun that wild creatures have before they begin the serious business of the day.

I want to see the glory of the winter heavens shining on glittering snow fields and those same heavens on a summer night with only dark growing things about.

I want to maintain my robust health after the manner of a secret method that I have discovered—productive work—spading the garden, cleaning the cistern, mowing weeds, trimming trees, picking fruits, building fences, painting. Nothing is too menial to engender in me that feeling of physical power and the pleasure of seeing things well done.

I want my reading table to afford as much pleasant and informative reading as it does now. I shall want an understanding friend who may be depended upon to hatch an idea occasionally and descend upon me with it. I shall want tolerance when I must listen to the ordinary brand of conversation on the weather—always conscious of the stimulating comments that might be made on this interesting subject.

I want the security that a primitive mode of living makes possible.

I shall want to break away from it at rare intervals and listen to opera, see the current cinder artists do their races in nothing flat, see the great great to the N^{th} power grandson of Cavalcade win by a nose, or look in on some metropolitan museum.

Then back in haste to my overalls and all the unworldly small concerns which not only make the living but make a contented life.

HUGH R. SMITH.

Akron, Ohio.

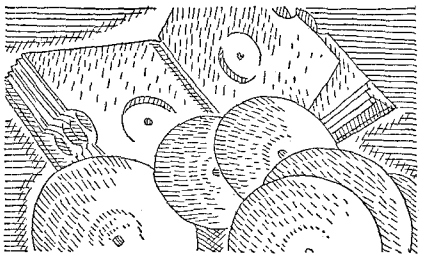
Despite—or perhaps because of—the encroaching mechanization of life, the land holds its lure. Contributor Smith's idea of the good life tallies with that of many readers.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

A Doctor on the Trail of Music.

I know nothing of music technically. I cannot play any instrument nor can I sing. I can't even whistle a tune. Yet I collect phonograph records. This collecting habit gives me all the pleasure of sleuthing on my own, together with a tremendous satisfaction in the growth of appreciation which began at the level of jazz and now responds to the best of the world's music.

For me, there is no pastime like prowling around shops in the cities looking for records. One finds them in all sorts of odd places—Salvation Army stores, second-hand shops, and other such spots. I have followed the trail in most of the cities east of the Mississippi and in Canada and my pocket catalog is pretty well-known over this area.



When I find a record such as I ran upon at the Morgan Memorial in Boston—Ruth Vincent singing two operatic airs—and procured for a few cents, I wouldn't have Sherlock Holmes for an uncle.

The catalogs from manufacturers all over Europe and America afford endless hours of fascination. Contrary to the accepted opinion in America, the manufacture of records is not a "thing of the past." The Victor, Columbia, and Brunswick Companies issue each month now in America more classical records than they ever did in what is generally thought to be the hey-day of the phonograph.

The machine we play them on today is filled with radio tubes and other gadgets and the music we get from it compares to the music we got from the old-fashioned machines as a symphony orchestra does to a German band. Vocal records recorded in the old acoustical way play through the new machines much better than they ever did through the old and in many instances are as good as electrically-recorded records.

Another source of pleasure is the necessity of cataloging the records. After several attempts at catalogs I developed several books—loose leaf about 12 by 10 inches in size. I find a picture of the artist or artists making the record and on one page put with his picture the list of all his records which I have, adding to it from time to time as I acquire others.

I use three books now—one with the vocal records listed under the names of the singers, one with the instrumental records listed by performers, and one opera book where all operatic records are listed by opera. The making of these books was an immense job but I got lots of fun out of it. When I tell you that I have about ninety Caruso records, twenty Ponselle, thirty-five Farrar and so on, you can appreciate how much work it took to get them started. It's easy to keep them up, for I catalog new records as I get them.

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There are several thousand record collectors in America and Canada, and far more throughout the world. Some of them collect in a general way as I do, others are specialists and collect records by a single artist. Some years ago I knew a man who had all the records the tenor Constantino made. Others collect only orchestra records, others string quartettes. A man in Texas collects cornet records and they say he has a marvellous lot. I had a letter not long ago from a man in Chicago who said he was a specialist in George Hamlin's records and though he was the only one in the country, he found the going rather tough and so it goes.

This hobby has many fascinating angles to it, but one of its most important aspects is that the collection is not stowed away in an album or a museum case and forgotten. At any time I can summon forth the voice of a great artist or the tones of a mighty orchestra from my little wax discs.

GEORGE S. MYTINGER, M.D.
Chillicothe, Ohio.

For Doctor Mytinger and other SCRIBNER *record collectors Richard Gilbert's reviews of new records are published. Last month, after the summer solstice, publication of "Phonograph Records" was resumed. See Advertising Section.*

Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER authors. . . . An attempt is made on the home of C. T. Carpenter. . . . Robert Briffault, author of *Europa,* writes on American culture. . . . Very live Yankees. . . . Grandmothers.

C. T. Carpenter, who writes "King Cotton's Slaves," is no alien idealist suggesting theoretical panaceas for a section of the country whose people and customs he does not know. He is a Virginian born, brought up in Rockbridge County. He is a graduate of Cumberland College, Kentucky, and after leaving school he taught for a number of years and then went to Arkansas as president of Woodland College, Jonesboro. He began the practice of law in 1910 and now practices in Marked Tree, Arkansas. How intimately he is connected with the conditions of which he speaks these two paragraphs may show:

"Last year I was called upon to defend certain members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and have had charge of all the litigation of that organization, of which two suits attracted wide attention. The one was the case of Winburn West *vs.* H. Norcross, a civil action brought to restrain landlords from evicting tenants under the Agricultural Adjustment Act. The other was the State of Arkansas against Ward Rogers who was arrested and tried in the local court on the charge of anarchy. He will be tried in the Circuit Court on appeal next October.

"By this litigation I offended certain landlords and an attempt was made on my home on the night of March 26th, when a band of thirty or forty armed night-riders came to my house, at midnight, to take me out and deal with me. As it happened, when I met them at my front door, I was armed and covered two of them with my revolver. Apparently they were no more anxious to die than I, and knew that the issue was one of life and death. So they made no hostile demonstration against me. I closed my door, after which they shot the light out on my front porch and fled. Because of my espousal of the tenants' cause many threats have been made on my life. . . . It is far from my intention to wrong the landlords. It is my belief that both should be saved from the system, which will eventually ruin the South."

Mr. Carpenter's father was a Confederate, in the army of General Lee.

The sixth and next-to-last instalment of "Green Hills of Africa" appears in this issue. The letter which accompanied the proofs back from the *Pilar,* the boat on which **Ernest Hemingway** and his wife have been fishing, says that they are returning soon to Key West, Florida.

Robert Briffault, whose new novel, *Europa,* has just been published, was born in London but was brought up mostly in Italy and Liverpool. His father was in the French diplomatic service and much of the new novel—the scenes and people—reflect Mr. Briffault's own life and observations in Italy, southern France and elsewhere. Although Doctor Briffault has contributed widely to modern thought in several sociological, historical, and philosophical books, this is his first novel. He knows most of Shakespeare and Dante by heart; likes Beethoven, Wagner and all the Italian operas and abominates Mozart and Bach; his knowledge of Italian art is stupendous and it has been said that with no preparation whatever he could get a job as guide in any Italian art gallery.

Raymond Holden's poems and articles are familiar to most readers of the Magazine. His new novel, *Chance Has a Whip,* was published in September.

Ever since **Rogers D. Rusk** found a book on electricity in his father's library when he was a small boy he has been an enthusiast about the future of science and the need for a better understanding of the relation of science to life. He was born in Washington, D. C., but claims Ohio as his native state and the Muskingum River valley as the land of his forbears. His first job when a youngster, he says, was printer's devil at seventy-five cents a week, but he doubts if he was worth it. Now after college at Ohio Wesleyan and Ohio State University, and Ph.D. at Chicago, he is associate professor of Physics at Mount Holyoke. His chief occupation is teaching and researching with every now and then an article for the "unpopular technical journals." His chief diversion is painting and last year he won a first prize in water color at the annual Springfield (Mass.) Art League Show. He has written many articles for the popular science magazines and also some on art.

Paul Horgan says that "Tribute" is laid in a composite of those towns in New Mexico which are more like Texas than New Spain. Though he was born in Buffalo, he knows New Mexico

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well because he went there with his parents and brother and sister in 1914 when he was eleven. In 1923 he went to Rochester, New York, as a musical aspirant, but turned out to have a job instead on the production staff of the Eastman Theater. In 1926 he went back to New Mexico to his present job as Librarian at the New Mexico Military Institute and since then has published three books, *Men of Arms, The Fault of Angels,* and *No Quarter Given,* and is now at work on a new one. "According to the pattern my life has made," he says, "the things I am interested in are, as you might think, life in New Mexico and the arts in New York, and (a fumbling devotee) tennis anywhere."

Although most of his writings have been on national and international affairs, **Paul Hutchinson,** managing editor of *The Christian Century,* has published several books on religion, among them *World Revolution and Religion* and *Ordeal of Western Religion,* so that he is not invading a new field when he writes "Back to Sin." Last fall he was a delegate to the International Non-sectarian Anti-Nazi conference at London and was refused admission to Germany at that time.

Nathaniel Peffer, author of "The League of Nations Murder" is a lecturer on the Far East at Columbia University and the author of three books, *The White Man's Dilemma, China: the Collapse of a Civilization,* and *Must We Fight in Asia?* He has lived for many years in the Far East and has also resided in and written on the Near East and Europe.

Eugene Lyons "covered" the Soviet Union for the United Press and the British United Press from 1928 to 1934. Long before that, in 1922, he edited a New York monthly called *Soviet Russia Pictorial,* and later he served as correspondent in America for Tass, the official Soviet news agency. He started newspaper work in the middle of his college course at Columbia and from the start was interested in labor journalism. In Russia Mr. Lyons was the first foreign correspondent to interview Stalin after his rise to supreme power. His Book, *Moscow Carrousel,* has been published since his return to this country.

Whether he likes it or not, **Charles T. Coiner** will probably always be known as the man who designed the Blue Eagle, though that is the least of his achievements. He has designed everything from bath mats to airplane interiors, is Art Director of N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., in Philadelphia and lectures on advertising design at the Price School of the Poor Richard Club. He manages a productive 100-acre farm in Bucks County, Pa., and paints as a hobby—and sells his canvasses.

In New Sharon, Iowa, **Donald Hayworth** was brought up. He took his B.A. degree at Grinnell, his M.A. at Chicago, and his Ph.D. at Wisconsin. He taught in the High School at Oskaloosa for two years and in Penn College, Oskaloosa, for four. Since 1928 he has been head of the Department of Speech at the University of **Akron,** Ohio. He has written two college textbooks and many articles. But he has seen beyond scholastic walls. He has written forty commercial radio dramas and presented fifty episodes of his own writing for NBC. He has been abroad four times.

The three contributors to the readers' "After Hours" department represent three completely different fields of activity. **Gardiner Kline** is one of the editors and publishers of *The Amsterdam Evening Recorder* whose hobbies are big game hunting, fishing, and travel. He has served as president of the New York Associated Dailies and the New York Press Association and as vice-president of the Press Congress of the World. **Doctor George S. Mytinger** says that he has spent his life as a humdrum practitioner in Chillicothe, Ohio, except for the war and a period of study learning his specialty. **Hugh R. Smith** is the principal of a public school in Akron, the youngest of seven brothers and sisters, all teachers. It's his thirty-second year at it. His oldest sister taught for forty-five years. His mother meant him to be a Methodist Bishop but something went wrong and he turned out a Congregationalist but the Methodist training survives, he says. He does not smoke, chew, or imbibe, cares little for cards, never buys anything on the instalment plan and holds too many positive opinions.

If it is true, as Doctor Bell suggests in "Farewell to the Yankee," that the Puritan influence in these United States is fast dying out, then he has indeed awakened the dead in the form of many letters to the editor:

BELL CHOOSES TO IGNORE

Sirs: The picture of the typical Yankee given by Bell in "Farewell to the Yankee" annoys me. As do annoyed letters to the Editor. This will be brief.

Bell takes the shrewd sharp restless non-intellectual trader and says, "This is the Yankee, his day is past." This type represents possibly ⅛th of the breed. Bell chooses to ignore—

The Intellectual Yankee, whose usual job is running a school or college or teaching in it, anywhere on earth. He is more of a scholar than a genius.

The Professional Yankee. A conservative, thorough and sometimes brilliant doctor, surgeon, lawyer.

The Business Yankee. Too well known to need description.

The Inventive Yankee and

The Yankee Mechanic. Most of the machine tool development of the past 100 years for the whole World (I can give authorities if called on) has originated in the Connecticut Valley.

Perhaps the above paragraph should include the Yankee Engineer who is in most of the industrial and research plants in the country, and many out of it.

The Yankee Manufacturer, who for better or worse put industry into quantity machine production.

And finally the Yankee Farmer, from whom has sprung most of the brain and skill of the breed. In direct contradiction to Bell I will say that the typical Yankee is one whose family has been working the same farm for five generations, toiling to educate their children and send them out into the World to leave a Yankee stamp on whatever job they took.

Before the Civil War New England held a large share of the country's population. As the country expanded, the ratio grew less favorable, and the War and the West drained away much of the original blood. Now New England is only a drop of around seven and a half millions in a bucket of a hundred and thirty odd millions, but the influence it has had and still has on the country as a whole is out of all proportion to its size.

PAUL ST.-GAUDENS.

Windsor, Vt.

COMPETENCE IN CIVILIZING

Sir: In your July number you published an article, "Farewell to the Yankee," by Bernard Iddings Bell.

I cannot let this article pass without comment.

Doctor Bell implies that the Puritans were braggart Englishmen with bad manners. Candidly, considering the—shall we say jeering?—tone of his article, I think his own manners are not above reproach.

In fairness he might have given the early New Englanders credit for at least two things:

1. "We owe to the New England settlers a debt of gratitude for teaching America its first lesson in the greatest of all subjects of government—democracy." (Forman.)

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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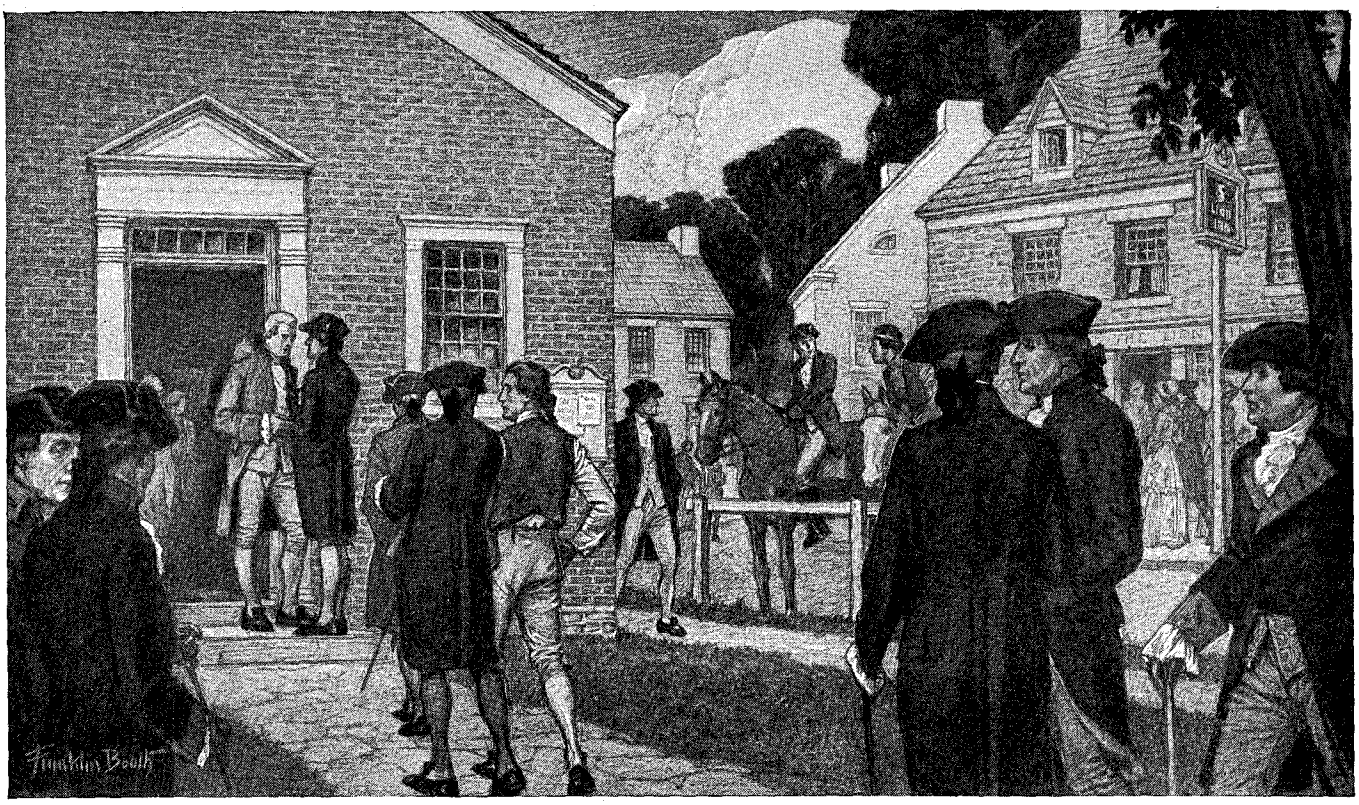

Town Meetings and Better Health

FOLLOWING the old Colonial custom of calling a town meeting when the safety and welfare of the citizens were at stake, the National Health Council will sponsor local town meetings throughout the country during October. You and other citizens will have an opportunity at these meetings to take stock of the activities which are being carried on to make your community a better and healthier place in which to live.

There is a direct relationship between the community and family health. Effective measures for improving sanitation and controlling disease depend upon enlightened public opinion. At these meetings you will learn the extent to which your community is giving you and your family a full measure of protection.

Your family should not be exposed needlessly to disease. Local health officials and voluntary organizations are striving continually to improve health conditions, and they know what vital gaps there may be in the health activities of your community. Just what, if anything, should be done is a matter for you and your neighbors to decide.

Numerous communities can bear witness to the benefits—measured in terms of better health and happiness — which have been achieved through surveys of the local situation and education of the public. In some cases the water supply has been improved, in others adequate stress has been placed upon the diphtheria immunization of children, and in still others the public has supported whole-heartedly the preparation of proper health ordinances and their enforcement. Attend your town meeting—it may lead to better health for your community.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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FIFTY YEARS OF SERVICE IN NEW YORK

The importance of the Fifth Avenue buses as a means of transportation is appreciated by many thousands of New Yorkers and by visitors from all over the country.

Since the days of long ago the policy of a seat for every passenger has not been changed. A ten cent fare is charged.

Known as the motor car for shoppers, the Fifth Avenue buses deliver a large number of people directly to the leading department stores and specialty shops. The figures below, showing the number of passengers delivered directly to the door of various stores, are interesting:

Lord & Taylor's	378,000	passengers per year
Altman's	423,000	" " "
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400	" " "
Best & Co.	184,500	" " "
Franklin Simon & Co.	134,700	" " "
John Wanamaker	284,290	" " "

Let us send you our presentation and rate circular. An advertising agency commission of 15% and a 2% cash discount are of course part of our program and have been for 15 years.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, Jr.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. **Caledonia 5-2151**

Times World Wide Photo

This is the first of a fleet of new streamline buses, which will shortly be put into service on routes of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, as it appeared near City Hall recently. Here it was inspected by city officials and a vast throng, anxious to see this latest, most modern vehicle which will gradually replace the familiar old buses.

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● More microphone magic. . . . Leopold Stokowski re-records *Scheherazade* and the *Nutcracker Suite*. . . . Schubert's great C major symphony played by B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra. . . . Salzedo's harp concerto and Copland's *Variations* latest additions to American music publications.

THE electrical wizardry with which Victor engineers have recorded such works as *Scheherazade* and the *Nutcracker Suite* is no less miraculous, surely, than the spectacular events and fairy transformations inspiring these works. The magical science of recording large masses and varicolored timbres of sound progresses by skips and bounds. Both the Rimsky-Korsakow and Tschaikowsky works, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski, were early thrillers of electrical recording. Their re-engravure now by the same musicians demonstrates an advance, the fascination of which cannot be explained by the cold measurements of decibels and frequencies. Timbres and intensities recalcitrant in the old recordings now emerge with the clarity and contrast that give to actual performances luminosity and perspective, feeling and sanquinity. The farther the machine advances, the more it obliterates its defects and obscurities.

The *Nutcracker Suite* and *Scheherazade* (Victor sets Nos. M265 and M269 respectively) make no pretensions to sublimity. Each in its own captivating manner, mainly by means of brilliant orchestration and piquant narration, provides some entertaining and effervescent music, familiar in some degree to almost every one. The large, decorative design of the tales of the garrulous sultana, and the delightful miniatures of the *Sugar-Plum Fairy, Arabian Dance,* etc., are admirable subjects for the featuring of high fidelity recording. And it is doubtful if, for their performance, more effective talents than those of Leopold Stokowski could be employed. Both recordings abound with the numerous felicities of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and it is certain that nowhere else will you find so faithful a reproduction of instrumental sonority. Both sets are recommended as replacements of the older recordings, and as salient examples of phonography for those who have begun only recently to take an interest in recorded music.

The recording of Schubert's *Symphony in C Major* by Adrian Boult and the British Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra is not as vivid as that mentioned above, but it fulfils a real need inasmuch as an adequate version of this great work was not before available. The seventh symphony is the one of the "heavenly lengths" of Schumann's description, and belongs to the romantic age because of certain qualities of color and treatment. Because of its lofty grandeur and epic strength it belongs also, I believe, to the classic period. Unlike the more familiar *Symphony in B minor* (the "Unfinished"), the C major work is more objective, the note of personal expression characteristic of pure romanticism is absent. Boult underscores the breadth of the work and gives a generally orthodox interpretation. This recording (Victor set No. M268) commands a place in every collection of symphonic music.

The Flonzaley Quartet disbanded some seasons back. Before going their own separate ways the members made a series of recordings some of which are just now receiving publication. It is a pity that works such as Beethoven's *Quartet in E-flat, op. 127,* could not have benefited by the technical improvements enhancing the more recent engravures of the Pro Arte, Kolisch, and Busch Quartets. The Flonzaleys' recording, in comparison with those of the other foremost ensembles, lacks luster and weight. In spite of their discerning treatment of the op. 127 quartet, this recording will not measure up to the Pro Arte or Busch standard (Victor set No. M153).

II

In adding Carlos Salzedo's *Concerto for Harp and Seven Wind Instruments* to an admirably growing series of modern American music recordings, Columbia performs a valuable service to harpists and composers interested in the sonorous properties discovered by this specialist. Many laymen will find here an introduction to a really modern instrument, one never exploited in the manner of the violin or piano. The recording exposes the sonorous possibilities of the *flux éoliens, flux hautboïstiques, flux en grêle* (different *glissandi*), *accord en jet,* and the xyloharmonic, guitar, plectric and tympanic sounds and others of the thirty-seven tone colors and effects developed from the resources of the modern harp during the past decade or so by Salzedo. The interpretation by the composer's wife, Lucille Lawrence, and the Barrère Ensemble of Wind Instruments is authoritatively under the baton of the composer who also plays his solo piece, *Chanson dans la nuit,* on the last side of the third disc. The recording is excellent (Columbia set No. MM8).

Aaron Copland's phonographic début has been long overdue. Though he won a Victor prize with his *Dance Symphony* five years ago, it remained for Columbia to publish the first recordings of his music. Columbia has chosen the most esoteric work of this young American composer, one which, because of its dissonant and uncompromising character, will, unfortunately, make its way slowly into the consciousness of many listeners. Copland's piano *Variations* do not belong to his so-called "jazz" period; the piece is abstract, its development telescoped, its temper acrimonious. Yet for all its forbidding characteristics, it is surely one of the very few great piano works to come out of America. For those whose appreciation of modern musical syntax has progressed to the later Stravinsky and the atonal writings of Schönberg, *Variations* will make a decided appeal. The composer performs the work in the percussive style inherited from Bartók and Stravinsky, and establishes an interpretation other performers will find necessary to follow. The fourth side of this two-disc set contains Copland's *Nocturne* for violin and piano, an earlier and more easily comprehended piece. Jacques Gordon joins the composer in this work (Columbia set No. 220).

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If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

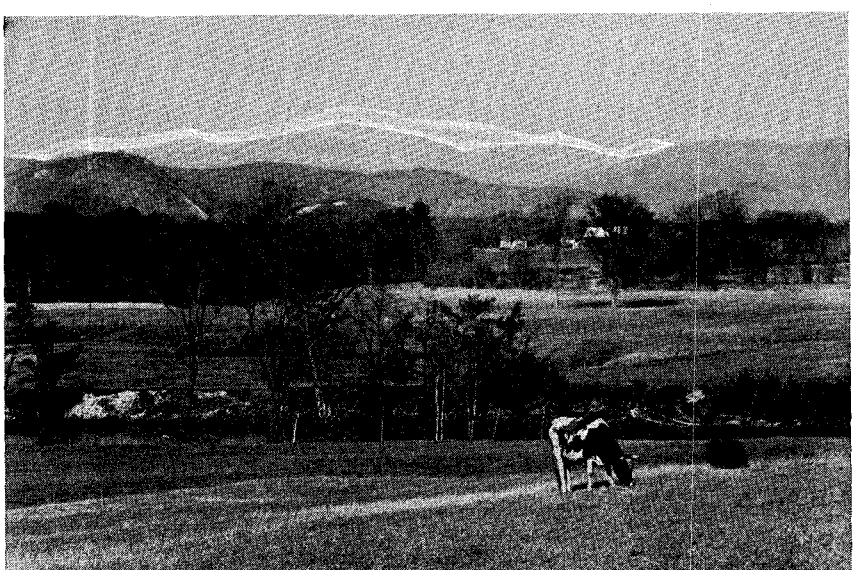
● Horseback riding in Vermont and what it offers. . . . Innovations on Western trains. . . . Football traffic and rates to football towns. . . . Calgary, Nassau, and Hot Springs.

ANNOYED at my rather prolonged presentation of elaborate reasons for not being able to help her dry her new matched clubs after a rainy round, my golfing sister once said to me, giving a vindictive and effective rub-down to her faithful Dreadnought Driver as she talked: "Why don't you say, 'I don't want to,' if that's what you mean? Pretty talk like yours is as bad as asking your caddie for a 'number five' when what you mean all the time is a plain, ordinary mashie. Now stop it." Not being able to qualify in any sense as a golfer, I might have made some irrelevant retort about jolly well calling all clubs spades and meaning it, if I wanted to, but I found her point too well taken, and had to laugh instead, and that was something.

Quite often I feel that way about writing about travel. Why do I go on talking about fine places to see and fair ways of getting there when all that people want to know, really, is where on earth they're to get the money, or if they've got that, the time, to go where I'm telling them about. Then just when I decide it's no use, I get a lot of letters saying "We are very anxious to try that South American Cruise. Can you tell us more about it?" Or, "I took that Montreal week-end trip last year and its every bit all that it's supposed to be." And sometimes, crustily, "You left out the best part of the California cruise. It doesn't seem to me that any account which leaves out mention of the excellence of the service on those coast-to-coast liners has much worth as a true picture." Signed (usually), World Traveller. Then I realize again that people are travelling, people do want to read about places; they want to know what to do with their time even, or especially, if it's only two weeks, and their money, if it's only $25. People, if they're like me, even like to plan what they would do if they did have the resources. And so I go on with the possibilities.

Several people wrote me last year when I mentioned trips on horseback in Vermont, under the auspices of, or rather with the help and guidance of, the Green Mountain Horse Association. On that kind of trip you take as much or as little time as you like. You spend what you feel you can, over and above the $3 or $3.50 a day for your horse, and it usually comes to under $10 a day, sometimes well under. There is no better way in the world to see that country, for as a friend of mine put it "when you're driving on the regular roads you may steal a minute from watching the car ahead of you to take a quick look at some stream, or valley, or a mountain peak against the sky, but when you're on a horse you live with a view you like for hours, sometimes for a whole day, and the face of a mountain gets as familiar and well known as the face of your best friend." He had just come back from a week in the saddle and gave me much information that is valuable. Nine days cost him $74.25 including the trip up from New York and back, by car (his own). It's no good trying the trip if you're a softie. You've got really to care about horses, for more often than not there are no grooms to help you at out-of-the-way farmhouses where the trails lead. You must be willing to saddle and bridle your mounts, to consider their comfort before your own. (One day my friend and his companions got to the village they had marked out for lunch; found that the store where they had planned to buy provisions had been struck by lightning the year before, as had the church, but the church had been repaired and the store had not; managed to find oats for the horses, but no food for themselves, and sat and waited while the horses ate and rested, though it meant that they themselves got no food that day till after five o'clock.) And October is par excellence the time of year to see that country from the back of a horse. Just enough tang in the air, color in the trees as at no other time of the year (I amend the statement to say that the first two weeks in October are safest if it's leaves you're after. They go early in Vermont) and the horses feeling fit from dawn till dark. You too. Around Rutland is best for scenery, and around Brattleboro, for horses. Of their own trip my friend writes, in part, telling of hiring the horses:

"At the sign of the Brattleboro Rid-



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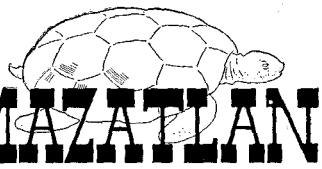
ing Club we found the proprietor, a fluent, affable person bustling about a well-filled, proper-smelling stable. After our ambassador had presented our credentials, the proprietor proceeded to pat the buttocks of the mounts which he proposed for us. The proper parts by which the age of a horse is detected were hidden in the stalls and the light in the stable did not give us a clear conception even of the ends in view but the general appearance of the prosperous stable was of a kind to give one confidence in its owner and we promptly arranged for the engagement of the horses.

"We were not disappointed. They proved to be four reasonably sound animals, not a cribber among them; none had really bad manners. Tricksey, a bay mare who was to jump in the Brattleboro Riding Club Horse Show the day after our return; Willie, a chestnut gelding; Pickwick, a big black gelding, the biggest of them all; and Jackie. Jackie was a slower walker than any of the others; whoever rode him had for most of the day a perpetual view of the backs of his three companions, as well as of the hills and valleys. We attributed his slowness to age and concluded that the diminutive 'Jackie' was inappropriate. First we called him Jack, later John, and his rider the last day out was heard to refer to him once, a bit sharply, as Jonathan. When the trip was over and we realized that we had covered approximately 150 miles in six days, we concluded, however, that Jackie, although a slow walker, was not as slow as we had thought him; he had simply found himself in unusually fast company."

Unexpected Happenings

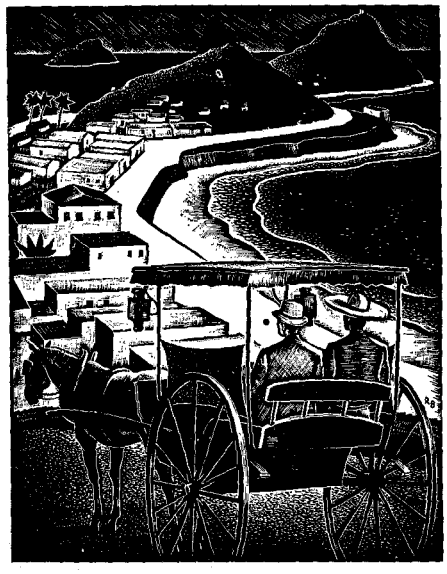
"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—" And who would have dreamed, for example, that because here in New York City all the travel agencies and steamship lines have finally moved uptown from their old inaccessible and forbidding haunts in the downtown canyons where the ships come in, the sale of travel books in uptown stores would just about double? Or, to change the subject, that the air-conditioning of sleeping cars would result in an unprecedented demand for upper berths, because, obviously, you are now as cool there as anywhere else? It makes one wonder and surmise at the results of what seem to me momentous innovations and improvements in service on some of the western rail-

(*Continued on page 16*)



MAZATLAN

ON THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO



Memories of Mazatlan: The day you went deep-sea fishing and surprised a great sea turtle sunning himself on the transparent water; the day you jogged through twisting streets in an *araña*; good-natured *mariachis* tooting in the market place and strumming under balconies.

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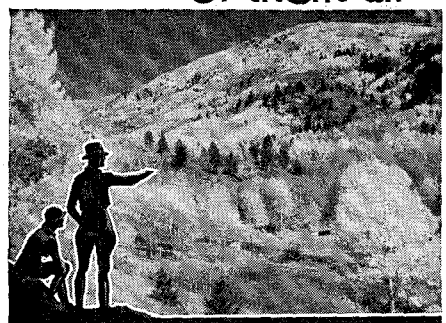
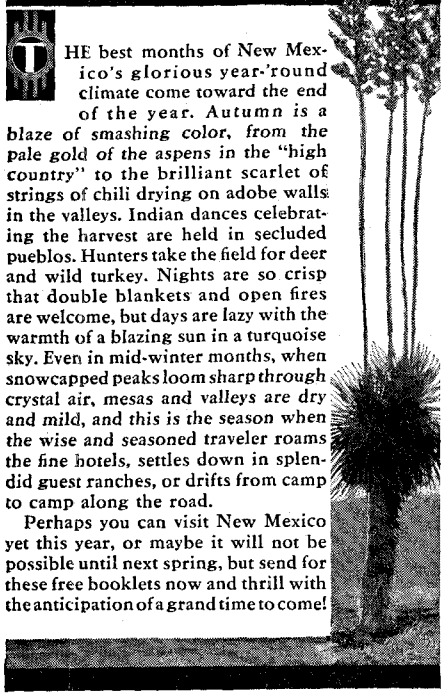


NEW MEXICO IN FALL OR WINTER

THE best months of New Mexico's glorious year-'round climate come toward the end of the year. Autumn is a blaze of smashing color, from the pale gold of the aspens in the "high country" to the brilliant scarlet of strings of chili drying on adobe walls in the valleys. Indian dances celebrating the harvest are held in secluded pueblos. Hunters take the field for deer and wild turkey. Nights are so crisp that double blankets and open fires are welcome, but days are lazy with the warmth of a blazing sun in a turquoise sky. Even in mid-winter months, when snowcapped peaks loom sharp through crystal air, mesas and valleys are dry and mild, and this is the season when the wise and seasoned traveler roams the fine hotels, settles down in splendid guest ranches, or drifts from camp to camp along the road.

Perhaps you can visit New Mexico yet this year, or maybe it will not be possible until next spring, but send for these free booklets now and thrill with the anticipation of a grand time to come!



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If I Should Ever Travel

(Continued from page 15)

roads. For instance you can now go to Los Angeles or San Francisco from Chicago for $34.50 one way, or $57.35 round trip, but the low fares are not the news. The trains are run in two sections, one all-Pullman, on which these rates obviously do not hold, and the other section a Coach and Tourist Sleeping Car Section. And on this latter section rides the news.

There is, for instance, one exclusive coach for women, with smoking lounge —and what a boon a car like that could be for women travelling alone with children. On all of the coaches pillows are furnished at night to those who desire them—free, of course, and the chairs are roomy and comfortable and reclining. All lights but one in the center are put out in the coaches "at a convenient hour," and the center light dimmed so that there is no glare and you can sleep. There are no more penny drinking cup systems to drive you mad, for all cups are free as they should be. AND. The prices of the food served to coach and tourist passengers are almost enough to make up for a life-time spent in violent resentment against those who determine the menus and especially the prices on dining-cars. If you've ever tried to buy an à la carte breakfast on a diner for a child, you'll know what I mean. Letting him have marmalade on his toast practically takes you into three figures and amounts to financial suicide. But in the West, on these trains, there is a twenty-five-cent breakfast that includes bacon and eggs and coffee or milk, toast or rolls. There's a luncheon for thirty cents, and a dinner for thirty-five. And if you don't happen to like the regular meal, the à la carte offers other choices, the prices of which you may judge by the fact that coffee and milk are five cents so that you can indulge in an extra or two without breaking the bank. This service also holds between Chicago and Portland.

There is no way of prophesying what this will mean in the way of results, of course. But we can at least hope that it means that all other railroads will soon follow suit. Did Napoleon say that an army travels on its stomach? So, I'll venture to add, does an army of travellers.

MISCELLANY

Football looms again large on the horizon, of course. Week-end rates to college towns, therefore, you will find

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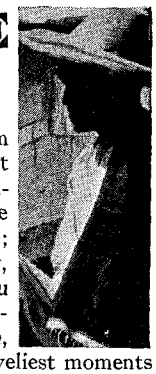

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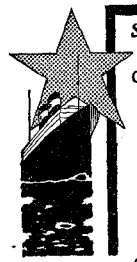

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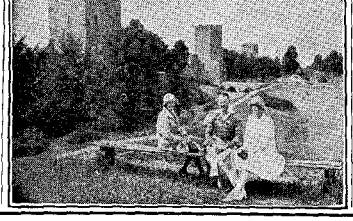

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are apt to be very low almost any Saturday during the fall. Football schedules are getting heavier and heavier and nearly every Saturday will see a game headlined in towns where once one big game a season sufficed. Also from New York to Boston for the Harvard games, there is always the possibility of going by boat. If you drive to games anywhere within the metropolitan district, or even beyond, you may find yourself in traffic that is directed from the air. Both in New Jersey and New York planes have been used after big games, on Sundays after vacation week-ends, etc., to determine which of the main arteries into, or out of a town are being too heavily taxed and to direct the lines of traffic accordingly. It seems to us to make very good sense indeed.

Many a man from Calgary have I seen master a broncho on the tanbark, and many a horse from Calgary has gone untamed by any man when the whistle blew in Madison Square Garden at the great rodeos in October. And never have I read the letters but I've marvelled at the beauty of that name. What manner of place is Calgary that it should send out sure-seated men and unbroken mounts to vanquish in the rodeos? We hope the interesting new financial experiment in Alberta will not keep your men and horses home, O city of a magic name!

To write about travel is to come stumbling on Ernest Hemingway at every turn. While he writes about Africa, he has been fishing in the Bahamas, where that sport abounds. While he and his wife were at sea the children stayed in Bimini, one of the loveliest of the islands. Nassau is of course the most accessible and also one of the most popular of the Bahamas and you'll have no trouble getting there. One line offers a whole Thanksgiving cruise, from November 23 to December 2, stopping not only at Nassau, but also Bermuda, with an $80 minimum. Until November, another service goes down twice a month on twenty-day cruises to Bermuda, Nassau, and Jamaica and costs $180. A trip down and back with a six-and-a-half-day stay in Nassau at the Royal Victoria Hotel costs $112.50 and includes everything except the meals at the hotel. Now Mr. Hemingway is back in Key West, and that brings us to Florida and the fact that there are regular cruise sailings and regular cruise rates from New York to Miami, or St. Augustine, or Galveston, or Charleston, or Jacksonville.

And to get back to golf. You know that Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen, Bobby Cruikshank, and Babe Ruth have all just been playing at Hot Springs. If you would follow in the footsteps of the mighty, then, you golfers, to Virginia is your pilgrimage.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

(Continued from page 256)

2. The establishment of public schools was regarded as an important matter from the first settlement. In the middle colonies there were very few schools; in the south, none.

And Doctor Bell calls these New Englanders "ludicrously incompetent" at civilizing!

What a pity they were not so competent at civilizing as was Governor Berkeley of Virginia—a "gentleman" and a member of the church of which Doctor Bell is so distinguished an exponent! Governor Berkeley "thanked God that there were no schools in Virginia, and expressed a hope that there would be none for a hundred years."

If we could have had such gentlemen ruling all our colonies, to what heights of civilization might we not have risen! Perhaps today we should be on a par with Italy, Austria, Poland, and other countries uncontaminated by the Protestant tradition.

I fear Doctor Bell is a poor judge of competence in civilizing—and of what is ludicrous.

He fails to mention, by the way, that the "new" Americans were nothing loath to take advantage of those gifts of the New Englanders—free schools and a democratic form of government.

If one hopes to see the United States a Fascist country, to see the death of democracy and all that goes with it—free speech, free schools, free press, religious liberty—one can do no better than to hope with Doctor Bell that "the American pioneer be turned over as rapidly as possible to the bards who sing of the days that are no more."

And may God postpone that day!

Respectfully,
PEREGRINE.

Wilmington, Del.

The Reverend William Hooper Adams of Asheville, N. C., says:

No student of history would uphold Puritanism as a final form or perfect product of social Christianity. Many, probably most, of his repressions had to be relaxed, but not *until the ethical element had* been put alike into business relations and into diplomacy, in the latter of which the Machiavellian and Medicean elements had been dominant until superseded by the spirit of Sir Harry Vane and John Milton. . . .

Canon Bell's phrase applied to Maryland "with its Catholic gaiety and kindliness of spirit" amuses one who knows that the original charter of Maryland threatened death to deniers of the Trinity and that Roger Williams, a Baptist Puritan, extended the suffrage to a wider circle of citizens in Rhode Island about thirteen years before Lord Baltimore issued an edict of toleration to all Christians but not to free-thinkers or Jews, in Maryland.

Malcolm Wakefield of Chicago:

Despite Bernard Iddings Bell's assertion that an ethnic transformation has converted these United States into a non-English, Catholic, Socialist nation, I hardly think that he can be speaking of any part of the country except New England and the other eastern areas peopled largely by persons of foreign extraction. I wonder, if by some chance, Doctor Bell has ever glanced through a telephone directory of any city south of the Mason and Dixon line, save New Orleans? For instance, I suggest that he look at the names of subscribers in Dallas, or Houston, or Memphis, or Atlanta—in fact, any one of the large cities of the South. Will he find Polish, German, or Portuguese names in abundance? I rather think that, instead, he will perhaps be impressed by the preponderance of British—and those mainly English—names. Again, let him glance at the names in the telephone directories of the large cities west of the Mississippi River. With the exception of Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, I am afraid that he will be disappointed in his search for names that are other than Anglo-Saxon.

It is too true that New York is the home of the foreigner, and of course the three southernmost states of New England are likewise afflicted, but compared to the total Anglo-Saxon population in the rest of America, they do not count for much.

GRANDMOTHERS all over the country—from Ohio, Alabama, Arizona, Missouri, Washington, California—reply in clear and modern idiom to "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" which we published in August. One answer appears as an article on page 240 of this issue. One or two other answers cannot be overlooked:

WINTER GRANDMOTHER

Sir: I am much interested in the article entitled "Advice to Summer Grandmothers" in the July number of your magazine. The anonymous author is so right in saying mothers and grandmothers should be able to discuss amiably this matter of bringing up the third generation. My daughter and I have had many talks on the subject, even though so far we have not perfectly agreed. I thoroughly enjoyed my own children and am more than prepared to enjoy all the grandchildren I have and hope to have. However, I seem to be a sort of upside-down grandmother. I must confess I would have much more pleasure with them if a few rules were enforced. All the articles I have read on this business of being a grandmother beg and implore her not to interfere with discipline, but what, dear Editor, does a grandmother do if there doesn't happen to *be* any discipline? Is she supposed to *assist* the parents in giving some darling little boys their own way? If so, I fall by the wayside just as much as your summer grandmother, although I fall on the other side of the road. For when my little grandchildren are under my roof, although I play with them, tell them stories, let them cut paper dolls all over the living room, I do not feed them ice cream cones between meals, I do not allow them to beg out of naps and going to bed on time, and I require and obtain from them prompt obedience. In fact, I think they are rather glad to forget little wilful ways and do as Grandma says. The author of your article has written so well on one kind of a grandmother that I wish she would speak a word on behalf of another.

A WINTER GRANDMOTHER.

Yuma, Ariz.

GRANDPARENTS ARE PEOPLE

Although I am not a grandmother some of my close friends have reached that interesting phase of life and I find my viewpoint affected by their experiences and by the fact that I have been consistently trying, for the last five years, to turn my thoughts from my children's affairs back to my own so that they will be free, spiritually as well as materially, to work out their futures with complete independence.

This means that I have retired from my profession and have made as great a readjustment of my affairs and habits as would my husband should he retire from his. Any woman who has brought up a family to the best of her ability knows that this is true. She knows that to avoid losing interest in life, and thus lose the interest of her family and friends, she must find other interests with which to occupy herself during her (probable) three score and ten years.

To make this readjustment I have tried to put my struggles for and with my children behind me. But when I am a grandmother, if we are still spending our summers on this farm where we now spend them and my children wish to send our grandchildren to us for the summer, I have no doubt that we shall be more than happy to have them.

But when I invite my grandchildren to stay with us I shall tell their parents something like this.

Although I am to a certain extent old and tired, I will enjoy having the children. But I must have your co-operation in making them understand that things will not be as they are at home. We know that no two women, even though mother and daughter, run their houses exactly alike and have the same ideas about rearing children. I shall probably be more lenient than you in some ways and more exacting in others. That will be partly a matter of temperament and partly a matter of age.

Since no one can take the place of a real parent why should grandparents be expected to do so? Then if parents are people so are grandparents. They cannot be copies of their children any more than their children can be copies of them. When my grandchildren visit me I shall not try to be an older edition of my daughter. I shall see that their physical routine is followed and if their parents have impressed upon them the necessity for co-operation I shall try to make their summer profitable and happy. But the finer points of discipline I shall leave to those to whom it belongs.

I am through the heat of the day and I enjoy this early evening. I shall love to watch these young plants growing but I shall be very glad I do not have the arduous task of cultivation. I won't mind pulling a weed here and there, perhaps, but I do not think I should be asked to undertake the complete cultivation of a number of lusty plants. Once in a life time is enough.

RUTH S. ABBOTT.

Neosho, Mo.

A third-year summer grandmother from South Euclid, Ohio:

It is hardly possible to treat grandparents as a class, any more than it is possible to think of them all as intellectually stagnant or ignorant of world progress, or to imagine the present-day method of bringing up children as entirely beyond their understanding. In fact, the mother today may be a grandmother tomorrow.

A "summer and all-the-time grandmother" from Andalusia, Ala.:

Anonymous, disabuse your mind of the idea that we are ignorant because we are lenient and often indulgent with our grandchildren. We have used in practical application more child psychology than you have absorbed from books. . . . You would probably be surprised at the number of us who have read and rejected Freud.

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